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BETWEEN THE ACTS.

## HOW beautifully she sang that!

You find that beautiful; how very strange!

Oh, well, nothing pleases you! You artists are such poseurs. You take special pains to find fault with everything and not to find the good in anything!

Em, you remember the closing days in your public schools, don't you; the little poems, recitations, readings, declamations, compositions, away up to the graduating speech or essay? Did you ever remark that to everyone class ahead the work of the class behind was lacking? The Third Reader boy who dashes through his boy stood on the burning deck finds the Mary had a little lamb of the primer girl awfully funny.

The girl who "does" her first "recitation" or reads her Evangeline, laughs at the crude reading of the girls in the room below; and those who have become "dramatic" and read their own essays are the biggest and best, till some city "elocutionist" comes along and gives an exhibition in the town hall. This elocutionist may be the flattest and most banal of created things, but until the vision is widened sufficiently to see it he remains king, and all criticism of him or her is treason. And none of this is affectation, or pose, or pretension.

The same thing is true in dress, in manners and in speech. The ribbons, shoes, hat, kind of jacket and the materials of a few years gone seem ridiculous later. Not either through the change of fashion, but in the application of fashion to the wearer, after that wearer has had the general dress sense enlarged. A style of furniture often comes to be passé to the owner long before the articles show signs of wear.

In some regions you know, the man who wears collars is "a dude;" to take off his hat in a room would be "bowing down to folks," and to say "please," "thank you" and "excuse me" would be rank insincerity and affectation. In other places one is shocked if these things are not done. And there is no affectation in the latter. It is the gradual widening of sight according to influence.

A person who reads newspaper novels with avidity comes to blush at the proceeding in later years, and not at all on account of the morality, but of the banality of the writing.

What is this change? The same thing that comes to the hair if it is brushed a half hour morning and evening instead of having the comb run through it once a day. The same thing that changes a boor to a man of ease and elegance, that makes the children of farmers and washwomen little duchesses as to skin, hair, hands and feet and carriage. It is not a mere matter of clothes and soap. It is the advancement of the species by care. When the mental is cared for systematically and judiciously as the body, the same thing results for the mind. Then what is fine, splendid, beautiful in one section of thought shocks in another.

Now, then, you must remember that it is not because I play the piano that I am an artist (rather because I am an artist that I play the piano). It is not that one special thing that makes what you call an artist. It is because my blood and brain and nerve and thought have been fed on art nourishment for generations in this old art world. I come of four generations of French musicians, all working, thinking, feeling, studying, analyzing music and being more or less trained in its expression in different

forms. It was all work with invisible things, not with things that could be touched or seen, handled, bought or sold. Now your father, ———, Lumber, Grand Rapids, Mich., Smith's Co., the biggest ———

Just so. Your father, uncle, grandfather, his uncle and father, friend and neighbor for generations have lived, believed, thought, acted, dreamed—trade! What to do with so much wood, iron, coal, wool, ground that should make him richer this year than the last, richer than his father, richer than your uncle, richer than his neighbors, richer than anybody in his town, county, State—that was all his thought.

He bought a harmonium for your mother because all the grand folks were having those things and he was not going to be behind them, and he wanted her to be a lady. She played hymns first on it, then tunes and songs, and she astonished Mrs. Brown, and was proud and happy, and—you were born with a voice!

Because there is the germ of all this thing, the great mystery, the divine in it all. Occupation goes into the blood, and carves the brain, and tunes the senses—not always of the worker, but surely and inevitably of the kin in descentance. No impression can be made in or by one but that it is transmitted somewhere, somehow in the family. Your voice is the flower of your mother's musical work, simple and modest though it was in itself. No; she could not have done it expressly for you. It was just as liable to come as composition in a grandson or love for opera in a niece. There is but one on-purpose Creator. Our part must always be unconscious.

But to return to facts in your case. The very instant that your voice was discovered the predominant trade instinct grabbed it, exactly as though it were a patch of iron mine, to be worked and sold to the highest bidder.

Not, either, that your father decided this. He did not need your aid for the family bank. He could make fortunes for half a dozen families. Indeed he was too busy even to know that you had "a voice." It was you yourself. Your predominating trade blood saw fame, notoriety, wealth, adventure, things to buy with your voice, just as he saw checks in a forest corner or in a saw mill. Your mother was an easy ally. Father was soon convinced that the way to have peace for himself was to let you make your own bargains, he putting up the margins of course. So here you are "abroad." You are here to "work" your patch with the least possible expense of time. And it is not that way here at all! And so here is the blockade between our intelligences, and here the cause of all this misunderstanding whereby you find us affected, difficult poseurs, and we find you—as a class, of course, I mean—shocking!

Now then, my dear, before ever you can expect to learn one single thing of what we have to teach you over here, even those things which are to be useful to you in your "trade venture," you must submit your mind to this idea. You must accept this principle on trust. You must learn to believe that there are things to be seen and heard which you cannot see and hear. You must learn to believe that there are ways and ways, and that it is possible for what seems fine and splendid and beautiful to one to be flat, banal and shocking to another.

You can yourself decide about the recitations, the dress, furniture, manners, books, &c., because they are matters of everyday life. You are familiar with them, trained, taught, accustomed—educated in those matters. With music it is different. It is a world of which you know nothing, yes, even with your beautiful voice! What is a voice to music? No more than a hem or buttonhole is to the knowledge and conception of costume. You have never entered into that world. It remains for the future to show whether you ever will. The case is hopeful in this, that you have been able to listen to these things with real attention. In any case, whatever your efforts may be, they will pass in some form into the art of posterity. That is inevitable as that night follows day.

But how can a person get that way? What can be done to—

That I must tell you some other time, for here comes my favorite sonata on orchestra, for the knowledge of which I would not take your father's whole lumber factory. And you do not believe that, because you cannot! How could you, any more than I can see your town from here?

\*\*\*

A remarkable little violinist in town is a tiny boy, Dufresne, who is heard occasionally at matinées in salons. But about ten years of age, his playing is marvelous. At three years he chose a tiny violin costing a few sous for his toy and actually made sounds upon it. As soon as he came in possession of a real violin he made rapid strides and was soon admitted to the Conservatoire, where he is studying and surprising his teachers. His mother was premier prix and a graduate of the Conservatoire.

Another little tot of a Russian, Henry Kartun, at six years has been playing as piano virtuoso in the Salle Pleyel, before an immense house. He played from memory, if you please, a Beethoven sonata, the Chopin waltzes in A flat major and B minor, a Bach invention, and the finale

of Haydn's fifth sonata! It looks like a crime to have the baby brain in contact with such things, but who knows but it is as easy for him as sleeping! About the size of Franz Ebert, he marched proudly out of the salle saluting the crowd, his friends carrying his flowers!

There is another of these curious little things—a Russian also—a little girl of four, Mlle. Altschuler, who puts big folks to rout and has just given a real concert all by her own self in Russia. Her father was also a musician.

Tamagno ought to receive the vote of thanks of the entire singing world and its audiences for having brought the Italian language on the French stage. Not only was it a feast for tired ears to hear the exquisite language in the mouth of the Italian, but the voices of all the French artists who made the Otello troupe with him were infinitely better in the open tongue. It was common talk in the house and has been much commented upon. To English speaking people it was an intense relief, as the French language is a tone calamity. Enthusiasm remained with the tenor to the last. His voice was superb the last night, and stage ethics here seemed terribly straight-laced after his vivid impersonations.

A feature of the Otello performance was the quartet of mandolins and guitar which Tamagno had brought from Italy to make the garden music in the fourth act. It appears that they had to pass an examination to enter the Opéra as artists, even provisions, and they passed with the highest marks, being musicians all of them. The quartet is a family, mother, two pretty blond daughters and an uncle, who has been the means of the girls' special education as mandolinists. Their playing is something remarkable, quite beyond the ordinary, in harmony, ensemble and in the class of their repertory. They were heard at soirées given by Colonel Mapleson and again by Mme. Renée Richard.

\*\*\*\*

Melba sang four times at a private soirée given by Mme. Marchesi, this week. The mad scene from Lucia, three Bemberg ballades with accompaniment by the composer, and Massenet's Sevillana were her selections.

In one of the Bemberg songs was a chorus of pupils of the school whose names are known to us all. The Misses Bell, Buck, Moulton, Ilyen, Harrison, Sylvana (Miss Peacock), Wehner and John. On the program also was an interesting personage visiting at present at Paris, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, who, born blind, is an artist through and through and an admirable executant in many lines. It was as violin virtuoso that he entertained the sympathetic audience, playing the second Grieg sonata and Saint-Saëns' Le Cygne.

Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg aroused the audience to the most sincere and spontaneous admiration by her brilliant and magnetic rendering of Rubinstein's Barcarolle and Chaminade's Pierette, and a presto on recall. She is a little witch on the piano and many blasé people felt it.

In the audience were Princesse Jeanne Bonaparte, a superbly made woman in black and silver robe, with strong, white face and midnight hair; the Ambassador of Italy and the Countess Tornelli; Prince Galitzin, the Minister of Portugal; Madame Adam, a small, brown, flat haired little woman, with clear eyes; Countess de Coetlogon, Baroness de Saint-Didier, Sir and Lady Campbell Clarke; Madame Krauss, looking superb in white; Count de Tontenailles, Duke de Pomar and many other notables, sufficient to fill three large rooms and the spacious hall to overflowing. Madame Marchesi looked extremely well, and was radiant and brilliant as usual.

A Marchesi pupil, Mlle. Toronto, of Canada, had the marked honor this week of singing a duo with Tamagno at the occasion of the "Polenta," a dinner and soirée given by the colony Italian at the Continental Hotel to fête their gifted countryman. All the great people were there, and the ovations were frantic for the tenor, who seemed heartily to enjoy them. He sang Essa Prega from the opera Dolorès, by Auteri, and the duo Du Guarany, by Gomez, with Miss Toronto.

Madame Eames Story sang at the matinée musicale of her good friend Mrs. W. Pell this week. On the program were etude and valse, Chopin, a Bach aria, Hollman in his own and other compositions, Madame Story in Schubert and in songs by Hahn and Hollman, accompanied by the composers.

In the audience were Madame Astor, Christine Nilsson, M. and Mme. Benjamin Constant, Mrs. Austin Lee, Miss Fanny Reed, Countess Trobriand, and a large company besides.

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Mlle. Kleeberg's concert program included Brahms, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Saint-Saëns, Lacombe, Fauré, Dubois, Weber, Liszt, Le Borne, &c. This artist seems very young to have such power and authority as she possesses.

The last Trocadéro concert was given before an immense audience, and M. Guilmant was fêted by them. The Bach toccata and fugue in D minor and his own Finale alla Schumann were signals for wild applause. Athalie, with chorus

and orchestra, under M. Colonne at the Odéon, was a brilliant success. Tamagno sang an air from *Giaconda* and in the *Trovatore* duo with Madame Heglon.

The last concert given in the *Figaro* Salon was organized by the well-known music publishers, Durand et Fils, of Paris.

Bach cantatas will be given to-morrow in the Salle Erard, with chorus and orchestra, under the direction of M. Widor. Madame Kinen and her sister, Miss Eustis, will be among the soloists. The concert will be for the benefit of musical artists.

Mme. Riss Arbeau, the popular piano artist, gave her second concert devoted to the works of Schumann. Quintet, Toccata, Papillons, Fantaisie, Theme and Variations, six intermezzi, Schummerslied, Oiseau Prophète and Hal-lucination were on the program. It is astonishing the enormous memory this woman possesses. She has some 750 pieces of all types at her finger tips and plays always from memory. These composer recitals are most edifying and are enthusiastically received.

M. Alfred Ernst has been complimented by Mr. Chamberlain upon his translation. Madame Gounod made a visit this week to the studio of the sculptor Mercié, who is at work on the monument composition to be placed in Park Monceau in a year or two. A bust of the master, the Genius of Music, Sappho, Marguerite and Juliette comprise the subjects of the statue.

Holman, Pugno, Coquelin, Boellmann and the charming singer Madame Boska figure on the program of a grand concert to be given at the Bodinière next week. Saint-Saëns is at Barcelona. Enormous success for Della Rogers in *Werther* in Turin. A pupil of the celebrated harpist, Godefroid, Mlle. Zielinska, has had a legitimate success in St. Petersburg.

M. Georges Pfeiffer's opera *Jacqueline* has been accepted by the Opéra Comique, the title rôle to be created by Mlle. Nuovina.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

#### PARIS NOTES.

A most interesting soirée was given this week in the salons and theatre of Mme. Marie Roze. An immense crowd of people was assembled, and proceedings did not close until an early hour of the morning. It was one of the most brilliant affairs given by this talented and gracious lady. The program was as follows (many Americans were in the castes):

	.....M. Rivière, of the Opéra Comique.
Faust.....	.....M. Banel.
	.....Mrs. Mason.
	.....Mlle. Amaury.
	.....Madame Raymond.
Scene from l'Africaine.....	.....Mlle. Robert as <i>Selika</i> .
	.....M. Rivière.
	.....M. Jules Gastu.
Lakmé.....	.....Miss May Pratt Kendrick.
	.....Madame Raymond.
	.....Mlle. Lachaud.
	.....Miss Wade.
	.....Mlle. Fournier.
Ophelia.....	.....Miss Wade.
	.....M. Rivière.
	.....M. Force.
Trovatore..	.....Mlle. Amaury.
	.....Miserere.....M. Rivière.
	.....Scene.....M. Force.
	.....Mrs. Cross-Newhaus.

Mlle. Berthe Duranton gave her annual piano concert in the Salle Erard, with the assistance of M. Paul Viardot and other artists. The pianist was heard in the *Aurore* sonata, a concerto, a capriccioso by M. Dubois, *Rhapsody d'Auvergne*, *Saint-Saëns*, and a *Sinding* quintet. She is an able and intelligent virtuoso as well as a conscientious and painstaking professor, and is young and winning, moreover.

Mr. J. Spencer Curwen has published an interesting brochure on the Music at the Queen's Accession. A Festival Intime was given by some of his pupils this week in honor of M. Eugène Gigout. M. Schlesinger gave a special concert at his closing matinée, May 1, which comprised

unusual worth as well as charm. M. Bauer, the pianist, Miss Clara Butts, M. Toun, Mme. Marie Barna, M. Hardy Thé and others taking part. The gracious Madame de Riebnitz, eldest daughter of the house, being absent in London, was greatly missed by the company, but Miss Schlesinger presided with her father.

Messrs. George Devoll and Mr. Isham have left for London. Mr. Léon Rains sings at the British Chamber of Commerce banquet, Hotel Continental, on Monday. Mr. Clarence Lucas and Mr. Chas. Clark, of Chicago, are in the city. Miss Mitford is one of the most promising members of Marchesi's entering class.

A thoroughly charming and delightful summer home for people coming to Paris may be found at the address indicated on page 3 of Madame Frank, 8 Boulevard Emile Augier. It possesses rare attractions, notably a clear, open frontage opening on a beautiful park, the historic Mount Valerien in the background. The air is fresh, clear and plenty. Madame Frank, a pupil of the best French diction masters—her master father of the celebrated Gallia Maria—is past mistress in the art of making people speak and sing French quickly. She is refined, courteous and generosity itself. The house is within ten minutes of the Arc and has omnibus and train facilities at the door for reaching the Opéra House, the centre of Paris. For families, mothers and daughters or students who wish room, tranquillity and independence a better opportunity could not be found.

The chance of a lifetime to learn to speak French fluently, for almost nothing in expense is offered by the Mangeot Conversation Salon, 3 rue du 29 Juillet, Paris.

Miss Kate Reilly has been singing with success in Monte Carlo, having several recalls at a recent appearance.

Next season Madame de la Grange intends changing the locale of her elegant studios to the Arc de Triomphe quarter. Madame is in splendid health and looking as charming and distinguished as ever.

#### Alfred Gruenfeld's Announcements.

THE court pianist, Alfred Grünfeld, of Vienna, will henceforth make his usual concert tour during two months in the year only. The rest of his time will now be devoted to teaching and the cultivation of extraordinary talent, beginning on the 15th of this May, continuing until the 1st of July, and after summer vacation from the 15th of September.

Only those displaying remarkable gifts will be accepted as pupils. Grünfeld and Rosenthal are Vienna's greatest pianists of to-day. Grünfeld leads as an interpreter of salon music, and his general piano virtuosity compares favorably with all the leading pianists of our time. His pianism is the most remarkable for "klang" and finest shades of nuance, excepting De Pachmann's, and if Grünfeld succeeds in imparting his interpretations to his pupils he will certainly become prominent as a great teacher.

Further information may be obtained on application (also by letter) to the Concert Bureau Ludwig Grünfeld, Getreide Markt 10, Vienna.

**A Kansas Festival.**—A State music festival of Kansas is to be given June 11 and 12 at Forest Park, Ottawa, in connection with the Chautauqua Assembly. The chorus will number over 1,000, and the soloists are to be Clementine de Vere, Mabel Crawford, Francis Walker and William Lavin. The Creation is to be sung.

**The Daughter of Jairus.**—Last Sunday, May 23, the new choir at St. James' Church, Madison avenue and Seventy-first street, sang Stainer's cantata, *The Daughter of Jairus*, at 4 P. M. The soloists were: Master George Dusenbury and Master Guy Milham, sopranos; Mr. Theo. Van Yox, tenor; Mr. W. W. Thomas, bass. The new choir consists of twenty-four boys and fourteen men, under the direction of Mr. Walter Henry Hall.



GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
BERLIN, W., LINKESTRASSE 17, May 4, 1897.

THE legitimate musical season of 1896-7 is on its last legs, and as with the increasing warmth of the days the decreasing number of concerts stands in direct proportion there is not much to report.

The most important concert of the past week was the last chamber music soirée of the Halir Quartet, at which Herr Georg Schumann, of Bremen, co-operated in his double capacity of pianist and composer. In the latter quality he made his début with a manuscript piano quintet in E minor. I should think it would be a hazardous undertaking for anybody handicapped with the renowned name of Schumann to venture out with just a piano quintet, and thus invite an involuntary comparison with Robert Schumann's glorious work of this genre. Georg Schumann, who, by the bye, is no relative—not even a distant one—of Robert Schumann, but who affects somewhat his appearance, at least in the style of wearing his hair, does not write in the Schumann vein.

His invention, although not a flowing or particularly melodic one, is at least original, and in this regard the first movement of the quintet seemed to me the strongest. The slow movement in E major brings a grandiloquent theme which is treated in variations. Some of these are very clever and effective, but all show too much antiphonal writing, the piano being after used as a contrast to the string quartet. Did the composer feel that the combination of a piano and four strings is at best not an absolutely homogeneous one, or is he incapable of writing in a contrapuntally mixed style? I almost fear the latter is the true cause of his abstinence, for his workmanship is none of the best when he attempts thematic treatment. The two final movements, of which the penultimate one is an intermezzo in B minor, are rather weak also in invention.

As a pianist Herr Schumann, though evidently not possessed of a very brilliant or flawless technic, was the equal of his associates and proved himself a reliable ensemble player, not only in his own work, but also in Brahms' G minor piano quartet, which was performed in a musicianly and entirely satisfactory style.

Less pleased was I with the performance of such an easy work as Beethoven's B flat string quartet (the sixth one from op. 18), which Messrs. Halir, Markees, Mueller and Dechart played with a certain nonchalance in which the Joachim Quartet, with whom they would like to vie, rarely or never indulge in, and which came very near having a dangerous result in the scherzo of the quartet.

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Conservatory concerts are not as a rule an acme of delight for those who are professionally bound to attend them, no matter how great may be the pleasure of the many relatives and kind friends of the young people who on such occasions take their first step into public life. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and it is all the more pleasant when one is able to note them and by registering them beget in beginners confidence in themselves, and give them an encouragement and possibly an assistance valuable for their future careers.

Thus I was really pleased with a good many individual

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efforts at the commencement concert of the Eichelberg Conservatory of Music, which was held in Bechstein Hall last week. Heinrich Hofmann's novelette and waltz, op. 108, for two pianos, eight hands, are by no means great music, but they were played with excellent ensemble by four young people from Mrs. Baeker's ensemble class. No. 2 of the program, Weber's *Heimlicher Liebe Pien and Ries'* Es Muss ein Wunderbares Sein was changed into the arietta from *Der Freischütz*. If it was Miss Margaretha Retzlaff, from the vocal classes of Frau Sandow-Herms, who sang this substitution the young lady can be congratulated upon being the possessor of a charming delivery and a very sympathetic soprano voice. Of the other vocalists I liked best Miss Elisabeth Tordek, who owns really a very promising vocal organ, and who sang with taste, excellent enunciation and clean intonation, all of which is much to the credit of her teacher, the once famous dramatic singer, Mathilde Mallinger, from the Berlin Royal Opera.

Of the pianists who played at this pupils' concert by far the most important as well as the most advanced one was Miss Therese Slotko, from Conrad Ansoerge's piano class. The young lady performed the first movement from Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto with considerable force of conception as well as of execution. She has a broad style of interpretation which befitted well the character of the composition—a big, sonorous tone, good and reliable technique, remarkable in one so young, and her touch shows a great variety of shading. This young girl has evidently a future as a pianist.

To give you a general idea of what is done at this conservatory, and in order to show fairness all around in the matter of mentioning the names represented on the program, I herewith reprint it in full:

Novellette u. Walzer für 2 Pianoforte zu 8 Händen, op. 108....	H. Hofmann
Die Damen Gert. Urban, Charl. Ehlers, Flor. Pacey, Else Oehlmann.	
Ensembleklasse des Herrn Baeker.	
Variationen für Violine, op. 16.....	Rode
Violinklasse d. Kgl. Kammermusikern Hrn. Hagemeister.	
Pagenarie aus Die Hugenotten.....	Meyerbeer
Frl. Gertrud Richter.	
Gesangsklasse des Herrn Seidemann.	
Rhapsodie, op. 79, No. 1, für Pianoforte.....	Brahms
Frl. Gertrud Urban.	
Klavierklasse des Herrn Munzinger.	
Arie der Leonore aus Fidelio.....	Beethoven
Frl. Elisabeth Sauerland.	
Gesangsklasse der Königl. Kammer Sängerin Fr. Math. Mallinger.	
Quartett aus Der Wildschütz (III. Akt).....	Lortzing
Frl. Rosalie Keller, Frl. Martha Hartmann, Hr. Stephen Borodin, Hr. Max Barth.	
Ensembleklasse des Königl. Musikdir. Hrn. Wegener.	
Duett (Elsa und Ortrud) aus Lohengrin.....	Wagner
Frl. Elisabeth Tordek, Frl. M. Hartmann.	
Gesangsklasse des Königl. Kammer Sängerin Fr. Math. Mallinger.	
Polonaise (E-dur) für Pianoforte.....	Liszt
Frl. Margarethe Kings.	
Klavierklasse des Herrn Munzinger.	
Arie des Florestan aus Fidelio.....	Beethoven
Hr. Stephen Borodin.	
Gesangsklasse des Herrn Seidemann.	
Concert für Pianoforte (d-moll, I. Satz).....	Rubinstein
Frl. Therese Slotko.	
Klavierklasse des Herrn Conrad Ansoerge.	
Quartett aus Rigoletto.....	Verdi
Frl. G. Richter, Frl. M. Hartmann, Hr. Borodin, Hr. Barth.	
Ensembleklasse des Königl. Musikdir. Hrn. Wegener.	

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The concerts thus out of the field, I had some spare time to devote to the theatres, and more especially to the operetta. In the latter specialty we had last week quite an event in the Berlin première of Sidney Jones' very clever and amusing Japanese tea house story, *The Geisha*. The work was brought out here at the Lessing Theatre by the Ferenczy operetta ensemble from Hamburg and scored a most pronounced success. Not since the first appearance here of Sullivan's *Mikado* has any new operetta achieved such an enthusiastic recognition in Berlin as did *The Geisha*, and from present appearances her reign and popularity will be just as long-lived as that of Sir Arthur's Japanese potentate. The resemblance between the two works, which one expected to find, is a merely outward one, in that they have the same stamping ground and the colorful Japanese costumes. Otherwise *The Geisha* and *The Mikado* have very

little in common, either musically or in the drama's personages, and above all *The Mikado's* text is purely burlesque, which cannot be said of that of *The Geisha*.

It would be like carrying tea to a Japanese tea house to tell you anything about this libretto or about the music either, for have you not all seen and heard the little Japanese vixen long before slow Germany made up its mind to listen to the successful siren's song, which was all the rage in London, New York, and, in fact, in all Old England and the United States, before Berlin knew of her very existence. But it's better late than never, and now we had the fresh enjoyment while it has become stale with you. Julius Freund's German adaptation of the English text is a very clever solution of a really very difficult job. The German tongue is a bit too heavy for the jugglery with words in which Owen Hall's witty book indulges, and the difficulty is enhanced through the quick and lively rhythms of Sidney Jones' very neatly orchestrated and highly interesting music, especially in the ensembles. Still, on the whole Herr Freund succeeded well in overcoming these difficulties, and the few changes he made in favor of local affairs, in *Wum Xi's* topical song for instance, are not only pardonable, but are in reality quite successful. Anyhow, Herr Emil Soudermann made a hit with them and he deserved his success, for he displayed a humor and an agility similar to the one which I saw Wilson perpetrate at the Casino a good many seasons ago.

You may have had in New York or elsewhere an equally good *Wum Xi*; an *O Mimosa San*, however, like the one that made her debut here in Berlin last week I venture to say you have not seen. She is the most graceful, sweet, charming and most musical little thing that ever bestrode an operetta stage. Only seventeen years of age and only about 4 feet high, you would not believe that she could be used at all for stage representations, and yet I must say that this novice, who was on the boards for the first time in her life, bewitched everybody in the audience. But it is not only through her appearance and her graceful dancing and acting that she "caught on"; she has also a very beautiful and flexible voice, and if her vocal art were more perfect than it is Miss Mia Werber—this is the name of the young debutante—would indeed be a wonder and far too good for the operetta.

She sang her great song with coloratura in the first act charmingly, and of course had to repeat it. This, however, was the case with most all other solo numbers of the operetta, and thus the première was drawn out into nearly a double performance. The public would have had that very amusing kiss lesson scene twice repeated, if the charming *O Mimosa San* would have cared for a triple alliance with the young scamp of an English naval officer.

This *Reginald* was represented by Carl Schulz, and he acted very well, but his voice is a thing of the great past, if he ever had any. The clever kissing lesson is declared by a Berlin authority, a member of the Japanese legation, to be a hoax and an invention of the librettist. After dealing very minutely with the costumes, scenery and other accessories in this representation of *The Geisha*, and which on the whole is very favorable for the Berlin Ferenczy production, this authority says in the papers to-day that it is quite a mistaken notion of Europeans to believe that in Japan the kiss is unknown as an exchange of love and affection. But, says he, the Japanese only kiss *unter vier Augen* (when there are only four eyes there to see it), and thus the Europeans, not being eye-witnesses, believe that kissing is never indulged in or not known even in Japan. Well, the gentleman of the legation seems to know whereof he speaks, and thus for my part I am quite willing to believe him. Ignorance would certainly not be bliss if the kiss were unknown in Japan.

Miss Marie Erich as *Molly Seamore* was also new to Berlin, and she was very graceful after she appeared in the garb of a geisha; as an English young lady of good family, though of somewhat roaming and adventure seeking character, she did not so much impress me. The change of dress showed *ad oculos* how much more becoming the Japanese costume is to most persons of the fair sex than the modern English style of dressing.

Rudolf Ander in the part of *Marquis Imari* was irresistibly funny in the dry, nay, extra dry, way in which he played and delivered (it was more parlando than singing) the combination of the *Mikado* and *Koko* which is contained in the person of the police governor of that province of

Japan in which the action is supposed to take place. Most of the minor parts were equally satisfactorily taken, and above all the chorus and orchestra were excellent, albeit the new conductor, Curt Goldmann, seemed a bit sleepy at moments.

Very beautiful and much applauded were the costumes, and above all the scenery. The tea house with its shrubbery, decorations and flowers seemed very natural, and so did the chrysanthemum display in the third act. (They give *The Geisha* in three acts here.) Director Ferenczy, as well as Julius Freund, the German librettist, were called before the curtain many times and the audience was very enthusiastic all through the evening. The only thing for which they had no taste, because they are not English, you know, was *Reginald Fairfax's* long winded sentimental song in the third act, which sounded very strange and out of place to German ears in the midst of an operetta.

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I saw Walter Damrosch a few days ago in company with Madame Melba. Mr. Damrosch has re-engaged Frau Tauscher-Gadski and his assistant conductor Herr Richard Fried. Of new engagements only one has so far been made. It is that of the tenor Hans Breuer, from the Breslau Opera House. Visitors to Bayreuth last summer will remember Herr Breuer's excellent representation of the part of *Mime*.

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The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will leave here tomorrow on their concert tournee, to be made under Arthur Nikisch's direction. The following is the route to be taken and the dates of the concerts: May 5, Magdeburg; May 6, Bonn; May 7, Liège. In Paris four evening concerts and one matinée will be given at the Cirque d'Hiver—on Sunday the 9th, Tuesday the 11th, Friday the 14th, Saturday the 15th, and Sunday the 16th inst. The programs for these concerts are particularly well selected and highly interesting. The third evening's concert will bring an exclusively French program, consisting of Saint-Saëns' *Jeunesse d'Hercule*, a symphony by Chausson, Wallenstein's Camp, by Vincent d'Indy, and, I might almost say of course, Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*. For particulars about these concerts please watch Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas' columns. It is very much feared here that the sad event which has just taken place at Paris may seriously interfere with the success of these concerts in the French capital. I hope that this will not prove true.

From Paris the orchestra will leave for Switzerland, where they will give two concerts at Geneva, on May 17 and 19 (B minor mass of Albert Becker); Zurich, May 20; Bâle, May 21; Zurich, May 22; thence to Mulhouse, May 28; Strassburg, May 24 and 25; Carlsruhe, May 26, and the tournee will close at Dusseldorf on Friday, May 28.

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The following is a list of the works which the Berlin Philharmonic Chorus performed in their seven concerts during the season of 1896-7, under Siegfried Ochs' direction:

Berlioz.....	Die Flucht nach Egypten
Carissimi.....	Jephtha
Bruckner.....	Te Deum
Schumann.....	Manfred.....
Beethoven.....	Ninth Symphony
Mozart.....	Ave Verum
Bruch.....	Palmsontagmorgen
.....	Tantum Ergo
Schubert.....	Twenty-third Psalm
.....	Ständchen
Rüfer.....	Mirjam's Siegesgesang
Mendelssohn.....	Das Lied vom Reiche
Wagner.....	Deutschland
Tinel.....	Kaisermarsch
Brahms.....	Franciscus
Stanford.....	Schicksalslied
Beethoven.....	Die Ruinen von Athen

Of these the two first named works were repeated at the third concert. The list shows the amount of work done by the best of Berlin's amateur choral societies and the catholicity of taste of its excellent conductor.

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Overheard at a conservatory class examination: *Teacher of matters operatic*: "Well, who can tell me who sings Nun sei Bedankt Mein Lieber Schwan (And Now Be



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Thanked, Beloved Swan?) "Young lady in her tenth year: "Leda, if you please, sir!"

Giacomo Puccini, the composer of Manon Lescaut, whose latest opera La Bohème has just been successfully launched in London, passed through Berlin coming from England and going to Milan. In his company was Tito Ricordi, the publisher of Verdi's works. Puccini is to conduct at Milan this week the twenty-fifth performance of La Bohème.

Among the callers at the Berlin office of THE MUSICAL COURIER were: Messrs. Hjalmar Arlberg, a young vocal student from Stockholm; Edward Schneider, from San José, Cal., who came with Messrs. Herbert Butler, violinist, from Omaha, Neb., and Louis Schwebel, pianist, from Cincinnati, Ohio. These latter gentlemen performed for me Schneider's latest composition, a sonata for piano and violin in B minor, about which work I shall have something to say in my next week's budget, after the sonata will have been semi-publicly performed at a musical soirée to be held at Mr. Boise's residence on next Thursday evening.

Master Francis Rae McMillan, from Springfield, Ohio, called, escorted by his mother and his piano teacher, Fräulein Clara Krause. The handsome and extremely interesting youngster of eleven years has been making good progress on the fiddle, as was noticeable in his playing the Corelli variations. At the same time he has not neglected his piano, for he performed for me a Bourée in A minor by Bach in very neat style. O. F.

#### Charles Meehan, Soprano Soloist.

THIS boy, who came here from Geneva, N. Y., and was soloist for some years in the choirs of St. George's Church and the Church of the Heavenly Rest, has just returned from Europe.

He was a pupil here of that excellent singer, William H. Lee, and on his advice became a pupil of Marie Roze on his arrival in Paris. He then gave concerts in Lisbon (Portugal), when the King and his court were present; in London before royalty, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Frankfurt and other cities. Massenet complimented him highly on his singing of works by that master, and Calvé and the de Reszkés gave him souvenirs of their appreciation of the boy, who is a manly, cultured and altogether charming young fellow. We herewith reproduce several laudatory press notices.

*Town Topics*, of Paris, said:

At Mrs. Powers' first musicale something very much of the nature of a flutter of general rivalry was recently occasioned by the appearance and immediate triumph of a male soprano, and his audacity brought tears of envy to the eyes of the assembled fair. The men looked at each other in astonishment. There was a general hush and catching of the breath. One scarcely knew what most to admire, the American soprano's courage, his delightful voice, his perfect method or his winning, boyish face. His name is Meehan, and he comes from New York with a Strakosch as his impresario. He has already obtained several important engagements and is likely to be heard from in the future.

*Commercio de Portugal*, of Lisbon, said (translation):

A novelty indeed is the boy soprano Charles Meehan, unique in this season's concert life. His voice has extreme facility, much volume, is of beautiful timbre, and may easily be compared to that of leading prime donne. He sang the Roberto cavatina of Meyerbeer in such manner as to cause most enthusiastic applause. We consider him a rival of the Patti, with, however, a far larger repertory than the famous diva. Certainly much may be expected of this boy, for nature has bounteously endowed him far beyond the ordinary; he has temperament, intelligence and enthusiasm.

*Das Kleine Journal*, of Berlin, Germany, said last December (translation):

Yesterday our musical cognoscenti had a most unusual surprise, a male soprano. Young Meehan possesses a magnificent voice, which, especially in the middle register, has a liquidity and agreeable quality such as we too seldom hear. In the *Gardenarie* from Robert he gave us a high D which sounded fresh and clear as a bell. It is a peculiar impression, of course, to hear from the throat of a young man these womanly chest tones, but one is soon accustomed to the anomaly, and content to remain under the spell of the glorious voice.

Mr. Meehan is to be soloist at the coming Music Teachers' National Association concerts.

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CINCINNATI, May 15, 1897.

THE third and last concert of the Orpheus Club, on Thursday evening, May 6, in the Odeon, was in the nature of a gratifying success and was an evidence of its earnest art endeavor during the season just closed. Mr. Charles A. Graninger, the conductor, is to be congratulated upon this result. He is an intelligent, capable and conservative leader of his forces. A thoroughbred American in his ideas and instincts, forcible as he is quiet in his manner, he steers clear of extremes and wins success by means of action without any bluster.

The opening number—Mendelssohn's *To the Sons of Art*—was especially noteworthy. It was given with a delightful freshness of tone, good volume and a spirit in the attack that made itself felt. The reading was true to the noble spirit of the composition and the quartet did its part well.

The Treader, by H. Troter-Nevin, presented, perhaps, the most spirited and best concentrated chorus singing of the evening. Mr. Daniel M. Gohen sang the incidental solos with dramatic favor. One of the morceaux of the program, *A Maid on the Shore of the Manzanaras*, was served with fine expression and poetic shading. It was like the introduction of poetry from the Italian skies to listen to the *Chevalier Pier A. Tirindelli's* new nocturne (Venetian), dedicated to the club, and played for the first time. The title of the nocturne is, *So Calm is the Night*, and it exhales the perfume and languor of the Southern skies. Mr. E. A. Yahn sang his solo pleasingly in *The Elf*, by Meister.

A noteworthy feature in the singing of the chorus was the fine balance in the voices—the tenors asserting themselves to their proper proportion. The attack was certain, the quality of tone musical and the volume ample and well sustained. The club had the assistance of two soloists—Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, contralto, and Mr. Edmund Schneckner, harpist. The latter made a great deal out of what is not a grateful solo instrument, and his playing of a fantasia by Saint-Saëns was masterly. Mrs. Jacoby has certainly a remarkable contralto voice—full, rich and of musical quality. She was warmly encoored and had to sing a song in addition to her program numbers.

The annual meeting of the Orpheus Club and its board of directors was held during the past week at the Grand Hotel. It was a veritable love-feast. The utmost fraternity and harmony prevailed. The emphatic artistic success of the last concert was an encouraging factor for the future course of the club. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered the musical director, Mr. Chas. A. Graninger, for his work during the past year.

The following were elected directors of the new board: Messrs. George J. Iuehl, Alfred G. Allen, H. A. De Camp, Morris Wickersham, W. F. Collins, E. A. F. Porter. Those who hold over from the old board are: Messrs. E. P. Fisher, Allen Collier, C. C. Benedict and R. De V. Carroll. President Maurice J. Freiberg resigned.

After the close of the annual meeting the new board of directors met and reorganized as follows: President, R.

De V. Carroll; vice-president, Alfred G. Allen; treasurer, George J. Iuehl; secretary, Elmore P. Fisher; librarian, William F. Collins; Allen Collier, Hiram A. De Camp, E. A. F. Porter, Morris Wickersham and Charles C. Benedict; musical director, Charles A. Graninger.

This is the season for pupils' recitals at the colleges, conservatories of music and the private schools. A recent recital given by the pupils of Mr. Jacob Bloom, professor of the violin for many years at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, deserves favorable notice. Mr. Bloom, whose success as a teacher is best sustained by the accomplishments of pupils who have already won recognition, presented pupils of the conservatory as well as of his private class in the following program:

Vocal duet.....	Lacome
Miss Anna Mary Ayers and Miss Josephine Oge.	
Intermezzo from <i>Cavalleria Rusticana</i> .....	Mascagni
(Arranged by S. Franko.)	
Kulawiak.....	Wieniawski
Master Albert Goldman.	
Variations.....	Dancla
Master Abner Thorpe.	
Barcarolle.....	Pasche
Polish National Dance.....	Bohm
Miss Elisa Springer.	
Air Varie No. 7.....	De Beriot
Master Charles Dotzengall.	
Etudes for two violins.....	Hermann
The Mountain Spring.	
Playfulness.	
Meditation.	
The Chase.	
Mr. David Abramowitz and Mr. Bloom.	
Sonata, A major.....	Händel
Miss Therese Abraham.	
Vocal quartets—	
The Night.....	Schubert
Lullaby.....	Brahms
Miss Clara Myrick, Miss Rosalie Meininger, Miss Blanche Lowenstein, Miss Mary Woolfolk.	
Andante and scherzo capriccioso.....	David
Mr. David Abramowitz.	
Walther's Preilied.....	Wagner-Wilhelmj
Obertass Mazurka.....	Wieniawski
Miss Tereza Abraham.	
Mrs. Jacob Bloom, accompanist.	

Mr. Albert Goldman played the intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, arranged by Sam Franko and the Knia-wiak of Wieniawski with a good development of tone. The beginning of a well directed technic was noted in the playing of little Elisa Springer. Abner Thorpe played the variations by Dancla with crispness and assurance. Master Chas. Dotzengall, too, showed talent. But the advanced pupils, who are decidedly promising, are Miss Therese Abraham and David Abramowitz. The latter has decided talent, both as to technical development and temperament. His playing of etudes for two violins, by Hermann, with his teacher, Mr. Bloom, proved that. Miss Abraham showed classic instinct, a good tone, and the foundations for a growing musicianship in her playing of the sonata, A major, by Händel, and the other selections.

The Spiering String Quartet, of Chicago, closed the season of the Ladies' Musical Club on Saturday evening, May 8, at the Odd Fellows' Temple. The program embraced the Beethoven quartet, op. 59, No. 2, in E minor; the second and third movements of the D minor quartet by Cherubini, and the Tschalkowsky quartet, op. 11. Mr. Theodore B. Spiering played as a solo the chaconne by Bach. It was given with fine breadth of tone and rhythmic clearness. The quartet's playing was of noble musical quality—and an ensemble in which almost perfect blending was observed. The classic reading of the Beethoven number was noteworthy.

An important addition has been made to the May Festival Chorus by joining its forces with those of the Apollo Club. Such a course was suggested as early as four or five years ago, but it is at last to be realized. According to agreement the Apollo Club is to study the chorus works selected for the May Festival under Mr. B. W. Foley, at-

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tend the rehearsals under Mr. Thomas, and sing with the May Festival Chorus during the festivals. In compensation for these services the club is to receive a certain allowance, which will enable it to give at least two concerts a year with orchestra. The May Festival Chorus will be considerably strengthened by this consolidation, and the Apollo Club will profit not only financially, but also from a musical standpoint. The plan promises the more success inasmuch as Mr. Foley, the director of the Apollo Club, and Mr. Glover, the director of the May Festival Chorus, are on the best terms of friendship. In consequence of this step Mr. Thomas has decided to give Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust* at the next festival.

The stockholders of the Orchestra Association held their annual meeting during the present week. The report of the president, Mrs. Wm. H. Taft, who presided, shows how successfully the association has weathered the season of financial depression, and how bright the prospects of the orchestra under Mr. Frank Van der Stucken's direction are for the future.

The following extracts from Mrs. Taft's report will be of general interest:

We pass this year a landmark in the history of the Cincinnati Orchestra. Just three years ago the plan of instituting a series of symphony concerts was suggested by the Ladies' Musical Club. Some years had passed since such concerts had been given, but there remained in the city the nucleus of a good symphony orchestra. Thanks to the work of, first, Michael Brand, then Theodore Thomas and Henry Schradieck, there was to be found here a band of musicians who had had considerable experience for years in orchestral playing. Mr. Seidl, on his visit here the following year, confirmed this by saying repeatedly that there was no such good material to be found in any city outside of New York, Boston and Chicago.

We need next year \$12,000. Of this amount \$7,500 has already been promised annually for four years. We have received a most generous response from the public, and I am glad to state to the members of the association that there is an excellent spirit prevailing in regard to the work that is being accomplished. Its educational value is becoming fully appreciated, and in soliciting subscriptions we rarely meet with anyone who does not show some degree of interest and sympathy. It will be remembered that Mrs. Longworth very generously offered to give \$500 a year for four years if nine others would do the same. We have now eight signatures to this paper, and hope soon to have it completed. Very few of our old subscribers for large amounts have refused to renew their subscriptions. Out of those who have been approached thus far there are only five who do not continue to give.

Miss Jelke, the treasurer, reported the total receipts for the fiscal year to be \$32,317.31 and the expenditures \$32,246.81, leaving a balance of \$70.50.

Mr. Van der Stucken will conduct the Indianapolis May Festival next week. He takes the entire symphony orchestra with him. Reduction in salaries to a limit of \$2,000 per annum will cause several teachers at the College of Music to sever their connection with that institution. Those who will positively leave are Mr. Armin W. Doerner, piano; Mrs. Lillian Arkell-Risford, organ; Miss Tecla Vigna, voice. On the doubtful list still are S. N. J. Eisenheimer, Romeo Gorno, Mr. José Marien and A. J. Gantvoort.

J. A. HAMAN.

**Seidl Concerts—Chickering Hall.**—Chickering & Sons desire to inform the public that they have engaged Anton Seidl and his orchestra to give during the coming season six orchestral concerts on the following dates: November 9, 1897, second Tuesday, afternoon; December 7, 1897, first Tuesday, evening; January 4, 1898, first Tuesday, afternoon; February 1, 1898, first Tuesday, evening; March 1, 1898, first Tuesday, afternoon; April 5, 1898, first Tuesday, afternoon. To make these concerts popular and within the reach of all they have arranged the price of tickets as follows: Admission, 50 cents; reserved seats, \$1; course of six concerts, \$5.

**George Fleming, Baritone.**—The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* recently printed the following of this artist:

A concert demanding attention was that given by the Apollo Club, in which the fine singing of the Pagliacci prologue by Mr. George Fleming was an event to be long remembered. Mr. Fleming has an exceptionally sweet and powerful baritone voice, full, flexible and sympathetic. He enunciates every word as distinctly as though he were speaking. The performance was infused with his own intense and reposeful personality, showing that his artistic soul realizes what so few singers know—how much grace, strength and dignity lie in repose. Mr. Fleming is sure to be a real acquisition to our musical public.

*Handwritten signature: Pauline*

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## La Bohème.

THE NEW OPERA BY LEONCAVALLO.

[Special Report for The Musical Courier.]

VENICE, May 6, 1897.

**L**A FENICE, the magnificent home of opera in this city of bewildering splendor, is the scene this evening of the first presentation of Leoncavallo's new opera *La Bohème*, the scenes from which are adapted with admirable taste and perspicacity from the interesting sketch of the *Vie de Bohème*, the masterwork of Henri Murger.

The extraordinary difficulties to which this new work from the pen of the composer of *I Pagliacci* is subject on this, the occasion of its bid for public approval, are sufficient to render his most enthusiastic admirers uncertain of a favorable result. Remarkable that Sonzogno is the publisher and proprietor of this production, it may be well to say that an opera by Puccini, with the same title and drawn from the same source, is owned and published by Ricordi, while its production during the past two weeks, the closing performance being held last night, the eve of the first of that of Leoncavallo, evidences the ability with which Ricordi wages the commercial war against his rival publisher.

Certainly the production here at this time of *La Bohème* of Puccini, a most meritorious work which has attained remarkable success in the two years of its existence, has had the effect of making the public more exigent in its criticism of the result of the labors of Leoncavallo. The production by Puccini is remarkable for its grace and sentiment, not, however, being confined to the restrictions imposed by a faithful adaptation of the book.

The success, therefore, of this work of Leoncavallo will depend upon the reality of his adaptation and the strength and fidelity of his inspiration. All in all, it may be noted that the path of this new version of the phases of Bohemian life is not entirely devoid of thorns.

Decidedly it would be difficult to conceive of a more brilliant audience than that assembled at the Fenice this evening. Beautiful women and toilettes of conspicuous richness there are in abundance; notabilities in the musical world, among whom are Mascagni and Giordano, the composer of *Andrea Chenier*; prominent critics from all parts of the Continent, of the *Journal*, of Paris; the correspondent of the *Boersen Courier*, of Berlin; *Magdeburger Zeitung*; *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna; of the *Gaulois* and *Matin*, of Paris; of the *Berliner Tageblatt*; *Neue Wiener Tageblatt* and *Freundblatt*.

Present also are the directors and impresari of many of the most important opera houses, among whom we may note Mahler, the new director of the Imperial Theatre of Vienna; Pollini, director of the theatres of Hamburg; Klopska, director of the theatres in Budapest, and a representative of Schubert, of Prague.

The audience is perceptibly restive and impatient, and disposed to be severe. Your humble correspondent is encoined in an orchestra chair, encircled by a formidable array of journalists from all quarters, among whom are readily discerned ardent partisans of Ricordian supremacy by the ill-concealed reluctance to allow even an impartial hearing. It is to be inferred that their instructions are precise as to their report. Surely Leoncavallo has an unenviable task before him this evening.

The curtain is raised a few minutes before 9, displaying a room in the Café Momus. Schannard, musician (bass), who in a spirited dialogue with Gaudenzio, the proprietor, informs him that he and his fellow Bohemians intend to have a grand supper in the café it being Christmas Eve. Rudolfo, poet; Marcello, painter; Colline, philosopher, arrive, and are followed by Mimi, Musette and Enfermia. Schannard presents his brother artists to the ladies and the supper begins. After a merry repast the bill is brought, when it is discovered that but 3.60 frs. are possessed by the party. Schannard is appointed to negotiate with the proprietor, who becomes very angry, and a discussion follows, during which *Barbemuche*, a stranger who has been seated at a side table the while, offers to pay the bill as a means of introduction to the Bohemians. Schannard accepts, with the provision that

they play it off in a game of billiards, which he eventually wins. During the game, which takes place in an adjoining room, Marcello and Musette are left alone, and the dialogue which ensues is very good. The curtain falls as all are preparing to leave to attend a ball.

The presentation by Schannard is most happily and musically well treated. The air of Mimi during the supper, Musette Svaria Sulla Bocca Viva, is a delicious bit and sung with such grace as to provoke applause. Also that of Musette, Mimi Pinson la Biondinatta, a charming bit of much spirit and grace, is applauded warmly, finally bringing Leoncavallo to the front amid renewed applause. Then follows an ensemble of much color, in which Marcello, declaring his awakened passion to Musette, is more prominent. The duet which follows between Marcello and Musette is charming in its wealth of sentiment.

At the fall of the curtain much applause ensues and the artists and composer are obliged to appear several times, and this seems to affirm the satisfaction of a majority of the audience. The enthusiasm, however, is not of a very marked description.

In the second act Musette has arranged to receive in her rooms a large gathering of friends, but upon returning home finds that her official, let us say, has become aware of her attachment for Marcello, and during her absence has caused all the furniture to be placed in the courtyard, preparatory to being removed. The bohemians are not disconcerted by this and the reception takes place in the courtyard, it being transformed into a ballroom for the occasion, and a scene of the greatest hilarity ensues, during which Mimi runs away with the *Viscontino*.

The scenic effects of this act are most excellent and Leoncavallo has succeeded in imparting to the whole a sincerity and character of a very high order. Marcello's aria, *Io non ho che una Povera Stanzetta*, elicits enthusiastic applause. The spirited action of Schannard as master of ceremonies is much enjoyed, and in his announcement of the program may be felt the genuine spirit of reckless bohemianism, and when seated at the piano with the guests crowded around him he sings with comic sentiment *Alza l'Occhio Celeste*, a sort of parody in the style of Rossini, the effect is provokingly humorous. The general chorus, *L'inno della Bohème*, is of great effect.

In the third act the scene is laid in the garret or studio of Marcello, opposite the door of which is the chamber of Rodolfo. Schannard has left Enfermia and Musette begins to feel that with the present misery her affection for Marcello cannot last much longer. While Schannard and Marcello are absent in search of the wherewithal for dinner she writes her letter of farewell to Marcello and hands it to the porter to give to him upon his return, and while preparing for her departure is surprised by Mimi, who, not being able to forget Rodolfo, returns in search of him. Marcello returns and the letter is handed to him before Musette has departed. Upon their encounter succeeds the last altercation, during which Mimi, who has in the meantime been hiding behind a screen, becomes fearful of the consequences of Marcello's desperation, and makes her presence known, whereupon Marcello accuses her as the cause of the change in Musette and calls Rodolfo, both of whom bid them to leave with much bitterness.

The orchestration in this act is entirely too heavy and melodramatic and spoils some otherwise good effects. There was some applause, it is true, but not of a very healthful warmth.

The fourth act is confined almost entirely to the return and death of Mimi and presents some very strong moments. The romance of Rodolfo, *Chi Batte alla Porta a Quest'Ora?* is applauded warmly and brings Leoncavallo forward. The close is striking and of much pathos, and when the curtain falls the artists and composer are called to the front several times amid applause, which, if not of the wildest enthusiasm, is still amply sufficient to demonstrate the entire satisfaction of the audience.

As to *La Bohème*, of Leoncavallo, in its entirety, there is no doubt that it is much stronger dramatically than musically. It is, however, an important work, and if it does

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not happen to be received as favorably as I Pagliacci, it will, nevertheless, be received with favor wherever presented.

Leoncavallo is an able and learned writer, and (in the first two acts) shows an admirable fullness of resource which cannot but command the highest approval. In the third act, however, the orchestration approaches heaviness and vulgarity, and should certainly be remodeled. The fourth act is warm and sincere, and not entirely devoid of originality.

The execution was of a more than average excellence. Principal parts: *Musette*, la Frandin; *Mimi*, la Storchio; *Marcello*, Beduschi; *Rodolfo*, L'Angelini-Fornari; *Schau-nard*, l'Isardon; *Colline*, l'Aristi. JOS. SMITH.

After a second hearing I consider that it may be well to give a further description in brief of the impression of *La Bohème*, musically and dramatically.

Leoncavallo dramatist is certainly far superior to Leoncavallo musician as demonstrated in his present work. Dramatically his work is of much vigor and life, of a continuity which would show a complete understanding of his subject, and a finish and completion which betray the marvelous versatility of the man. He has succeeded in presenting the incidents and characters of Murger's master-work so faithfully, and with such warmth and vitality, that in the mind of the spectator it ceases to be romance and for the moment become reality.

As to the music, the results are not so satisfactory. The lyrics are always agreeable and warm, to be sure, and the choruses and ensemble work spirited and treated with musical intelligence and taste, whereas the orchestration at times betrays an exaggeration and lack of adaptability much to be deplored. There are many happy moments, but there are also unhappy ones, unfortunately, which greatly deteriorate from a work which may be termed in a general sense of more than ordinary excellence. However, the majority of these defects may be readily erased, as the work is too profuse and will but be improved by the condensation which I understand Leoncavallo has already decided upon.

The introduction—it has not the form of an overture and is simply used to introduce the opening scene—is light and vivacious, having no special merit for or against, is followed by a species of recitative and leads finally into a graceful gavot. The supper scene follows, and is concerted in a light and accordingly appropriate manner, during which *Marcello* has a lyric—pleasing, pathetic and melodious; also the canzone of *Musette* is pleasing, but of a more popular and less serious style. Thus continues this act, at the end of which you do not realize that it has lasted an entire hour. It is the intuition and geniality of this first act which, in its happy blending of music and action, make the time pass unnoticed. It would be improved by judicious condensation, however.

Following the same principles, the second act is even more bright, spirited, heedless and merry than the first, and shows admirably "La vita scapigliata" which Murger has so well depicted and Leoncavallo so excellently transferred. The music flows smoothly along, with the events interjected here and there with bright bits, parodies in the style of Meyerbeer and Rossini, a chorus of much excellence, bits in rhythm and counterpoint (a quartet in canons), and you arrive at the finish of the act admiring the sincerity and art with which the poet-musician has woven the intricacies of the drama and music into a fabric at once harmonious and symmetrical.

In the third act the change from the spirit and allegria of the two previous acts is abruptly, and perhaps too brusquely, drawn, and you feel the great contrast in the exaggerated and nearly bombastic proportions when compared to the subject. Some of the effects are pleasing and excellent in conception, but as a whole should be toned down a very perceptible degree. In the fourth act, which depicts the death of *Mimi*, there is apparent greater harmony of subject and music, and may be considered as thoroughly capable of retaining the excellence of the first and second and a fitting completion of a work which presents many excellent points and a few defects.

At the present time it would not be fair to analyze more profoundly this work of Leoncavallo, as many points of questionable efficacy will be revised by the composer with the same intelligence and clearness of design which may be considered as the denominating character of this very commendable production. JOS. SMITH.

### More Detroit Breezes.

SOMEONE asked me how such a nice girl could write disrespectfully of a "man old enough to be her father." Dear Density, the disrespect lies not with me.

Since the early days of my childhood I have remembrance of no one musical affair the pleasure of which was not lessened by the inexcusable noisiness of the "man old enough to be my father," who transforms concerts into informal, impromptu receptions at which he presides as host and an unwilling public as victims. Don't you realize that that little outburst was the result of long years of indignation, of suppressed annoyance? Haven't I burned a thousand and one times with inward rage, and hasn't my suffering been shared by endless others?

Of course when the man bustles about the concert hall like a maddening bit of quicksilver, telling this one and that one in his ringing, clarion tones: "Yes, yes! he is very fine! Big artist! Wouldn't you like to meet him? Come around to the dressing room after the concert and I'll introduce you. Want his signature? Of course you shall have it! I've heard all these artists' piano repertory. Gets to be a pretty old story when you have heard so much. Played everything, you know!" you can't but admire and appreciate the blase man of music, and realize his embarrassing position. But will someone tell me why he can't be kept at home so that those whose opportunities have not been so rich can enjoy what a kind Providence and their pocketbooks provide?

Of course it is impressive to know that we have in our midst one so comprehensive as regards the past. It adds dignity and glory to the profession at large, and we are charmed with the assurance that M— is a great artist. It makes us easier, more authentic in our enjoyment, but the same end could be attained by stating on the program that the "man old enough to be my father" authorizes enthusiasm and approval. For instance: A well-known newspaper man told me that while Sieveking was playing some one of the quiet numbers of his piano recital the dead silence was broken by the unmistakably familiar voice exclaiming audibly, more audibly, most audibly: "Very promising young man, Sieveking! Very promising young man!"

This assurance will no doubt serve Sieveking as an inspiration for many a long day, and the audience was relieved from all possible suspense as to his value or demerits. But it was annoying to some few who were narrow enough to be interested in Sieveking's present tense generally.

It strikes me that people go to the concert for whatever may be offered them there. They pay their money, and disturbances of any kind are to be regarded as public nuisances. And don't you for one minute suppose that I am the only one, dear Density, who entertains these views. I have received letters of gratitude galore in support of my little remonstrance. Any quack medicine man or bicycle firm would be as much justified in proclaiming in public gatherings the merits of their wares as that man is in forcing his opinions on a public, which, as a whole, is perfectly content, nay, grateful, to be permitted to dispense with them at all times, and in particular at a time when they have paid cold cash for the privilege of benefits of their own choice.

It's downright imposition! It is undignified, disrespectful, not of me to protest against the evil, but of the "man old enough to be my father," who inflicts annoyance on a long suffering public. So there!

Dear me! So many strange and inconsistent things come with the spring. Love and laziness, violets and poesy, and goodness only knows what not! But then, Spring is young, and bears easily her burdens, so I may as well add to her list of iniquities the epidemic of "modest pianists," which has recently beset our city. I have been trying to elucidate this particular kind of being, and I have arrived at the conclusion that it is not so much a species as a state or condition of decided limitation. You have heard certain members of my sex described as "sweet," haven't you? But perhaps you have not noticed that when one girl cheerfully asserts of another, "yes, she is such a sweet girl," you have been immediately permeated with the realization that the "sweet" girl can be neither pretty, clever nor fascinating. An ominous adjective when used by a woman. So inclusive and exclusive, and a kind Providence preserve me and all I love from its implied deficiencies!

So it is, in Detroit of course I mean, and with certain Knowing Ones only, with the "modest pianist." I have pondered it well. I have attempted to be logical in my de-

ductions, so the mystic veiledness of the phrase may have escaped my nineteenth century soul and mind (I trust it is not immodest to claim these articles. They have become such common property these days that my presumption may be condoned if not approved).

Miss X is announced to play some substantial work at some substantial concert. The natural supposition is that Miss X is qualified to do so. It is not extravagant to assume that Miss X and her teacher consider her capable of the undertaking. In other words, Miss X assumes a certain responsibility. When the occasion arrives she proceeds to demonstrate that she has neither talent, technique, quality, artistic instincts or anything else essential to even ordinarily good piano playing. In fact, the tacit claim made by Miss X and teacher upon the public was absolutely unjustified. The work consists of shortcomings, flagrant deficiencies from beginning to end. Miss X and teacher have undeniably, if tacitly, presumed. It is, however, the first offense; it is not chronicled that she has ever been accused of doing good work, so the Knowing One labels her "modest," and she retreats from the field.

I suppose the supposition or inference is that she will not again offend. At any rate, not because of the support of the Knowing One. Any further attempts will be made by "a modest young pianist who comes unheralded," independent of press recognition. Of course she received no press recognition, but that is not the point. The thing is that she comes modestly, unheralded.

The subtlety of the K. O. is weird. He can give you all some startling instances of that heinous crime, modernism. I am purely impersonal in my remarks, for he has never dubbed me "modest."

To continue. Miss Z is not entirely a novice. She has received some good press notices. Not endless quantities, because she is young in years and art, and makes no pretensions to be otherwise, but then, as I already remarked, she has received some encouragement from those in power. So when her opportunity arrives, she assumes the same responsibility as Miss X, save that she does so with the approval not of teacher alone, but of the disinterested powers, authoritative, recognized critics.

The wretched one! The brazen one! The mistaken one! She quotes to the public the sweet praise for which she has given heart and soul, strength, mental and physical; for which she has toiled and sacrificed. She foredooms herself, for she insults the intelligence of the Knowing One.

She attempts to influence him with the opinion of the wise men of the East, of Paris, &c. She would prejudice him in her favor! Impertinence! She comes not modestly and unheralded. So he forthwith dooms her to artistic perdition with an accompaniment of red light and generous scenic effects.

His blood it curdles!  
The cruel ink gurgles!  
The journalistic wind howls,  
And the Knowing One yowls:  
"What, you dare to quote to me  
This Hunsaker! Who is he?  
My intelligence you offend,  
My curse on you descend!"

(The maiden, how she cries!  
The fair maiden so unwise.)

Ah! maiden, well may you tremble,  
'Tis too late, indeed, to dissemble.  
You pore o'er the Scripture  
In vain for a mixture.  
When your past you thus did herald,  
Your future you hopelessly imperiled.  
Shall the Knowing One brook quotation,  
However mild the allegation?

(Says the maid, beneath her breath:  
"The fools have not all met death!")

I heard such a charming story the other day. Someone repeated to a well-known bishop a decidedly malicious remark made by a certain man. The bishop frowned slightly and plaintively replied: "My memory must be failing me; I have no recollection of ever having done that man a favor." I like the story, even though my memory be keener than the clever old bishop's.

What is Innocente de Anna going to do during the summer months? Why doesn't Victor Thrane send him to Detroit? I understand he has a good voice. All he needs is a few lessons. We have baritones who would cheerfully do some coaching. Do come, signor!

June will bring with its other charms a Detroit magazine containing a paper explanatory of the mysterious mechanisms of famous singers. Look out, you average vocalists!



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This sounds uncannily like witchcraft. Electric batteries, invisible connection with the spines of the thousands who listen, the "stops," together with the desire and the judgment to manipulate them!

All this free, gratis, for nothing, "for truth should be free as the air."

Ye gods and little fishes! Why doesn't someone in sweet charity's name forewarn poor Van Dyk? The wretched, deluded tenor! The possibilities are that the damning condemnation has not, may not reach him. It is a long ways from Detroit to Vienna! Unfortunate man! he doesn't know that a Western critic—aye, a Detroit critic—has been informed that he is a very poor singer indeed; that the critic, by editorial courtesy, is already crying: "We told you so."

Good heavens, Van Dyk! Do you suppose that because you sing with success in Vienna, London, Paris, Bayreuth, &c., you can come here and impose on an intelligent people? American-ally you are dead, Van Dyk. We have been forewarned! We are forewarned. A Detroit critic's friends tell him that you are a very poor singer indeed. He tells us, and peace be to your artistic ashes!

Brace up and be a man, Van Dyk! Defeat is sometimes grander than success. Nourish within your breast a sweet content and spend your days in Europe, where standards of Detroit altitude exist not.

LILLIAN APEL.

**Gertrude May Stein's Recent Successes.**—The following press notices fairly record some recent successes of this well-known contralto:

Miss Stein, who sustained the rôle of the *Priestess*, possesses a voice full, resonant and of great depth. She sang her various scenes, recitatives and arias in a manner to prove that she had given great attention to not only the text, but to the musical phrases as well. Especially commendable was the interpretation accorded the recitative and aria at the opening of the fourth part of the oratorio.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Miss Gertrude May Stein, the contralto, sang the part of the *Priestess* in an excellent manner. She possesses a graceful and pleasing personality and a voice of unusual purity and sweetness, cultivated to the highest state of efficiency. The soloists elicited the warmest demonstrations of approval at the hands of the audience, which was large enough to fill the house.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

The society was assisted by Miss Gertrude May Stein, *Priestess*; William H. Rieger, *Stegmund* and William Mertens, *Arminius*—a strong combination of soloists. Miss Stein, who appeared here during the winter in a song recital with Mr. Fergusson, had excellent opportunity for the display of her powers in this concert at the Pabst Theatre. Although she fails in the production of a broad resonance in the lower voice, her middle and upper tones are very fine. She made a profound impression in the recitative and aria in the thirteenth number, *The Battle*, and in the beautiful solo, *Valhalla's Gates Above Them Open*, the latter very grateful both for the quality of tone and graceful interpretation. Her work in the closing hymn is also deserving of praise.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

One of the strongest song recitals ever given under the auspices of the Ladies' Matinee Musicale was given last evening in the Baptist chapel by Miss Gertrude May Stein. Although the chapel was well filled, those in attendance hardly expected to hear a soloist as excellent as Miss Stein. Everyone knew that an excellent program would be rendered in a most satisfactory manner, but very few realized that Miss Stein was as great an artist as she is. Her selections were magnificent, calling forth the heartiest applause. She has a strong and splendid contralto voice, together with a pleasing appearance. She was accompanied gracefully upon the piano by Miss Ruth Putnam. Her first selection was *La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc*, by Bemberg, which was rendered charmingly. Following this were *Spring Night*, by Schumann; *Jugendliebe*, by Van der Stucken, and *Thro' the Still Night*, by Tchaikowsky. These, together with the following selections, received due recognition from her audience: *Where Blooms the Rose*, by Johns; *Nocturne*, by Nevin; *Thy Beaming Eyes*, by MacDowell, and *In Springtime*, by Victor Harris. Two of the most pleasing renditions were Wagner's *Schmerzen* and *Traume*, Gounod's *Repentir* followed and the clever recital was closed with *Rubinstein's Since First I Met Thee*, *A Song of Sunshine*, by Thomas, and *Habanera* (Carmen), by Bizet. The program was quite long for but one artist, yet it was so arranged as to be greatly appreciated.—*La Fayette News*.

### A Civic Disgrace.

THE OUTPUT OF PROF. WILLIAM HALLOCK AND DR. FLOYD S. MUCKEY.

Paper No. 2.

DR. FLOYD S. MUCKEY should not be allowed to stand unchallenged upon the vantage ground of popular fallacies. Both by word and by diagram he shows that he shares with his amateur readers that beautiful innocence of vocal knowledge which convinces them all, the doctor and the patients alike, that there exists within the Adam's apple, or larynx, a something thick and tough, like alligator hide or bicycle tubing, a something so massive that the "vocal muscle" can penetrate it to different distances. This ligamentous something he and they believe to be the vocal cord. This is a very common notion. Nearly every one imagines that the vocal cords must be thick strings to be blown into vibration for voice. The amazing aspect is that a graduated doctor should hold similar views and proclaim them.

Dr. Muckey writes as follows, using the appended figure for illustration:

"No. 7 is a schematic representation of the vocal cord, showing the location of the vocal muscle *m*, and how it sends its fibres into the body of the cord. When *m* is uncontracted, or slightly so [slightly uncontracted?], the

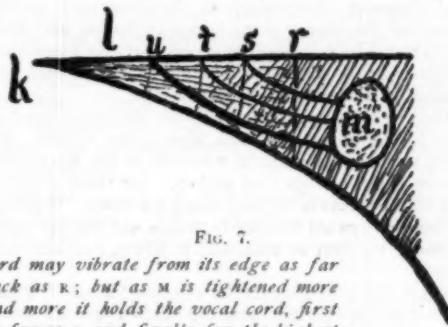


FIG. 7.

cord may vibrate from its edge as far back as *k*; but as *m* is tightened more and more it holds the vocal cord, first as far as *s*, and finally for the highest notes (IV., Fig. V.) only the part between *u* and the edge *k* is allowed to vibrate, giving thus a much lighter string, and thus helping to get a higher pitch with a minimum of tension."

Now it is confessedly puzzling to decide upon the manner of defense against this rabid statement. It is absolutely new; its ideas have never been dreamed of by any physiologist, ancient or modern. Even the daring Schmidt has given no hint of them; neither has Weiss nor Nehrlisch, nor, in later days, Chater or the ventricular Lunn, of London—and nothing wilder flies! How can one argue seriously over a matter that has no existence? The schoolboy form of debate, "I say 'tis!" "I say 'tisn't!" is neither dignified nor convincing. What advantage is there in setting up a man of straw for the simple fun of knocking him down again?

There is, to be sure, the anatomical question, of no particular value to vocal students, whether the *thyro-arytenoidei-interni* muscles, probably the "vocal muscles" of Professor Hallock and Dr. Muckey, are firmly or loosely attached to the sheaths which invest them. Ruhlmann, Ludwig, Henle, Ranke Hermann, Battaille, Kölliker, all thought there was only a very loose connection. Henle experimented much and with his usual remarkable caution, and, after making very many cuttings (Schnitten), declared positively that there was no connection. On the other hand, Luschka, a supreme authority, as well as Verson and Funke, thought there was some connection.

It would be amusing to watch the countenances of any one of these departed experts could they be shown this octopus diagram evolved during some nightmare of Dr. Floyd S. Muckey; but alas! in the present lamentable condition of both science and theology, their immediate addresses are unobtainable.

But Dr. Muckey, still lingers with us, and how shall we approach him? As he basks in the shadow of Columbia University he must be regarded in some way, for silence would give a certain approval of his extraordinary pronouncements. Perhaps the best, and for the interested

student the most useful, plan would be, first, to give the reader a general notion of these much discussed and little understood vocal cords, which so many imagine, as does Dr. Muckey apparently, to be strings or cords, or thick and tough layers of something stretched across the larynx.

It will not smack of the shop to quote from the *Physiology of Artistic Singing*, by the present scribe, for it is wholly out of print and no longer a source of profit:

"When two fingers are laid horizontally across the mouth and pressed lightly against the lips, as if to insure silence, a breath blown between them will cause a sound of definite pitch. The loose, fleshy parts of the fingers will be blown into regular vibrations, or movements to and fro, and the action of the vocal cords in the throat will be illustrated roughly but fairly; for the cords belong to the class called membranous reeds. \* \* \* Shelf would be a better term than cord, reed or band, for it would correct the usual erroneous fancy of vocal students that there are cords like strings in his throat, and that they are made of some harder material than the flesh of the fingers. In fact, the vocal cords are, in the main, two shelves of flesh, more tender than the flesh of the softest fingers."

Now a sincere effort will be made to give the reader a clear idea of these puissant vocal cords by still likening them to fingers. Kindly imagine two tiny digits about three-fourths of an inch long and boneless, spread a little apart at first, like a half opened pair of scissors; now spread your own forefinger and middle finger apart just enough to set the front of the neck between them. Then imagine that your fingers are shrinking until they become so small that they will go inside of the Adam's apple (larynx), which you will feel by grasping the front of the neck just below the under jaw, about where your middle and forefingers are gently pinching the neck.

You can imagine that when the fingers had shrunk enough to get inside the Adam's apple (larynx) you could bring their tips together; the opposite ends, the front ends, are always close together. And this action very well represents the shutting together of the rear ends of the vocal cords for voice. You will readily see that if the two fingers of the above diagram were spread apart no blast of breath could blow the walls (cords) into sounding vibration, for the air would slip by them without resistance or friction. But when the digits are drawn close together a sound of definite pitch will respond to the blowing. Now visualize just such a closing of the tiny fingers (cords) inside of the larynx as you pump breath up against their under side from the lungs. They will be blown into vibration as was the flesh of the fingers; more strictly, they will be pushed up and a little apart to let out little jets of air, thus producing voice.

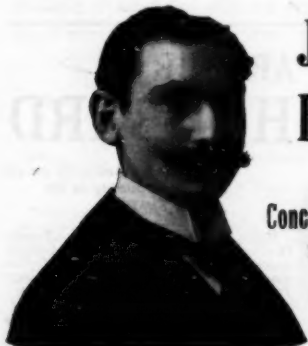
We are now readier to return to our famous double doctor, Dr. Floyd S. Muckey, C. M. When you blew between the actual fingers, held before the mouth as in the diagram, what was it that moved to and fro to produce



FIG. 2 OF THE FINGERS.

sound? Could any magician, any hypnotist, any Svengali daze you into believing that it was only the skin, the cuticle of your fingers that vibrated? Well, I guess not. Draw a sharp knife with the gentlest touch across the part of the finger that vibrated and learn practically how deep you can go without starting blood. The fraction of a millimetre could not be calculated; yet blood cannot flow from the skin.

Suppose anyone told you that the muscles beneath this vibrating skin of the actual fingers before the mouth sent out fibres, some of which penetrated this skin a quarter



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way, others a third, still others half or three-fourths of the way to the outer surface of the skin which your lips were pressing, would you not consider it wonderful? Suppose, again, you were sagely informed that when you contracted one set of these muscular fibres they would "hold" one-third or three-fourths of the skin so that the breath could not blow it into vibration. Would you not deem this either miraculous or impossible?

It almost transcends belief, but our redoubtable double doctor does affirm that this incredible performance takes place in the little, wee cordal fingers within the larynx. Read again his quoted words at the beginning of this paper. His "cord that may vibrate from its edge as far back as R—as far as s and finally only between v and the edge k." This "cord" is as thin as the skin of the finger; or, rather, to use an Irishism, there is no cord whatever. Dr. Muckey plainly shares the vulgar belief that there are in the throat ropes of some tough material, and big ones—so big in fact that they can be practically split into twine by sidewise pullings of his "vocal muscle."

This is not the case. There is no thick tendon or ligament, but only an exceedingly thin sheath or covering of the cordal muscles, principally of the *thyro-aryenoides*, which, indeed, themselves constitute the vocal cord. Of the vocal cord wonderful Harless writes (p. 576, Wagner's Handwörterbuch): "Seine grösste Mass besteht aus einem Muskel, von dessen innern variablen Zuständen wesentlich die Elasticität des ganzen Stimmbandes abhängig ist." (Its greatest mass consists of a muscle, upon the inner variable conditions of which the elasticity of the whole voice-band is dependent.) He goes on to say that he might without error (Unrecht) call the peculiar Stimmband the *fascia*. On another page he declares, expressly, that it is no sense a ligament, but resembles the *fascia* which invests nearly all muscles, and which is usually of a light whitish color, like that of the vocal bands.

A very domestic comparison may be admitted. Every reader has noticed at breakfast the thin, glazed sheet that separates the muscles of a lamb chop. That is the *fascia* of the muscles which constitute the meat of the chop. Now consider how exceeding thin must be the *fascia* which bandages the vocal muscles when those muscles are, perhaps, one hundredth as large as the muscles of the most succulent chop! Well, take the chop. How many layers of one of its *fascia* would our redoubtable double doctor convince you could be split off, as it were, from the balance of the glistening part. Is it not superfluously ridiculous, quintessentially queer? It is! No authority, living or dead, has calculated the thickness of this vocal sheath; not even Luschka, who measures and weighs everything linear and ponderable; not even Harless, who weighed and measured under exact conditions of heat and humidity; not even voluminous Merkel, who at the close of his largest work, the 1,000-paged *Anthropophoni*, thanked the good Lord that he had life enough left to write another; not even Fournie, who was exhaustive. It is possible that these careful scrutinizers would have overlooked such a chunky ligament, or cord, or aponeurosis, as Dr. Muckey, so beautifully pictures and so aptly describes?

Seriously, this diagram of Dr. Muckey, the first one of this article, is a monstrous distortion. Even a schematic figure must bear some relation to the objects represented. The lines which are intended to represent the relative size of two goats and a mountain should not be drawn as though the agile animals were rubbing noses across its summit, while their bodies stretch half way down the opposite sides of the eminence. The young lady's parasol should not shadow the roof of her residence. This diagram not only fails to delineate the true proportions between the vocal muscle and its *fascia*, but would be an actionable libel upon the inch thick rind of wild hog which the writer remembers to have striven to masticate in the multitudinous bosom of a poor white family in the piney woods of Alabama!

Let the peruser in imagination fill out the whole surface of the first diagram by expanding the "vocal muscle" indicated; then let him surround the figure by the tentacles of the octopus and he would far more nearly represent the actual proportion between the vocal muscle and its investing *fascia*.

But, ye shades of Columbia! what is this from the "Holiday Number" of *Werner's Magazine*? "The rear angles of the arytenoid cartilages come close together" for low tones; and further statements to the effect that their "front ends close more and more to shorten the cords for higher tones!" This is a Christmas present to the cause of vocal science with a vengeance. Evidently a third paper is required to discuss with becoming reverence such saintly nonsense.

JOHN HOWARD.

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BOSTON, Mass., May 23, 1897.

THERE died in Boston May 14 a man who as a musician was once known throughout the country. His name was Robert Kemp, but he was generally called "Father" Kemp. He was the originator of the Old Folks' Concerts. And as the story of his career is, like unto the story of the Hutchinson Family, a singular contribution to the history of music in America, and as the present generation knows little or nothing of his work, I propose to write about him and his concerts, and I shall quote freely from "Father Kemp and his Old Folks, a History of the Old Folks' Concerts, comprising an Autobiography of the Author, and Sketches of many humorous Scenes and Incidents, which have transpired in a concert-giving Experience of twelve years in America and England." This book was published in Boston by the author in 1868.

According to newspaper account—for Mr. Kemp shied at dates—he was born at Wellfleet, Mass., June 6, 1820. According to his own account he was cook at the age of nine years on board a Cape Cod pinkey. For three years he fished off the Banks or up and down the coast. When he was twenty years old he came to Boston, and was the junior member of the firm of Mansfield & Kemp, boot and shoe dealers.

He says that soon after this he purchased a farm in Reading. "I was at this time attacked with a disease which has prevailed to a great extent among my neighbors and friends since my remembrance—'Fancy Farming.' I grew poor (in pocket) while the fever raged, but was rich in experience after the patient was cured." He tried to raise hens. He left home one morning owning 100 chickens. A storm and a skunk reduced them to five before the next morning. He was luckier with apples. He sold 225 barrels at a profit of 8 cents a barrel. He spent much time in killing caterpillars.

I find by consulting the History of the Handel and Haydn that Mr. Kemp became a member of that society November 16, 1852, and against his name is the letter "D"—which stands for "discharged."

Thus did he train himself for the position of choral conductor.

\*\*\*

And now let us follow him through his book.

Perhaps the preface will give you a good idea of the man. "I was always ambitious. Not an office within the gift of the American people has been at times above my aspirations. My tastes have varied—sometimes with the weather, sometimes with my business successes and reverses; but, generally speaking, had I been nominated for any political position I should have thrown aside every consideration of personal reputation and blindly accepted—for the good of the Republic. \* \* \* The period of my birth has always been kept a matter of profound secrecy. \* \* \*

In political matters I have held many different opinions. Living through so many years, with changes frequently occurring in the aspects of the country's institutions, I of course changed with the times; but I venture to say that within the past hundred years of my life I have not done more, in that respect, than many whom the people have preferred before me have accomplished in ten years. I wish now that my political opinions had undergone more frequent revolutions. I think if they had I should by this time be at least a Member of Congress. My lot has been a different one from what my early and even later aspirations marked out. However unromantic it may seem, reader, I am a shoe dealer. 'Everybody suited at No. 261 Hanover street' is my motto. This, however, is not mentioned as

an advertisement. I would scorn to harbor such an intention in a publication which, I hope, will be purely of a literary and not a business character. But, at the same time, should the reader see fit to drop in at No. 261 he will at all seasons find a good stock and a determination on my part to sell." Spurn him not, oh, reader, because he was first of all a shoe dealer. Was not Hans Sachs a cordwainer? Was not Sigismund Bachrich the director of a crinoline business in Vienna, and afterward in Paris a journalist and then an apothecary? Mr. Kemp was proud of his business and refers to it frequently; indeed, the closing sentence of the preface is: "Notwithstanding the publication of this book, they (my friends) will still, as heretofore, find me at No. 261 Hanover street."

\*\*\*

How did he come to organize the Old Folks' Concerts?

Winter evenings were dull at Reading. Probably the people tired of checkers and roasted apples, and they did not care to cozen the mind—as Thomas Fuller says—"in setting it to do a double task under pretense of giving it a play day, as in the labyrinth of chess and other tedious and studious games." Yet I read the other day that chess was invented by the Egyptian god Thoth, who seems to have been a singularly accomplished person. Saint Bernard congratulated the Templars on renouncing all pleasures—even hunting and chess. Burton, the melancholy Robert, describes chess as "a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth a mate." To employ the hours before bedtime Mr. Kemp invited a few young people to his "residence," to sing some of the popular songs of the day; the voices blended, and they had a good time. It then occurred to him to revive old memories by singing tunes "which strengthened the religious faith of our grandfathers and grandmothers." The country round was scoured for old singing books; prominent among them was the Billings and Holden collection. The rehearsals were largely attended.

Then follows a chapter on music in the early Puritan churches of New England. The contents are familiar. I may quote this sentence: "Meeting houses in which instruments were used or rejected were known as 'Cat-gut' or 'Anti-cat-gut' churches."

The first public concert given by him was at Reading "December 6, 1854." The newspaper account says "1854." Hundreds were unable to gain admission to Lyceum Hall. The chorus was invited to sing in Lynn. The day after the concert the thermometer was 20 degrees below zero. The roads were heavy with snow. Shovels were used. The singers did not arrive at Reading, a distance of 10 miles, till 6 o'clock in the evening. They were then asked to sing in Boston. Mr. Kemp was nervous about it. "But no man in my vocation can be completely discouraged at one failure. The motto of my customers in purchasing boots is 'try, try again,' until they find a pair which fits them; and I encourage the axiom. Why should it not apply to the concerts as well? I determined it should."

And then he conceived the idea of dressing his singers and himself in old-fashioned costumes. Tremont Temple was secured. The singers numbered about fifty, male and female. Two hundred, who were to sit on the stage, took a special train. There was a crowd to welcome them at the station. The hall had been long sold out. Doorkeepers were knocked down. The staircases and lobbies were crowded.

One of the singers wore a satin damask dress over 200 years old. Others wore dresses of antique fashion. The men appeared in knee-breeches, buckles and cocked hats. Everything that could not count up a hundred years was considered modern. There were bonnets as large as a flour barrel. George and Martha Washington, John Hancock, General Putnam, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Boone sat on stage. A woman wore a check that belonged to one of the Salem witches. There was an orchestra. Auld Lang Syne, Anthem for Easter, Greenwich, Coronation, Strike the Cymbal, Ode on Science, &c., were sung. Eleven such concerts were given in Tremont Temple to crowds. A Boston newspaper said of the company: "They are capable singers, perform good music, and all of their actions are decorous and appropriate."

\*\*\*

And then Mr. Kemp began to give concerts throughout New England. The first concerts had been for pleasure,

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without pecuniary benefit to the leader. To draw crowds and pay the necessary expenses there were newspaper and board-fence advertisements, and there was a street parade in costume. Soon offers came from Southern and Western cities. A young collegian was appointed agent, and the first trip was from Reading to Washington. The company numbered forty-seven. The concert at New York was given in Broadway Tabernacle. "While in New York the company was invited to attend one of Thalberg's concerts, which he gave before the public schools." Invited by the Board of Education to attend a noon concert given before the children at Niblo's Garden, Kemp's company in full costume was stopped at the door by a German, who said: "Fader Kemps cannot enters dish deatre mit his old folks for an advertisement. De shildrens goes hum and says: 'Vat have we here like Fader Kemps and his company? Nodings, nodings.' So deir faders, deir mudders, deir kindreds all goes to see Fader Kemps and hear dem sing, and I can stay here mit my deatre all alone if I like. I understands his dittle game, and know sumdings about management." The company gave a concert at the Academy of Music. In Brooklyn Henry Ward Beecher's church was secured. At Washington they sang to President Buchanan, who was polite under trying circumstances, and when they sang at the religious services in the New Representatives' Hall they rattled the preacher so that his discourse, preached without notes, consisted mainly of "brothers and sisters, friends," and "you, the unconverted." They visited the tomb of Washington, and "standing around the vault with uncovered heads, the 'Old Folks' sang:

Why do we mourn departed friends?"

Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester were visited. In Rochester, according to a newspaper of that town, "the audience was made up largely of the élite of the city: clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, besides a goodly number of the more indispensable and therefore better class—the common people."

...

And then under the management of Henry C. Jarrett the Old Folks went out West. My impression is that Myron Whitney was in the company. A concert was given every evening, except Sundays, for seven months. Frequently there were two concerts the same night; one from 6:30 to 8:30; the other from 9 to 10:30. When opportunity offered itself, there would be a stop-over mid-day concert. In some of the Western towns there were extraordinary adventures. The mayor of an Indiana town said before the concert: "Never mind the license," and then accepted twelve tickets for his family. After the show Mr. Kemp received a note from him, which said he wished to see him across the way. He was in a beer saloon and he was boozey.

"Sir," said he, "as the mayor of this village I demand the \$5 license required for Agriculture."

"Why, my dear sir, you said the license was all right if I would pass your family."

"Sir! I cannot be bought! Pay, or go to jail! Your Old Folks' concert is a damned humbug! Pay your license or go to jail!"

Then there was a wrangle. Mr. Kemp insisted that all the company should go to jail. The mayor insisted that the jail was not big enough. Finally the mayor said: "Kemp, you are a good fellow and a Christian; your Old Folks sing pious tunes, and they should be rewarded for it; give me a dollar and I will release you from arrest."

In another town the landlord charged for thirty people, although the company numbered only twenty-five. When Mr. Kemp remonstrated the landlord said: "Look at your bills, Mishter Kemps. It hangs up dare agin de walls. 'Fader Kemps and his company of Old Folks, consisting of dthirty performers.' Ve he been hombooged too moosh by showmans. If you advertise dthirty you pays for dthirty, venever you shtops mit me."

"The laughable song called Johnny Schmolker," say Mr. Kemp, "was first sung in public by the Old Folks. It was

given to me by a student in Middletown, Conn., with the agreement that it should not be published. It was published, however, without my consent."

At Baltimore, 1860-1, the singing of the Star Spangled Banner made a great row. "Many left the hall. 'Go home, you damned Yankees!' 'Stick to your psalm tunes!' 'Nigger worshippers!' &c., mingled with applause, greeting us from all parts of the house."

...

January 9, 1861, the Old Folks, thirty in number, sailed in the Canada for England. Mr. Kemp, a shrewd soul, saw that dead-head tickets were distributed judiciously in Liverpool, where the first concert was given. As the Old Folks sang the last tune Mr. Kemp felt that the public was all right, but he worried about the critics. One burly, red-faced fellow, who represented one of the journals, looked disgusted, whenever some commonplace piece provoked enthusiastic applause. "He evidently endeavored to ascertain where the 'clique' who admired such trash were seated, for he turned his head nervously and often furiously about, and his gaze was most searching and defiant." (A familiar picture of a critic engaged in professional duty). Mr. Kemp went at once to the office and found him at work. "I have come, sir," said I, "to give you some ideas, and to get some suggestions from you in regard to my concert."

"Horrible! Horrible! Horrible!" roared the critic. "And how do you suppose Mr. Kemp soothed him? He said: 'While the Prince of Wales was in America we sang before him, and he applauded—applauded us, sir—and his approbation was equally divided between the sacred and the secular pieces. We desire a little attention. The Queen's son had that, at least, from us; it is in your power to reciprocate.'"

The next morning a most favorable notice appeared in the newspaper: "The vocalization was magnificent. Never have we heard voices more beautifully or equally blended; the effect they produced was truly charming. The vocalists are evidently picked voices, and their rendering of the harmonized pieces was faultless, the attention to light and shade, so frequently neglected, imparting a beauty to their singing which must be heard to be appreciated."

...

Mr. Kemp now begins to pad his book. A long description of the Houses of Parliament—"when the lords are in session they sit with their hats on, which people of the United States would not call very good manners; but then the lords don't put their feet on the desks higher than their heads, nor spit tobacco juice on the floor, as it is said some American legislators are in the habit of doing, which is as unmannerly as to sit with one's hat on"—twenty pages about the Tower of London (compiled from a guide book); nine pages about Westminster Abbey similarly compiled, and thirty-four pages quoted from Robert's Chester Guide, revised by John Hinklin. Dreary, dull, inexcusable padding.

The first concert in London was given in St. James' Hall, which was full of friends—and fleas. Mr. Kemp says "a long intermission was taken, so that we had plenty of time to destroy them (the fleas, not the friends) when they were caught." The death of the Duchess of Kent denied the Queen the pleasure of hearing the Old Folks, who sang at the Crystal Palace at the rate of \$100 an hour. Sandwich men were hired to advertise the concerts at St. James'; they were paid 25 cents each by the day.

"I called on Mr. George Peabody, and transacted my financial business with him. He is a safe man to deal with."

The Old Folks sang at Brighton. Then there was disagreement. Mr. Kemp did not wish to continue the tour in England. He left the company and returned to Reading. There was newspaper controversy about the trouble, and Mr. Kemp wrote a reply to certain charges.

"When the subject of going to Europe was brought be-

fore my class last December, I asked each member of my company: 'Are you willing to go and pay your own fare, \$50 each, and take the second cabin?'"

This was agreed to, and all paid, "except six or seven who had not the means"; these were supplied by Mr. Kemp and Mr. Jarrett. At Liverpool they cleared about \$500. In London they averaged about \$60 a night, which with afternoon concerts amounted to about \$100 a day as an average for five weeks. In Brighton they made from \$40 to \$75 a night. But the expenses balanced the receipts. When Mr. Kemp advised returning, the majority said, "No; we are out here for a good time, and if we can get our board we are satisfied." Now, Mr. Jarrett had published the object of the visit as "pleasure, observation and study." Mr. Kemp had experienced pleasures of many sorts, as "reading in the daily journals all the scathing things that could be said about the singing of good, old American music." "I took another observation, and found the soles of my boots thin, my wallet light, and growing worse and worse." "My study was, How shall I get home." The company returned to Reading some months later, "much wiser in many ways."

The Old Folks were organized again for a new campaign. "Monday Popular Concerts" were given in Tremont Temple, Boston, and trips were again made. Mr. Kemp then puffs Dr. Richardson's Sherry Wine Bitters, and adds that Mrs. Emma J. Nichols was his leading soprano for eight years.

"No company, I believe, ever were so long together with less disagreements and wrangles. They were all ladies and gentlemen, and never lost consciousness of the fact under the most trying and perplexing circumstances."

...

Mr. Kemp concludes with a stirring appeal: "Follow me to No. 261 Hanover street, Boston, and let me sell you a pair of boots. If you have been bored in looking over the preceding pages I will make amends by a reduction on my regular, but low, price per pair. \* \* \* My shelves contain everything from the copper-toed shoe for the creeping pickaninny to the number 12 of the full-grown man. I hope I am not sordid in these expressions."

...

And now listen to this extraordinary statement that closes his story: "Although I have swung my baton before a large choir in upward of 6,000 concerts, my word upon it, I never knew a note of music, and cannot distinguish a 'minim' from a 'demisemiquaver.' I flatter myself, however, that I can beat time with the most accomplished impresario."

No, Father Kemp, an impresario seldom beats time; he beats the company or the audience.

...

Fifty-seven pages of the words of the pieces, sacred and secular, sung by the Old Folks are added. They range from Strike the Cymbal to the Captain with His Whiskers, from Henrion's Manola to Keller's American Hymn.

To me the most interesting of these pieces is Kidd's Lament, beginning

You captains, bold and brave, hear my cries, hear my cries,  
You captains, bold and brave, hear my cries.

But Kidd's name was William? Why did the poet call him "Robert?"

I confess I am infatuated with this ballad:

I'd a Bible in my hand when I sailed, when I sailed,  
But I sunk it in the sand when I sailed.

And these are noble lines:

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,  
And left him in his gore, as I sailed,  
And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill,  
And much precious blood did spill, as I sailed, as I sailed,  
And much precious blood did spill, as I sailed.

The American composer is searching nervously for subjects. Why does he not take this ballad and wed it to immortal music? The life of the Mannings (1849) is far inferior, and yet it would make a thrilling cantata for solos,

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chorus and orchestra. As this remarkable ballad is not familiar, allow me to quote the more striking verses. Composers will thank you. It is not in Father Kemp's book:

## I.

See the scaffold, it is mounted,  
And the doomed ones do appear,  
Seemingly borne down with sorrow  
Grief and anguish, pain and care.  
They cried, the moment is approaching  
When we together must leave this life,  
And no one has the least compassion  
On Frederick Manning and his wife.

## II.

Maria Manning came from Sweden,  
Brought up respectably, we hear,  
And Frederick Manning came from Taunton,  
In the county of Somersetshire.  
Maria lived with noble ladies,  
In ease and splendor and delight,  
But on one sad and fatal morning  
She was made Frederick Manning's wife.

## III.

She first was courted by O'Connor,  
Who was a lover most sincere;  
He was possessed of wealth and riches,  
And loved Maria Rout most dear.  
But she preferred her present husband,  
As it appeared, and with delight,  
Slighted sore Patrick O'Connor,  
And was made Frederick Manning's wife.

## \*\*\*

## V.

At length they all were reconciled  
And met together night and day,  
Maria, by O'Connor's riches,  
Dressed in splendor, fine and gay.  
Though married, yet she corresponded,  
With O'Connor, all was right,  
And oft he went to see Maria,  
Frederick Manning's lawful wife.

## VI.

At length they planned their friend to murder,  
And for his company did crave,  
The dreadful weapons they prepared,  
And in the kitchen dug his grave.  
And as they fondly did caress him,  
They slew him—what a dreadful sight,  
First they mangled, after robbed him,  
Frederick Manning and his wife.

## \*\*\*

## IX.

See what numbers are approaching,  
To Horse Monger's fatal tree,  
Full of blooming health and vigor,  
What a dreadful sight to see.  
Old and young may take a warning,  
Females, lead a virtuous life,  
Think upon that fatal morning,  
Frederick Manning and his wife.

According to the newspaper account Father Kemp, for about twenty years, beginning 1870, devoted himself exclusively to his beloved boots and shoes. For the last five years he had been helpless from creeping paralysis. The funeral was at Roxbury the 16th. PHILIP HALE.

## Boston Music Notes.

May 22, 1897.

The song recital by the pupils of Miss Priscilla White on Tuesday evening at the Tuileries was one of the most interesting of the pupils' recitals given this spring. The large ballroom, in itself gay with red, white and gold, was filled with well-known society people and musicians, all interested in the young teacher and her scholars. There was an air of festivity about the whole evening that made the occasion one to be specially remembered. Perhaps the most remarkable voice was that of Miss Bate, but all the selections were so well rendered, and the young voices were so sweet, fresh and well trained, that there was not a number on the program that was not thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Miss White received so many compliments that a less unaffected person might have become quite vain over the successes of the evening. On Wednesday next Miss White leaves for Europe with Miss Munger's party for a four months' stay. Part of the time will be spent in Paris studying with some well-known master.

Miss Gertrude Walker sang the Shadow Song from Dinorah very beautifully at Madame Long's recital in Association Hall on Monday evening. She is already receiving engagements for another season.

A song recital of popular classics will be given at 121 Beacon street on Monday evening by Carl Sobeski, assisted by Miss Josephine Green, pianist.

Miss Adeline Raymond and Mr. C. A. Ridgway, pupils of the Virgil Clavier School of Boston, gave a recital in Asbury Temple, Waltham, on the evening of May 4. On the 7th they played in Assembly Hall, Salem; on the 18th at Y. M. C. A. Hall, Malden, and on the 20th at Oxford Club

Hall, Lynn. The same program was played at each concert. Both of these young artists began with the Virgil method October 1 last, consequently they have not yet finished their first year.

There will be a summer course of five weeks' instruction in the Virgil method, beginning July 5, at the Virgil school, of Boston.

Miss Blanche White and Miss Ruth Morse were the accompanists at Miss Priscilla White's recital last Tuesday evening, and the young ladies contributed in no small way to the successful evening.

A concert was given on Monday evening at Wellesley College by Miss Laura Webster, 'cellist; Miss Elizabeth Driver, soprano; Miss Mary A. Stowell, pianist; Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, assisted by Miss Alice McLaughlin, flutist.

The program was an unusually interesting one, and each participant in the program was most enthusiastically received by the audience.

The ever interesting subject of music in the public schools is now being considered in a series of articles in the Boston Herald. Among the contributors to this series the musical profession is represented by Mr. Carl Faelten, who in an able article suggests some improvements over the methods now in use. Mr. Faelten says in part that Pestalozzi and other reformers have taught us that in imparting knowledge of any kind the following order should be maintained: The object first, the name for the object second, the written sign for the object last. Applying this simple and indisputable principle to music teaching, consideration should be given first to the development of conscious tone perception and tone production; second, to the common musical knowledge; and last to the teaching of musical notation. As improvements over the present methods Mr. Faelten suggests a more comprehensive course in ear training, some reduction in the time and effort spent in sight singing, devoting more time to the study of the folksong, and in paying more attention to individual singing instead of too much class singing. The list of contributors also includes Dr. Larkin Dunton, head master Boston Normal School.

The vocal pupils of Mr. F. W. Wodell gave a musical for their friends Friday evening in Social Hall, Tremont Temple. Among those who participated in the musical program were Mrs. Wm. P. Foster, Miss E. E. Mannix, Mr. E. W. Atwood, Mr. J. M. Swift, of Fall River; Mr. Fred K. Swett, of Manchester, Mass., and the Cecilia Ladies' Quartet, composed of Misses Loie Kelly, first soprano; Irene Dameron, second soprano; Edna Richardson, first alto; Josephine Dorr, second alto; Misses Lurine Jewell and Adeline Raymond, accompanists. Mr. Wodell was greatly applauded for his singing of Honor and Arms, from Handel's Samson. Mr. Wodell left May 19 for London for vocal work with Shakespeare and will return in the fall.

Another woman composer has appeared upon the scene. The Oliver Ditson Company has just issued a set of eighteen pieces, entitled the Merry-Go-Round, by Mrs. John Orth, wife of the eminent teacher of the piano. Every teacher of little ones will want to thank Mrs. Orth for writing so charming and useful a lot of pieces. They are the kind it is so hard to find, pretty and attractive, with no knotty places in them—just what the children like. Others of her compositions will shortly be published.

On Tuesday afternoon there was an organ recital at the First Spiritual Temple by the pupils of Mr. Everett E. Truette. Mr. Wm. E. Crosby, Miss Helene Vedder, Miss Laura Henry, Miss Myrtle Clara Peterson, Mrs. A. S. Locke, Mr. Milan F. Bennett, Miss Ada F. Hinckley, Mr. S. Newton Cutler, Mrs. Wm. Corliss, Jr., and Mrs. Alfa L. Small took part in a well arranged program.

Two organ recitals by pupils of the organ department of the New England Conservatory of Music have been arranged. The first one took place on Wednesday of this week; the second one will be on Tuesday, the 25th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

This afternoon at 3 o'clock three very talented pupils of Mr. H. G. Tucker played before a large audience in Mr. Tucker's studio. The rooms were bright with flowers everywhere, and the program was listened to with not only attention, but with much pleasure, for the young ladies proved themselves musical and artistic. The instrumental part of the program was Beethoven's concerto in C minor, Miss Lucy C. Daniell; Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brilliant, Miss Ethel C. Rogers; Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, Miss Miriam Cochrane. Mr. R. C. Whitten and Miss Eleanor C. Denham were heard in vocal selections. Although it was a trying ordeal for these young girls to play before an audience, they acquitted themselves so excellently that it may be arranged for them to play the same selections with orchestra some time in the near future, or per-

haps at the beginning of next season's work. It is seldom such splendid work is done by pupils, and the occasion was an interesting one.

Miss Jean Willard's pupils' recital will take place on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 26.

A pupil's recital, with chorus of seventy-five voices and an orchestra of fifty performers, will be given by the Daudelin School of Music in Association Hall next Tuesday evening.

The Roxbury Musical Society will close its fourth season with a concert of part songs in Germania Hall, Roxbury, next Friday evening. Compositions of Barnby, Pinsuti, J. C. D. Parker and others will be given.

Haydn's brilliant service in C major will be given at the Shawmut Congregational Church at half past 7 Sunday evening by the Shawmut choir of thirty-five voices. The soloists will be Miss Gretchen Schofield, soprano; Miss Annie S. Parker, alto; Mr. Parks, tenor; Mr. Charles Delmont, bass; Henry M. Dunham, organist and director. All are welcome.

Mr. S. Tudor Strang, of Philadelphia, will give a free organ recital at the Howard Church in Brookline, near Coolidge's Corner, next Tuesday afternoon at half past 4. Mr. Strang was a pupil of Guilman, and gave over 200 recitals at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and is one of the founders of the American Guild of Organists.

Invitations have been issued for a musicale at the house of Mrs. George Steadman Bennett, 379 Boylston street, on Tuesday morning, May 25, at 11 o'clock, introducing the Brahms Trio. This organization is one recently formed, and consists of the well-known Boston artists: Mr. Theodore Gordon, violinist; Mr. Leon Van Vliet, 'cellist, and Mrs. Louise Selfridge, pianist. On this occasion the trio will be assisted by Mrs. James Duncan Kinsley, soprano.

**Mrs. Ratcliffe Caperton.**—Mrs. Ratcliffe Caperton will not go to Europe this summer, as she usually does, but will spend three months at Cushing's Island, where she has taken a cottage for the season.

Her pupils, Miss Brooks, Miss Latimer and Mr. Bingham, will accompany her, and study repertory for the next season, when they will begin their professional work.

**Mr. Benham Obligated to Take a Rest.**—Owing to a severe attack of nervous prostration, Mr. A. Victor Benham has been obliged to cancel all his engagements, and to postpone his European tour for several months. By the advice of Doctors Jacoby and St. John Roosa he will leave very shortly for Newfoundland, where he will be enabled to enjoy a complete rest.

**Ogontz School.**—The pupils of Mrs. Ratcliffe Caperton at Ogontz School gave their final concert for this season last Thursday evening. The program was well chosen and artistic, showing a degree of excellence on the part of the pupils which is unusual in school work.

No school in this country offers better advantages in music than Ogontz. Every department is under the direction of a prominent professor.

The pupils of the school last Thursday were assisted by Miss May Latimer, contralto, of North Carolina; Miss Madeline Brooks, soprano, of Denver, Col., and Mr. Wm. McKee Bingham, tenor, of Philadelphia.

Accompanists—Miss Alice St. Stephen Weil, pianist; Mr. Erwin Gastel, 'cellist; Mr. David Nowinski, violinist.

The program was as follows:

Loch Lomond.....	Scotch
Two Eyes of Brown.....	Hawley
Bid Me to Love Thee.....	Hatton
Waldeggruss.....	Reinecke
For Love of Thee.....	Hawley
Ave Maria.....	Mascagni
Duet, Trovatore.....	Verdi
Ballroom Murmurs.....	Helmund
Widmung.....	Schumann
Sündfluth.....	Von Fieitz
Villanelle.....	Dell 'Acqua
Abendlied.....	Blumenthal
Agnus Dei.....	Bizet
Thänen des Herzens.....	Goltermann
Auld Scotch Songs.....	Leeson

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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
539 Fulton Street, May 24, 1897.

HE laughs best who laughs last, but this is really no laughing matter; we all know that the accompanist's lot is not a happy one; that the dramatic soprano strikes terror into his fluttering heart; that his hardships would be reduced by one-half if the phrase *ad libitum* had never been created; if singers did not confound the word temperament with the words "do as you please anywhere you please;" if rubato, ritards, &c., did not mean simply individual breath possibilities or impossibilities instead of graceful musical shadings and modifications. No thinking mind can help wondering why so many delightful singing birds are absolutely devoid of musical education. Many singers hardly know the difference between a common chord and a vocal cord.

Much of this is the teachers' fault. If, instead of making corrections as to style, practical explanations were given of the meaning of a period or a phrase; of the relation of antithesis to the thesis, an intelligence would be created that would understand a song as a musical composition rather than a musical setting to a pretty poem. What is a singer's license. Where does it begin and where does it end. How many singers are musicianly enough to permit themselves liberties with tempo, score, &c.? Much of the vocal education of to-day flavors of the stone structure on a paper foundation, and it is small wonder if any accompanist attempts to pull things together. Attention to some of these remarks may tend toward bringing singing and accompaniment closer together.

One of the finest pupils' recitals that has occurred this season was given by the class of Mrs. Emma Richardson Küster to an audience of about 1,400 persons. Miss Susan S. Boice, soprano; Mrs. Emily St. Anna Webber, contralto, and Mr. Albert Gérard-Thiers gave their assistance, which added materially to the enjoyment of the program. Miss Boice has a clear, pure soprano, with a richness throughout. She gave with delicacy and taste Becker's Springtide.

Mr. Albert Gérard-Thiers is too well known to require much comment further than the fact that he fairly outdid his former efforts, which resulted in nothing short of an ovation. His selections were: Nur bin ich Einstmals Allein, Tschaikowsky; Ici Bas, Duprato, and Come Into the Garden, Maude, Balfé. As encores he gave Beauty's Eyes, by Tosti, and, to his own delightful accompaniment, Annie Laurie.

Mrs. Emily St. Anna Webber was charming in Dudley Duck's Sunset, but more especially so in the artistic presentation of Hawley's Ah, 'Tis a Dream, given as an encore. Mrs. Webber has a voice of very much more than usual power, resonance, richness and purity of tone. She is deeply musical and her interpretations are intelligent and poetical. Mrs. Webber, who is a pupil of Mr. Thiers, ought to be heard from among the first-class concert singers if vocal attainment goes for anything.

Mrs. Küster and her thorough work has been treated in detail so recently that there is little else to say except that her numbers were received with the enthusiasm due her proficiency, which is saying a great deal. She played Chopin's Prelude No. 15, Aufschwung of Schumann and the Wagner-Liszt March from Tannhäuser. The participating pupils were: Misses Sophie and Carrie Dewes, Master Louis Nova, Misses Ethel Bryant, Alice Irish, Louise Clement, Lillian Taylor, Florence Hamilton, Sadie Nason, Elma Dare, Virginia Crandall, Madge Attwood, Carrie Rawson, Amelia Warren Gray and May Rawson.

On Wednesday, by the courtesy of Mr. Walter S. Carter, president of the department of music of the Brooklyn Institute, Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley appeared in an organ recital before the largest audience ever assembled in the New York Avenue M. E. Church. "Never has that organ given forth such music," was the remark of Mr. Abram Ray

Tyler, himself the talented organist of the church, and it was indeed true. Mr. Shelley played with the fullness and orchestral effects that can only emanate from one as thoroughly familiar with orchestration and its great possibilities as he is. In addition to this his thorough knowledge of the instrument, the finish of his technic, the poetry of his conceptions, all contributed to holding his audience entranced. He had the very valuable assistance of Miss Charlotte Walker, whose clear, ringing soprano and fine method of delivery were very well received.

Here is the program, the fourth number of which Mr. Shelley accidentally reversed the *a* and *b*, so it is small wonder that the Dance of Fairies sounded as though they might weigh 500 pounds apiece and be about 500 in number:

Passacaglia Fugue.....	Bach
Ancient Minuet.....	Gigue.....
De Mondonville.....	Berlioz
(a) Dance of Fairies.....	Saint-Saëns
(b) Samson and Delilah.....	Gaul
Aria, These Are They.....	Miss Walker.
Variations in A flat.....	Thiele
Waldwehen.....	Wagner
Largo.....	Dvorak
Aria, O Tree of Beauty, from Vexilla Regis.....	Shelley
Miss Walker.	Berlioz
Rakoczy March.....	

Mr. Shelley is to conduct a symphony of his own, to have the first presentation by the Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra, at the M. T. N. A. convention on June 25.

The Cantata Club will present the Ave Maria of Henry Holden Huss during the next season. Under Mr. Albert Gérard-Thiers this club stands as the most prominent female singing club in the city, and its finished work in the past gives the promise of the manner in which this charming composition will be given.

Joseffy gave audience to the piano concerto of Mr. Huss last week, which resulted in a most flattering manner for Mr. Huss, whose compositions are of the most scholarly. We need more such earnest American workers, and more than this we need appreciation of their work.

Mr. Albert Mildenberg, of whose talent as musician it is unnecessary to tell, is just issuing from Luckhardt & Belden three exquisite songs, through which Mr. Mildenberg's poetic temperament and delicate taste gleam refreshingly in flowing melody. The Violet, which has been sung often by Mr. Graham Reed; I Love Thee, and Echo are the titles. The words of the first and the last are also Mr. Mildenberg's.

At the Eighteenth Street M. E. Church a farewell concert was given to Miss Lillian E. Cloyd, in which she was assisted by Mr. Herbert L. Doane, director; Miss L. G. Burgess, organist; Miss Martha Briggs, mezzo; Dr. F. Edward W. Hopke, basso; Mr. W. S. Frampton, reciter; Mr. C. Higham, reciter; Mr. Carl Tollefson, violinist, and Mr. George Mead, accompanist. Among the numbers given were three dainty songs by Mr. George Mead: Where Love Is King, In the Shade of the Willows and When Love's Sun Hath Set.

At the annual May festival of the Grace M. E. Church on Thursday evening Mr. Franz P. Kaltenborn, the violinist, played with such success that he was compelled to give three encores to the prize song. Mr. Kaltenborn is very popular in Brooklyn.

On Thursday evening at the Long Island Business College the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rihm will be heard in recital. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rihm enjoy a considerable amount of reputation as careful, painstaking and, above all, capable teachers. Mr. Rihm is acknowledged to be one of the very best accompanists in the entire Greater New York, as those who have heard him can testify. Having accompanied most of the artists who appeared under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute this season, his repertory is enormous, to say nothing of the fluency and accuracy of his reading.

On Wednesday evening the Emmanuel Baptist Church will present to the Brooklyn Institute an organ recital by Mr. G. Waring Stebbins, who will be assisted by Mme. Flavie Van den Hende, 'cellist; Mr. William Howell Edwards, baritone, and Mr. Louis Mollenhauer.

A song recital will be given by the girls of the grammar department of Public School No. 15 on Thursday, June 3, in the Baptist Temple.

The object of the recital is to give some idea of the work in singing that is being done in the public schools of Brooklyn, and will therefore have an educational value. The songs selected are those which have been studied during

the year for use in the schoolroom, and are not in any sense exhibition songs. The classes taking part are the eighth, or lowest grammar grade, the seventh, sixth, fifth and fourth, numbering about 300 pupils. The songs have all been learned by note in school, and will therefore show the regular work of the department. The recital is under the direction of Miss Alice M. Judge, the music teacher of the department.

The following notice will show that the Brooklyn press was not slow to acknowledge the delightful art of the young débutante, Miss Terrel: "Miss Florence Terrel gave a piano solo, the Prelude, by Raff, and Tarantelle, by Lambert. During her performance she was listened to by the vast audience with rapt attention, and when she had finished was heartily applauded, being obliged to acknowledge the appreciation of her hearers by appearing before the curtain twice. Miss Terrel, who last night made her first appearance in this city, is a remarkably clever pianist. The skillful manner in which she rendered her selections showed that she had fully mastered the intricacies of the piano. Miss Terrel is to give a recital at the National Convention in June."

On Thursday evening Mr. Hugo Troetschell gave a pupils' recital, which, notwithstanding the inevitable nervousness that always accompanies these affairs, showed many fine results. Among the most noticeably successful students is Miss Mimi Lütge, who played the first movement of the C minor Beethoven concerto acceptably. The pupils appearing were Misses Lütge, Hedwig Bardel, Elinor Koch, Clara Holthusen, Henrietta Doscher, Anna Schilde, Louisa Kern, Mr. Willy Enners, organ pupil, and Master Charles Hollwedel. Mr. Troetschell had the assistance of Mr. Franz Louis Berger, tenor; Mr. Casimir Cray, bass, and Miss Gertrude Hinz.

At St. Mark's Church last Sunday evening the G. A. R. held their memorial service. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and the music was especially fine under the direction of Dr. John M. Loretz, who among other fine numbers gave his great military fantasia for organ. Dr. Loretz is a skillful organist and his playing of it was not less enjoyable than the composition itself.

On Thursday evening Mr. Frederic Reddall gave the last musicale of a very successful season, in which he presented an immense class and program to a large audience. All showed results of care and study and brought much favorable comment upon Mr. Reddall and his work.

Miss Augusta Tobey must be selected as having a distinctly beautiful voice and style. She is needlessly timid, for there are many professionals who might envy the work she does. Mrs. Linda Holmes Byrne, as soloist in the Inflammatus chorus, is another voice of much promise and prominence. Mr. B. P. Van Benthuyzen sang In Night's Still Calm, by Luther, with a fresh, clear voice, and a good understanding. In all Mr. Reddall added another success to his long list.

Honor roll of pupils for the season of 1896-7 are:

Sopranos—Miss Annie Wilson Arthur, Miss Alice Breerton, Mrs. Linda Holmes Byrne, Mrs. W. B. Fisher, Miss Louise Areson Foote, Miss Marion G. Ingles, Miss Ida Koester, Mrs. William Kritter, Miss Alice M. E. Pfizer, Miss Florence Smith, Miss Grace Whiting.

Contraltos—Miss Elizabeth Bremner, Miss Ida Katherine Brown, Mrs. Wm. H. Burger, Miss Florence Copland, Miss Edith Lanning, Miss Léonie Stamm, Miss Augusta Tobey.

Tenors—Mr. C. E. Briggs, Mr. Harry L. King, Mr. James Matthews, Mr. Augustus Pratt, Mr. George W. Thompson, Mr. Warren Young.

Basses—Mr. A. Keeney Clarke, Mr. William Carson, Mr. W. B. Fisher, Mr. Charles O. Ireland, Mr. Robert Liebman, Mr. W. F. Martland, Mr. C. H. Tomes, Mr. B. P. Van Benthuyzen.

Mr. Otto Storm, violinist; Mr. Milo Deyo, Miss Carrie B. Taylor, accompanists.

The Castle Square Opera Company at the Montauk has been turning away people every night. Now that the orchestra has become more in touch with the singers, a smoother or more agreeable performance has not been seen here. Detail will be found in another column of the delightful presentation of Lucia and Cavalleria Rusticana.

The Erminie Company closed at the end of the week, because of an engagement which would be more remunerative elsewhere. They also were giving great satisfaction and were drawing well, but they had the opportunity to better themselves and did so. EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

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2043 CHESTNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1897.

IN the matter of concert halls Philadelphia seems to be impoverished. The city has outgrown its earlier conveniences, and now there is absolutely no concert hall worthy of the name.

Music Fund Hall has tradition and years on its side. Great and lovely singers have made their appearance there in times past and have been joyfully received by the powdered and hooped grandmothers of the present generation, which fact alone makes the hall sacred to many. It has also a rare acoustic quality, the secret of which is sought for in vain, although the fame of it has gone over the country. On the other hand, its situation, fashionable enough in 1820, is positively distressing at the present day. It is too small by far for our widespread community; it has no organ, and it has a most bare and unlovely stage, which requires to be screened and banked with palms and decorated with flowers before it can be even a passably attractive setting for the song birds who appear there. The ventilation of the hall is—no, it cannot be anything, for there isn't any—and enjoyment of music at the expense of respiration is bad for the community.

Horticultural Hall, which has been remodeled and refinished so that it is in fact new, is larger and handsomer than Music Fund, and in the best possible location at Broad and Spruce streets, next to the Academy, but still it is not large enough, it has no organ and it has an echo. The commendable efforts of some of our citizens to secure an organ for the hall seem to have failed, so there is only an organ front by way of decoration to suggest the missing harmony.

The Drexel Auditorium is, perhaps, the concert hall enjoyed by the greatest number of people, since its hospitable doors are open to all, and there is generally room for all. Good concerts, oratorios and organ recitals are given, all of which are free to the public, and are proving to be of immense educational value.

Private individuals and newspapers, however, make no bones about criticising the accommodations, poor acoustics, wretched ventilation, too small an organ, &c. These charges may all be just, but the Drexel Auditorium, as well as its excellent organ, was built for the same purpose as the class rooms, and is not supported by a cent of the money of the public; therefore the public has, as it were, a limited right to abuse the courtesy of the Drexel directors. Why should we not have a concert hall which would be to Philadelphia what Carnegie and Steinert halls are to New York and Boston, and which would afford pleasure and comfort to music lovers as well as pecuniary gain to its owners. Build a good hall in an easily accessible part of the city, furnish it with a fine organ, give the public fresh air and polite attendants, and our grandchildren will in turn respect us for gathering in traditions of our own time.

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Mr. Franz Bellinger gave a very successful pupils' concert in Heppe's Hall on Wednesday evening before a fashionable and musical audience. The program, which included vocal and piano solos and selections for a ladies' chorus, was well presented throughout, though the Gounod number by Miss Flora Mueller, of Montana, aroused the highest enthusiasm. Miss Mueller possesses a pure dramatic soprano of unusual quality and range, which already promises great things for the future.

The break in the middle register, which was plainly evident only last fall, has been entirely obliterated under Mr. Bellinger's training, and the voice showed an equality of tone, a dramatic force and beauty which, together with its absolute freshness, might be the envy of many a maturer artist. Mr. Huston's solo, *Am der Weser*, by Pressel, was another proof of excellent training. Mr. Huston has a full

baritone, unusually flexible and smooth, and is studying for grand opera, in which he will have great success if he follows his present method.

The other soloists were the Misses Baird, Miss Helen Goslin, Miss Ruth Kohler, Miss Augusta Muir, Miss Elizabeth Strassburger and Mr. William Baird, each of whom performed most acceptably. Mr. Baird sang very well indeed. The Misses Baird made a mistake in singing somewhat away from the audience. The ladies' chorus, christened the "Walhalla," was the best I have heard this season—and I have heard them all. Mr. Bellinger's baton was watched as though life depended upon it, and there was a precision and exquisite shading which only a master conductor can obtain. It is a pity that Mr. Bellinger's busy life as a teacher does not leave him more time for such work.

\*\*\*

Miss Kate Sheain sang on Thursday evening at a concert under the auspices of Mr. Henry G. Thunder, in Music Fund Hall. Miss Sheain is the deservedly popular soprano at Trinity Church, and sang with her accustomed success. The other participants were: Vocalists, Mrs. John C. Craig, soprano; Miss Kate C. McGuckin, alto; Miss Lisbeth M. Davis, alto; Mr. John P. Leigo, baritone; Mr. Patrick F. Motley, bass. Pianists, Miss Lisbeth M. Davis, Miss Josepha Macomb, Miss Nancy Mccray, Miss Mary Peoples, Miss Maud C. Stacey, Mr. Richard Philipps.

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The weekly concert at the Broad Street Conservatory was of a high order of excellence, with the following program:

Piano (four hands)—  
Marche Militaire in D.....Schubert  
Marche Militaire in G.....  
Miss Elsie Duffell, Miss Bertha Hess.  
Piano solo, Pierrette, Air de Ballet.....Chaminade  
Miss Hanna M. Wismer.  
Vocal solo, My Lover Will Come To-day.....De Koven  
Mrs. George Heaton.  
Piano solo, Valse Brillante.....Moszkowski  
Miss Elizabeth Hallahan.  
Violin solo, Introduction and Variations on Russian Airs.....David  
Master John K. Witzman.  
Vocal solo, A Day Dream.....Streletski  
Miss Nettie J. Moore.  
Piano solo, Florence, Valse de Concert.....E. Liebling  
Miss Florence Dale.  
Vocal solo, Cavatina, Salve Dimora, (Faust).....Gounod  
Mr. Wm. Standing.  
Piano solo, polonaise.....Minnie Wright  
Miss Minnie Wright.  
Vocal solo, Heart's Delight.....Gilchrist  
Miss Nettie J. Moore.  
Piano solo, Rhapsodie No. 13.....Liszt  
Miss Belle Wilkins.  
Trio, piano and strings, in G.....Haydn  
Miss Minnie Wright, Master Witzman, Mr. Combs.

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Mr. William J. Street, the efficient choirmaster at the Union Methodist Church, resigns his position on the first of June, for lack of time to give to the work.

The hegira has begun. Teachers and pupils are already, one by one, disappearing from the ranks and are only heard of from watering places, country inns and European steamers. Bon voyage!

M. FLETCHER.

**Philosophical Reflection.**—A Parisian ex-manager remarks with melancholy truth: "There is one very curious thing in my long career. I never knew of singers whose voices are generally so delicate and precarious, to be indisposed on the day of a performance for their benefit."

**Old Music.**—The march introduced by Bizet in *l'Arlesienne*, an old march that led the soldiers of Turenne to victory long ago, is founded on an ancient Provençal carol on the Three Kings. An orchestration of it for a military band has been sent by General Boisdeffre to the Emperor of Germany.

**Vienna.**—The accounts of the two court theatres at Vienna show, as usual, a deficit. The opera took in 1,300,000 florins, including a subvention of 300,000 florins. The Burg Theatre's receipts were 800,000 florins, including its subvention of 200,000 florins. The deficit of the opera was 50,000, and is attributed to the expense of producing unsuccessful novelties. The other house suffered from deficient subscriptions to the boxes.

**Alfred Kuhe on Brahms.**—Alfred Kuhe has written an article in the *Strassburg Post* entitled, *Why Brahms Did Not Write an Opera*. He denounces the opera from the first to the last, and thus addresses old Wagnerophiles: "Gentlemen—The man who has in him the stuff of a real composer writes sonatas, symphonies and the like. Opera noise and music-drama is written only by one who has not musical breath enough for a smoothly perfected piece of music." He adds that men of sense can now see why on such a doubtful basis only a *Fidelio* or a *Lohengrin* can be created, and "the others," presumably without sense, can see why Brahms did not write an opera.

## Vocal Music in Its Relations to the Poetic Art.

AT a recent meeting of the German Teachers' and Authors' Union of Berlin a most interesting and instructive paper was presented by the rising young music critic and reviewer, Herr Hans Lœchel, on the subject of Vocal Music and the Relations Which It Sustains to Poetry.

The speaker discussed the subject first from an historical standpoint. Music is undoubtedly the oldest of all the arts. It is older than painting, sculpture and even poetry, which goes back so far into those primitive ages where man was just emerging from the unknown. For the infant in the cradle makes use of tone and distinguishes between tones. It is by the modulation of a few vocal sounds that it makes its wants known. Instrumental music arose from the instruments used solely to accompany the voice, and the first of these were percussion instruments, used to mark the time to accentuate the rhythm. Then came the introduction of instruments to support and sustain the voice, and from that the development of instrumental music as a special department. In the song form, however, the accompaniment must always be subservient to the vocal expression.

While pure tone was doubtless the first means of expressing ideas, this was soon broken up into more definite forms of expression and developed into language, yet the highest form of the art of language, poetry, has the musical sway, the melodic rhythm whose germs are seen in the primitive vocal tone.

In the song the co-ordinate and co-operative working of the tone art with the poetic art is necessary. The total production must embody and vivify the thought expressed in the poem. In order for it to do this the poem must be short, simple, easily comprehended and dominated by feeling. An abstruse, philosophical poem cannot be set to music with any effect. There must be action, either physical or mental; the poem must be descriptive, vivid, instinct with life. Many a song has been written in which the music, considered as pure music, was excellent, yet the song did not live, either on account of a lack of fitness between the words and music or on account of an innate unmusical, unemotional character of the poem itself.

On the other hand, a composer whose works are uniformly mediocre may, by the musical expression of a poem instinct with dramatic action or melodic beauty, gain undying renown through the treatment of this single song. The German poet Hauptmann is a writer of many fine and effective ballads, yet no composer has attempted to set them to music because they lack the simplicity which is needed in a song.

He, the speaker, read a poem from Lenau, descriptive of a hunt, and indicated the manner in which he considered the poetic feeling of the various parts would be best expressed to give a symmetrical tonal picture of the whole. The great German song writers, Schubert, Schumann and Franz, were especially felicitous in the choice of their poems. They had the faculty of correctly judging the musical capabilities of a poem, and then of allowing this musical thought to work itself out in the tonal representation. In the songs of Franz especially do we find the poems short, simple, charged with powerful dramatic or descriptive feeling. And the musical setting is nothing more than his conception of the content of the poem translated into the realm of tone.

Schubert is said to have declaimed the poem of his *Erl King* to himself aloud, again and again, until the declaiming itself became musical. Thus he sought to develop his conception of the poem into a true musical picture through the modulations of the voice in recitation. In his *cyclus The Maid of the Mill* we have a series of short, simple, clear cut sketches, charming in the artlessness with which they portray the hope, the joy, the jealousy, the despair of the lover. And how perfectly the music expresses the tonal picture of the emotion contained in the poems!

Schumann also shows the same characteristic in his treatment of that touching *cyclus* of Charisso's, *Woman's Love and Life*. True, it bears the unmistakable marks of Schumann's personality. It is his own conception, and as such it is probably different from that of all others, yet it is nevertheless the development of the poetic thought as he conceived it in his musical soul.

This, then, is the realm of vocal music in relation to poetry: to expand, exemplify and reinforce by the power of tonal coloring the thought which is contained in the lines of the poem.

The paper was followed by an interesting and spirited discussion, in which the point was made that to carry out this idea most successfully one had need, like Wagner, to write his own poems as well as compose the music.

J. CARLETON BELL, Berlin.

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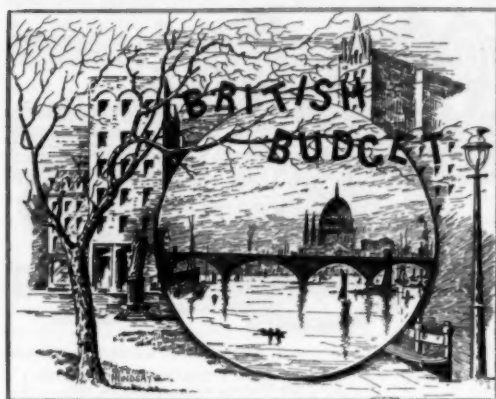
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LONDON, W., May 15, 1907.

THE opera season at Covent Garden opened on Monday night with a performance of *Faust*. That Gounod's work should be chosen to inaugurate a season of opera which is expected to be a particularly brilliant one only shows the continued popularity of this immortal work. Fortunately those who have the responsibility of carrying forward this grand scheme have had the advantage of close contact with our much lamented Sir Augustus Harris, and the ostensible object is to follow in his footsteps. It will be fortunate for all concerned if sufficient tact is forthcoming to keep things moving in one harmonious swing. It cannot be gainsaid that society has a strong hold upon the season, but that may be turned to good account if favoritism is not allowed to overpower the better judgment of those directly responsible for the conduct of the season. One step in the right direction has been taken. The theatre has been carefully redecorated and much of the scenery has been brought more in accordance with the acknowledged traditions of the various works.

The management is taking a stand in some cases at any rate against the high salaries paid to the few "star" artists heretofore. I understand that Madame Melba is not singing because she cannot get the terms she wants. Her case represents the position of other artists. Mr. Grau does not have unlimited power to pay what salaries are demanded by would-be members of the company. The syndicate looks after every engagement very closely, and probably no man has so much to say as Mr. Higgins. He is always on the spot, and so is Lady de Grey, both of whom look after every detail, and hear every singer, even for the minor parts.

There seems to be a disposition to give our English and American singers a chance. For instance, when Madame Eames was indisposed on Wednesday night the part of *Elizabeth* was offered to Madame Duma, an American soprano, who is making a good name for herself in England. Miss Esther Palliser is also engaged for some parts. Mlle. de Lussan, who has always been a favorite at Covent Garden, is engaged. Mme. Marie Engle, Miss Susan Strong, Miss Margaret Reid, Miss Regina de Sales and Madame Brazzi are also engaged from the ranks of American artists. Mr. Bispham promises to be as popular this season as ever, and the conducting of Herr Anton Seidl is bound to create a sensation here among artists. His work at rehearsals has been a surprise to the players, who are beginning to understand him and respond to his expressed wishes.

The season opened very unpropitiously on Monday night. To be sure society was there at its best, but the public, which must be depended on for its quota of the receipts, were conspicuous by its absence. There was a lack of go to the whole thing which made the performance anything but a success. Madame Eames lacked warmth in her acting and sang in a manner unworthy of her present attainment. The *Faust* of Mr. Bonnard was hardly convincing, while Plançon was more the gentleman than the devil in his *Mephisto*. Madame Brazzi was an excellent *Siebel* and Mr. Noté, of the Paris Opéra House, made a fairly successful début as *Valentine*. His conception of this character, however, was at fault because he utterly ignored the moments of tenderness at times shown by *Marguerite's* brother. His baritone voice proved adequate, and I may have something good to report of his work during the season.

The chorus has been considerably improved by replacing some of its very ancient members with new and pretty

faces. Their work will, it is to be hoped, improve, as at present the ensemble and observance of pitch is hardly ideal. The orchestra is equal to that of last season. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

Tuesday night saw the Covent Garden débuts of Mme. Frances Saville and M. Scaramberg, respectively as *Juliette* and *Romeo*. The lady did not meet with the success she is entitled to. All of the artists that night seemed to be stiff and restrained; their work was consequently stagey. The tenor's top notes carried him through, and the general impression created was favorable. The *Friar* of M. Plançon was greatly admired. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

Tannhäuser attracted an audience on Wednesday night which filled the theatre. Madame Eames, unfortunately, being unable to sing in consequence of indisposition, Mlle. Pacary, who was to have made her début as *Valentine* in *The Huguenots* on Friday, undertook the character at the shortest notice and without rehearsal. The lady acquitted herself so well that this explanation on the program was almost unnecessary. Mlle. Pacary is a dramatic soprano with a voice of rich, full quality and a good method of production. She has evidently had stage experience, for her acting is excellent. M. Van Dyk made his reappearance, and gave, taken as a whole, a fine impersonation of the wayward knight. The principal fault seemed to be a tendency to overdo the acting and at times get off the pitch. M. Noté, as *Wolfram*, more than confirmed the favorable impression he created as *Valentine* on the first night of the season. The *Hermann* of M. Journet, a basso cantante with a remarkable compass of voice, even and tuneful throughout its range, was a praiseworthy creation. M. Bonnard's *Walther* and M. Gilbert's *Biterolf* were good, and Madame Brazzi's *Venus* was effective. Signor Mancinelli again conducted. The repertory for the following nights included *Aida*, Thursday; *Les Huguenots*, last night. The repetitions are: To-day, *Faust*; on Monday, *Romeo et Juliette*; on Tuesday, *Tannhäuser*, and on Wednesday *Carmen* will be given.

One of the most striking coincidences in this Diamond Jubilee Year is the fact that Mr. John Brinsmead and Mrs. Brinsmead will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding on June 3, and this date is also the diamond jubilee of the present business of John Brinsmead & Sons, piano makers, which has borne his name so honorably and successfully during Her Majesty's reign.

Mr. Barron Berthald, who was, two years ago, leading tenor of the Damrosch Opera Company in New York, and who last year made a long concert tour with Madame Nordica, has been engaged by the Carl Rosa Opera Company for next season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will go to America in September, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, and will remain until March, when Mr. Henschel intends to return and give a performance of Bach's *Passion Music*.

Mr. William Thomas Best, the well-known organist, whose death took place on May 10 at his residence, Broad Green, Liverpool, after a long and painful illness, was born in 1826 at Carlisle, where his father was a solicitor, and his teacher Young, cathedral organist. As early as 1840 he received his first appointment to the organ of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, with which city he was connected more or less all his life, and from which his fame spread all over the United Kingdom.

He came to London as the organist of the Panopticon in Leicester square in 1852, and in the same year was appointed to St. Martins-in-the-Fields. Two years afterward he was appointed organist of Lincoln's Inn Chapel. During much of the time he was in London he resided at 11 Princes street, only a few doors from the office of the London Musical Courier. In 1855 his connection with St. George's Hall, Liverpool, began, and this was continued for nearly forty years. Various appointments in and near Liverpool were held, and in 1872 he resumed the post of organist to the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, which he had held before the term of his residence in London. In 1880 he was offered a knighthood, but accepted instead a



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interpretation of Galluppi, Couperin and Scarlatti was also very acceptable, but the sonata in F sharp minor, Schumann, was lacking in rhythm and imaginativeness. These were followed by several numbers of the concert giver's own compositions, which are pleasing, dainty and graceful.

Mr. David Bispham's interesting recital on the 10th inst., in St. James' Hall, opened with the Four Serious Songs, among the latest compositions of Brahms, sang in memoriam, followed by the Magelone Lieder. No better interpreter for Brahms' songs could be wished for. He understands the finest nuance of the composition, as he understands every subtle meaning of the language. All those who have studied or simply read the cyclis of these songs (and there are not many for whom these compositions are simple readings) will join in Mr. Bispham's interest in them. On first hearing the striking beauty and originality of certain of these songs is impressive, almost to the detriment of the others.

Originality prevails throughout; in Russe Süßliebchen and Muss es eine Trennung Geben Brahms depicts the varying moods with forceful truth and loveliness of melody. Every one of the songs has its charms, and now that the cyclis has been introduced the single numbers will be much better appreciated and understood. Mr. Bispham gave the explanation of Fieck's Legend between each song. Mr. Borwick, an artist who knows music of that genre so well, showed all the surprising charm of the piano part of the composition to the best advantage. Miss Rosa Olitzka sang Magelone's songs; Mr. Herbert Groome the minstrel's song, and Miss Marie Engel Zuleima's song.

A disappointment awaited the audience at the Albert Hall on Tuesday, for Madame Patti, owing to sudden indisposition—it was said she had something in her eye which had inflamed it—was unable to appear. Her place was taken by Madame Albani, who was in excellent voice.

F. V. ATWATER.

#### Anna Lankow.

THERE are few singers who, while enjoying a brilliant career and in the prime of their vocal gifts, retire from professional publicity and devote their energies and gifts as energetically and devotedly to the cause of instruction as they have done to the pursuit of public successes.

Mme. Anna Lankow, the well-known singing teacher, of this city, is a prominent example of one of these rare cases. She abandoned a lyric career of immense triumphs and quietly retired from public life to devote herself to teaching. For the past ten years she has been teaching earnestly and successfully, and stands in the first rank of our singing teachers.

Anna Lankow, whose name as an artist is a household word in Europe, has had rare advantages and successes. Her voice, which is a rarely beautiful contralto of phenomenal range and warmth, received its training at the hands of the famous Prof. Adolf Brömme, of the Dresden Conservatory, a renowned exponent of the Garcia method. Her general musical education (for Madame Lankow is a clever pianist and understands more than one branch of her art) was received at the conservatories of Cologne and Leipzig.

She made her operatic début with enormous success at the Weimar Grand Ducal Opera House, where she filled a brilliant engagement of three years. Through a physical incapacity—that of lameness—Anna Lankow was obliged to abandon an operatic career and devote herself solely to concert and oratorio work. In the purely lyric field she was as successfully distinguished as she had been in that of the lyric drama.

She sang in all the big orchestral and oratorio concerts at the leading festivals and courts of Germany, appearing in conjunction with the most illustrious composers and musicians of the day. It has been Anna Lankow's rare and deserved privilege to number among her close friends and warm admirers such great musical lights as Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, Von Bülow, Rubinstein, Lassen, Grieg, Huber, Floersheim and Borodin. Liszt and Bülow, in particular, were staunch admirers of her talent.

Madame Lankow has a tremendous number of enthusiastically analytic notices of her singing by famous critics, of programs in which her name is coupled with those of Brahms, Saint-Saëns, of other practical demonstrations of her remarkable artistic triumphs, which she very modestly does not keep in evidence, but which would be artistic head-lights in the career of a less contained and less sincere artist.

Though sought after by the greatest in the world of music, Madame Lankow has never forgotten that there were newer lights, successful composers in embryo, who only needed the chance to become known in order to be recognized, and she has never failed to lend her generous talent and hearty co-operation to the struggles of young composers, many of whom have become famous, chiefly through the fact that Anna Lankow first brought them into prominence by her generous interpretation of their work.

After some years of unprecedented success Madame Lankow settled in Berlin, and there began her career as a teacher at the Scharwenka Conservatory, now under the

direction of the great German singing teacher Dr. Hugo Goldschmidt. It was while in Berlin that she met and married her late husband, the gifted sculptor, Paul Pietsch. Her marriage did not, however, interrupt her career, and when Mr. L. M. Ruben, the well-known New York manager, offered her special inducements to make a tour in the United States her desire to visit America induced her to consent.

She made her first appearance with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, and scored an immense success. She sang with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, at concerts in Philadelphia, Milwaukee, St. Louis, at the twentieth anniversary of the New York Sängerbund, &c. It was while singing in St. Louis that Madame Lankow received the sad news of her husband's premature death, which completely prostrated her. Since that time she has not appeared in public, although her voice is in its fresh and brilliant prime. Not caring to return to Germany, which held for her so many sad associations connected with the death of her husband, she settled in New York, and for the past ten years has taught a large class of pupils in this city.

The success of numerous pupils attest the purity of Madame Lankow's training. Miss Marie Van Gelder and Frl. Lilli Herta, artists of value, are pupils of Madame Lankow. Another pupil of this gifted teacher was engaged as coloratura soprano of the Frankfurt Opera House, but was obliged to cancel her contract owing to the fact that she could not sing in German. She made, however, an emphatic success at her début as *Queen of Night* in Mozart's *Magic Flute*. The case of this young woman is exceptional, for Madame Lankow insists that her pupils study German, her desire always being to help those who are fitted to make lyric careers for themselves, and to succeed in Germany a knowledge of the national language is indispensable.

Among the promising pupils who are at present preparing for the operatic stage under Madame Lankow's direction, and who are endowed with gifts of art and nature, are Miss Marie Hacker, Miss May Baermeyer, Miss Emma Carroll, Misses Bertha and Rosa Abrams, Miss Olga Fischer, Miss Martha Hofackere, sopranos; Miss Estelle Moger, mezzo soprano; Mr. J. H. Mekean, tenor; Mr. Andrew Schneider, baritone, and Messrs. S. P. Hecht and Eladio Chao (a member of the First Presbyterian Church choir), basses.

Many good voices are also being trained for church work by Madame Lankow. Among the pupils who are studying with this end in view may be mentioned Mrs. Ida Arnold, Miss Emily Reynolds, Miss Mary Ross, Miss Geraldine Ruy, Miss Margaret McCaffrey, Mrs. Ludwig Marnen, (wife of the well known violinist and a sister of Miss Clara Lipman, of Girl From Paris fame, who also studied with Madame Lankow), Mrs. G. M. Gordon, Miss Jessie Thompson, solo soprano of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and Miss Mary Taggard, alto, a cousin of Charles Lee Tracy, representative of Leschetizky.

Madame Lankow has also found remarkable talent in some society woman who study with her, who have no professional aims, and who only use their gifts for pleasure and charity. Among these pupils are Mrs. Beatrice Bowman Flint, who has a remarkably sweet coloratura soprano; Mrs. Frederick Edey (née Birdie Otis); Mrs. Frederick Nathan, a warm soprano; Mrs. Edna Stern-Hersfield, a mezzo soprano, and Mrs. Marie Helene Heidenheimer, a contralto. Miss Dora Sachs, Miss Emily Jones, Miss Josie Stern, Mrs. John Ely, Miss Frances Cahn, Miss Louise Scharmann, Mrs. Emma Zinser, and Eva Farrell Ingersoll (a niece of Robert Ingersoll), all possess promising voices and are earnest students.

Appreciating the value of foreign prestige, however worthy or not worthy, Madame Lankow hopes to remove her best pupils under her surveillance to the finishing points of the Prussian capital. There, with the cachet of European study, the young singer stands chances for success and recognition, which on her native soil and with the best native training are denied her. Madame Lankow feels that in Europe she could do more for her pupils in the line of putting them on the way to make a career. Her method of teaching is the same in New York as in Berlin, but American managers are slow to believe that anything good can come from their own soil, and the home taught singer stands small chance of being recognized, no matter how perfect her talent and training.

This fact Madame Lankow realizes and appreciates, and for this reason she hopes to eventually settle in Europe, keeping at the same time her European and American circle of pupils unbroken, but opening a larger vista of opportunity to the struggling American singer. This is a laudable plan—and its accomplishment is to be desired. At present Madame Lankow is working successfully and unostentatiously in our midst. We wish her even a larger field and the fullness of opportunity which will surely produce great results if the indications of present success are to be trusted, which we are sure they are.

**Bruckner.**—A statue to Anton Bruckner is to be erected in his native town of Linz, in Upper Austria.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
226 Wabash avenue, May 22, 1897.

MENTION made of the death of "Octavia Hensel," who wrote the biography of the great Louis Gottschalk, recalls the fact that a brother of the famous composer resides in this city, and is the founder of the Gottschalk Lyric School, which he named in memory of his brother, Louis Moreau Gottschalk. This school has been for several years most successful and is one of our leading institutions.

Mr. Gottschalk was for many years a bright particular star in grand opera, touring with Minnie Hauk, Strakosch and a number of other celebrities. His knowledge of opera, its detail, the manner in which it should be sung, is profound, and it seems strange when a city can boast the possession of such men as Gottschalk, De Campi, Castle, &c., that opera should not be given with our native talent. But this is not a musical centre evidently.

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The great concert of the week was the Calvé-Campanari-McKinley-Boston Festival Orchestra show. It was only fairly well attended, because it is difficult at the end of a dull season to excite more than ordinary interest even when the great *Carmen* is announced to sing the mad scene from Hamlet, omitted on a former occasion. The concert on the whole was good. Campanari was by all odds the "star" of the "stars," and so I understand he has been through the entire tour. Mr. McKinley rendered good service, singing in the way to which we are accustomed, and Madame Calvé eclipsed herself, but never once remembered she was on the concert platform and not on the operatic stage. To some artists the contrast between the two realms is very great, and it is impossible for them to assimilate themselves to the less artificial atmosphere; hence Calvé, while extraordinary on the stage, is not extraordinary in the concert hall. She sang the Bird Song from *La Perle du Brésil*, with flute obligato beautifully played by Mr. North. She also sang a little folksong. Then came the mad scene, and this, while I suppose very artistic and finished, seemed terribly out of place on a half dressed stage, presumably set for dramatic requirements. Alas for the paucity of the requirements!

I detest little bits of operas, suddenly placed in a program of orchestral and miscellaneous music. There is no sense in the proceeding. After the mad scene there was insistent encore, and Madame Calvé, Mr. McKinley and Campanari sang the trio from Faust. Imagine for a moment distracted Ophelia in long flowing robes, disordered hair, lately in a state of frenzy, fetching two immaculate gentlemen, in evening attire of the most correct stamp, to assist her in an encore. It was grotesque. There was a considerable amount of amusement, which is not to be wondered at. The Boston Festival Orchestra was most satisfactory, and served to show that the Thomas Orchestra is not the only organization which has a leader.

Talking of the Thomas Orchestra brings to my mind the fact that there are many reasons for believing that next season is to be the crucial test of its continuance. If matters remain as now reported, and I have every reason to believe the statements are true, the Thomas Orchestra will be nothing more than a few inexperienced, cheap musicians, and the only remaining tangibility why it should still be called the Thomas Orchestra is because Theodore Thomas will remain at his post as long as he can climb the stairs to the Auditorium stage.

This is the state of affairs at present existing: Eugene Boegner, about the only fine violinist in the orchestra, and who has really acted as leader this year, has been dismissed; Yunker, a good musician, but not much good otherwise, has left of his own accord; Wendel, a very good musician away from the concertmaster's desk, has also gone; three good horn players have not received their contracts yet, and, greatest mistake of all so far as the life of the orchestra is concerned, Steindel, the 'cellist, is said to have been dispensed with.

I do know that as late as Thursday Mr. Steindel had not received his contract, and the rumor in the profession was that he would not be retained. Here is a fine state of disruption, and then still the authorities have the temerity to solicit subscriptions when they do not even know where they can find the men to take the place of those leaving.

It is nothing short of a scandal. What guarantee have

the people taking tickets for the entire next season that the concerts will be uniform and of standard quality when only the inferior members of the organization are retained? The name of Theodore Thomas may possess potent and magical charm, but the people of Chicago will not stand being fooled. What good men can they obtain from Europe, from New York? It is well understood that no self-respecting musician can come here and tolerate the treatment which is accorded. Musical people generally know this, and artists abroad are kept fully informed. The men obtainable are but second class, the orchestra cannot get any man like Max Bendix, for instance, but he made his own position, and would not be ignored as Mr. Thomas would wish to ignore the concertmaster. There is no man that can take the place of Bendix, and it seems to me that the orchestra people have known this since the time of the first concert given last season.

Col. Kirby Chamberlain Pardee has been requested to take the management of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's lecture tour in America. I believe it was not generally known that Nansen was coming to this country, and THE MUSICAL COURIER was the first to announce the American advent of the celebrated explorer. He is sure to be a success anyhow, as he possesses the charm of novelty. Dr. Nansen is more than fortunate in his manager, as Colonel Pardee is somewhat removed from the prevailing non-committal managerial genius in that he is invariably successful.

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The best and most equable pupils' concert I have heard lately was given by Mr. J. H. Kowalski's pupils on Monday night. As a well-known artist remarked to me, "Well, I have heard pupils' concerts everywhere, but in no city has there been one so thoroughly of an equal standard as this." It was but doing justice to the teacher, who had the distinction during the World's Fair of seeing seven of his pupils take medals.

As only fourteen medals were given, and there were numberless competitors, it spoke strongly for the prestige of the instructor. Mr. Kowalski should have been more than satisfied with the enthusiasm he aroused at the concert given on Monday, and I hear that in consequence of the very successful performance given by his eighteen pupils, he has been engaged to conduct the music of the services at the Methodist Trinity Church and at a large salary. What more can he desire? A large class of pupils devotedly attached to him (for many of whom he has obtained good positions), success in everything he undertakes, Kowalski is one of the most deservedly fortunate mortals the earth holds.

The program of the music at the concert contained a widely varied class of music and was exceedingly well interpreted. To begin with, the four gentlemen, Bert Bartlett, Robert Hart, Harry Talley and Samuel Burnett, have very fine voices, especially Mr. Talley and Mr. Hart, who are really good tenors. Bert Bartlett is a young bass of whom one must expect a fine career. His voice is a bass more than ordinarily good, and he sings with much intelligence. Miss Cora Sinzich, Miss Amy Jaffray, Miss Czarina Clark and Miss Childs are, in my opinion, some of the best examples of musical students I have heard in the city, while Miss Maude Dewey, the young soprano, showed that she could hold her own against all comers for coloratura and florid work. Miss Lucretia Stevens, although not in the best of health, sang in such a manner as to show what she could do if thoroughly herself. The whole entertainment was well planned, well carried out and to everyone's satisfaction. Bravo Mr. Kowalski! Here is the program:

Tenor solo and chorus.	Planquette
Aria, Judith.	Robert Hart and chorus.
Aria, Der Nachtwanderer.	Miss Clara Veneke.
Recit and aria, Garden scene (Faust).	Bert Bartlett.
Duet, Mesta Ognor (Martha).	Miss Marjorie Woods.
Ballad, Marie.	Misses Childs and Sinzich.
Nobil Signor, Page's Song (Les Huguenots).	Harry Talley.
Aria, La Cieca (Giacinta).	Miss Ada Kay.
Aria, Samson and Delilah.	Mrs. Belle Barker.
Scene and Prayer, Der Freischütz.	Miss Clara Moyer.
Grand Valse de Concert, Il Barbiere di Siviglia.	Miss Cora Probst.
Recitative and aria, Ritorno Vincitor (Aida).	Miss Maude Dewey.
Seguidilla.	Miss Amy Jaffray.
Habanera.	Carmen.
Aria, Una Voce Poco Fa, Il Barbiere di Siviglia.	Miss Lucretia Stevens.
Buffo aria, Il Barbiere di Siviglia.	Miss Czarina Clark.
Aria, In Questo Tomba.	Samuel Burnett.
Polero, Sicilian Vespers.	Mrs. E. L. Frances.
Recitative and aria, Philemon and Baucis.	Miss Cora Sinzich.
Hallad—	Miss Ethel Childs.
Thou Art Mine All.	Bradsley.
Because I Love You, Dear.	Hawley.
Song, Israel.	Robert Hart.
Duet, Haste, Crimson Morning (Lucia).	Mrs. Marie Simpson.
	Donizetti.
	Messrs. Hart and Burnett.

The Chicago Conservatory announces a concert to be

given by the Jacobsen Orchestral Club next Tuesday. The annual examinations of the American Conservatory in the departments of piano, voice, violin, harmony and composition, and also of the Teachers' Training School, will take place from May 29 to June 3. The usual contests for prizes will take place June 5 in Kimball Recital Hall.

Mr. Arthur Burton, a pupil of Mr. Frank Baird, sang the following program at Rockford last Friday:

Wait Thou Still (1870).	J. W. Frank
Forget Me Not.	John Sebastian Bach
Victorious My Heart Is.	Carissimi
Thou Art Like Unto a Lovely Flower.	Wilson G. Smith
The Ring.	Hawley
Lethe.	Boott
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.	Sarjeant
Thy Lovely Face.	Schumann
Row Gently Here, My Gondolier.	Schubert
Litane.	Mendelssohn
Impatience.	Schubert
It Is Enough (Elijah).	Mendelssohn
I Will Give You the Keys of	Old English country songs,
Heaven.	arranged by Fuller-Maitland
Twankydllo.	MacDowell
The Sea.	Sullivan
Midsummer Lullaby.	Sullivan
Ho! Jolly Jenkin (Ivanhoe).	Sullivan

Mr. Burton also gave a recital before the Woman's Club in Marengo, Ill., and with Mrs. A. B. Cron, also a pupil of Mr. Frank Baird. In addition to these several engagements Mr. Burton has sung at the closing concert of the Chicago Amateur Club, recently in Batavia, Geneva, Aurora, and at several musicales in Chicago. Mr. Baird has every reason to be proud of the success obtained by this very promising and talented baritone.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young gave a studio recital on Saturday, May 15, some of their pupils giving an interesting program. Among these Miss Jeannette Corning, a young lady from Kilburn, Wis., is deserving of especial notice, possessing a ringing soprano voice of Italian warmth. Mr. H. Burgess Jones, a young basso cantante, with a fine voice and musical instinct of a high order, also made a decided hit.

Mr. and Mrs. Young's closing concert of the season will take place in Kimball Hall June 3. They will, however, continue teaching during July and a part of August to accommodate out of town teachers who desire to study during vacation.

Mr. Young is engaged for the Albion (Mich.) Festival from June 7 to 9, where he will give a recital, assisted by Mr. Breckenridge, of Oberlin, organist, and by Mrs. Young. He will also take part in Goring Thomas' Swan and Skylark, with Mrs. Moore-Lawson and Mr. McKinley.

Mr. Young will also give a song lecture, assisted by Mrs. Young, at Alton, for the commencement exercises of the Alton Conservatory, June 16.

The Chicago Piano College gave the twenty-seventh concert of the season this afternoon.

Mr. J. H. Kowalski gave a musicale this afternoon. Miss Mabelle Crawford is one of our fortunate and deserving young contraltos. She sings at Kansas City with Madame De Vere, and from that time on has engagements until the autumn.

The Spiering Quartet is already making good engagements for next season. A series of concerts has been arranged for in Chicago.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood will sever his connection with the Chicago Conservatory next September.

Mr. Godowsky tells me that he leaves Chicago for an indefinite period.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,

New York City.

WHAT is the matter with the man who mixes the photographs in the Sunday supplement of the *Times*? Sunday before last he confused Harry B. Smith with W. G. Smythe, the theatrical manager of My Friend from India, with the result that the latter named gentleman was labeled with the name of the humorist. Last Sunday the English and German companies of *The Wizard of the Nile* were all tangled, Miss Angelo Verack being affixed to Dorothy Morton's face and Walter Allen being dubbed Bernhard Rauk. Then Miss Reichardt's picture was not printed, although her name appeared. Accidents will happen, and an actress by any other name is just as sweet.

A SUNDAY journal, the *Mercury*, printed the astounding news that Maurice Grau and Walter Damrosch had joined forces for next winter's season of opera; whether in German, French, Italian, English or Yiddish was not mentioned. Well, why not? Why shouldn't Mr. Grau, now that the coast is clear for him, slip over here with a select company of high-priced operatic vultures and pick once more at the whitening bones of the great American pocket-book? It would be the same old story—excessive charges, mediocre and huddled performances, grumbings, dissatisfaction and—bankruptcy. No matter what else may happen during the season, the outcome is always the same—bankruptcy. And yet we have been reproved, criticised and abused for telling a truth that is as plain as the nose on Mr. Grau's face—that truth that always ends with the word, an unpleasant word, bankruptcy. Let us say it several times—bankruptcy, bankruptcy, bankruptcy.

THEY are at it again! Not content with having invaded the fields of philosophy and religion, the Theosophists have entered the domains of music, and we read with amazement bordering on awe the divinations of one Basil Crump, the secretary of the London Theosophical Society, and member of the London Wagner Society. Mr. Crump stirred the soul—a rather leathery, parochial soul—of Brooklyn, last week. He "interpreted" Lohengrin according to Theosophy, and a nice, mystical mess he made of it. Rosicrucian hash was a serene and clear compound compared to the Orphic utterances of the English mystic, who hinted darkly of the Holy Grail and its mysterious brotherhood, to which belonged Buddha, Jesus, Zoroaster, Madame Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, Mrs. Tingley and Richard Wagner.

Why not the Pope, Job Hedges, Pat Gleason and Vladimir de Pachmann? Mr. Crump's list is not comprehensive enough. We know of lots of people who would like to see their names in such good company. There is Blavatsky—may her cigarette stained soul rest in peace!—now what in the name of the Holy Asterisk had or has she to do with Wagner, with the Holy Grail? Why not include the name of that seraphic mammoth, Ann O'Delia Diss de Bar?

The fact is that Theosophy, which is made up of the odds and ends, the *disiecta membra* of a lot of religions, is resorting, like the Salvation Army, to sensational methods to attract recruits. Wagner would have calmly spat in the face of anyone who talked rubbish like the above. Mr. Crump, go home, read the Bible and listen to a course of Mozart symphonies.

THE complete criticism of the Paris *Figaro* on Nordica's singing and acting as *Elsa* at the Grand Opéra, Paris is as follows:

Madame Nordica, who appeared yesterday at the Opéra in Lohengrin, is already known to the Parisian public. Long before she went to Bayreuth, whence she comes directly to us—everything comes from Bayreuth nowadays, even French music—she sang a few times at our National Academy, if I remember rightly, the rôle of *Marguerite* in *Faust*.

Her appearance on the Wagnerian stage has given to her very exotic talent the official and useful consecration which was wanting, and, to sum up, this artist was courteously received. Her style, though warm, is wanting in simplicity and naturalness, the pronunciation is very defective, and the voice, although pretty in its softer tones, is not always true when she warms up.

Philip Hale would say that this is decidedly flattering to Nordica, as judged from his eye and ear points. But then Hale has always said and printed what he meant, and when we differed with him we pointed to the fact that there is considerable allowance to be

made between an appearance in the barn called the Mechanics' Building, Boston, and the Metropolitan Opera House. Nordica may also now be relegated to the older class of singers whose long and laborious career is finally demonstrating the usual vocal ravages. The throat cannot endure that kind of work forever and not show the effects. We still believe in the justness of the Paris, London and New York musical critics.

The sum of \$5,000 which has been offered to Paderewski in London for his services at a single performance would not be by any means an unprecedented reward for him. He may never before have received an offer of \$5,000 as an assured sum, but his concerts in this country have often realized as much for him. The first concert given here during his last season brought almost that sum, and during the same tour, which lasted about six months, he earned more than \$200,000, and his profits at single concerts were frequently as large. The sum seems great, however, for England, where so much smaller prices are usually paid.

The sum of \$5,000, which is also said to have been offered to Madame Patti for three songs at a concert, was excelled here during her last season of opera under Henry E. Abbey's management, when she received \$5,300 a performance. The amount paid to Madame Patti does, however, seem very large, and it is certain that she would never again receive it here. During her last engagement here—particularly when she sang at the Madison Square Garden—there was nothing like the old-time enthusiasm to hear her. When she received the \$5,300 from Mr. Abbey Patti's name had the magic to draw large audiences always. It is probable that if the two appeared in New York to-day Paderewski would attract a much larger audience than Patti. These figures were almost equalled at the Metropolitan during the past season, when at some of his appearances Jean de Reszké's compensation was not much less than \$5,000. This, of course, came from his share of 25 per cent. of all the receipts over \$5,000, and that sum was exceeded whenever he sang, except on three occasions, when Werther, Tristan and Isolde, and Le Cid (for the second time) were sung.—*The Sun*.

WE have several times explained the great difference between a single \$5,000 engagement in London (6,000,000 inhabitants) and a dozen engagements Paderewski gets here in Greater New York averaging more than \$5,000 each. The London appearance is not a drop in the bucket as compared with New York. The same applies to Patti, to Melba, to Reszké and to all of them. This is their El Dorado, and Europe does not seem to appreciate these artists. What's the matter with Europe?

### WAGNER AND NEUMANN.

THE letters of Richard Wagner to Angelo Neumann, over a hundred in number, will soon be published for the first time in full; meanwhile some have appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse*. In 1881, when Neumann was preparing for the first production of the Ring der Nibelungen, the report arose that Wagner belonged to the Anti-Semitic party. In a reply to a letter from Neumann Wagner wrote:

MOST RESPECTED FRIEND—With the present Anti-Semitic movement I have no connection. A statement that will soon appear in the *Bayreuther Blätter* will announce this in such a way that it will be impossible for any intelligent person to bring me into any connection with the movement. Now, my advice is: Give up Berlin and go away and to London. How you can arrange this is your affair.

It would not be bad if your—and our—enterprise should through the present state of affairs in Berlin have a very steep road to travel. The nobility and the Jews at the same time, out of mere absurd misunderstandings, on one's neck is not what our Nibelungen is fit for.

I am unconditionally for London. Away at once.

Your friend,

RICHARD WAGNER.

BAYREUTH, February 23, 1881.

Another letter is concerned with the project of establishing a Richard Wagner theatre at Berlin. "For twenty reasons," he writes, "I have striven to found Bayreuth, because I have a far-reaching idea in my head. A Wagner theatre in Berlin? It would have been easier nine years ago; means for that purpose were offered. What I wished to produce for the world was not possible there. On the other hand, what I could do here, where people won't come to see me, would be far wiser? But this development is now the work of another. May you be he; may you carry out what I intrust to you. But this is your affair; all I can contribute is to give you my works, to the exclusion of all others." He repeats that Berlin must be Neumann's affair, and that he will have nothing to do with any consortium that excludes his interests.

"Better give up the idea if a pure Wagner theatre cannot be created. Parsifal will never be given except at Bayreuth, for reasons which induced King Ludwig to forbid a repetition of the Bayreuth performances at Munich. I neither can nor will let it be performed in other theatres, unless a real Wagner theatre is created—a Bühnen Weite theatre—which even traveling will spread through the world what I

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have cherished in my theatre at Bayreuth. A day may come when I assign Parsifal to no court or city theatre, but to the traveling Wagner theatre."

In a letter from Palermo in January, 1882, he expresses a wish that Neumann would give up his ideas of Paris, and adds that if Neumann had not already spent money on the Paris scheme he would have sought to cancel his contract and openly refuse his consent to any theatrical production of his works in any language in that "arrogant culture centre of Paris. It just makes me sick to touch it."

### THE FOREIGN INVASION.

DENVER, Col., May 15, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

For two years past I have been a constant reader and admirer of your paper. Several times of late I have been prompted to write you and express my views on the good work which you are pushing against the Reszké Consolidated Grab-all-you-can Concert Combination. Perhaps I should have lacked the courage to-day to write you had I not read the anonymous letter from Louisville in your issue of April 21 and "H. B.'s" defense of this company in your issue of May 14. Both of these articles contain some truthful statements and prove conclusively that your work is beginning to be felt.

"Give us rest?" Don't you do it. Every American citizen, musician and lover of fair play and justice ought to join you or at least thank you for the stand you have taken against the discrimination in favor of foreigners by our opera managers. As "Anonymous" says: "If the public demand them what can Grau do?"

The public, and as "H. B." says: "The ignorant American public which does not know a good thing," &c. The public demand, if such existed, was the result of clever manipulation on the part of well paid writers, and I venture the assertion that many who raved over the Reszkés possessed the most limited knowledge of the music and singing of the opera they heard.

While in Boston last month I had an opportunity of hearing these famed Reszkés, and in the rear of my seat sat some swell dressed ladies, and that their knowledge of the opera was limited was apparent to those acquainted with Faust, for the exclamation of "What a handsome Romeo he is!" when the tall Reszké stalked in as *Mephisto*, and "Did you read the article in the *Herald* about his goodness," &c. For this privilege these ladies paid several dollars into the coffers of this company. Truly are some of the American patrons ignorant. Ignorant to rant and rave over such singers; truly ignorant to pay the price to hear them, and, worst of all, ignorant of that sublime principle of Americanism which should imbue them one and all. Patronize home talent first; give it a fair show, proper encouragement, and you will see work equal to all the de Reszkés and others of their crowd have done during the last operatic season. Verily the old remark of Barnum's, "The public like to be humbugged," is a true one, and as you say, "we are chumps and ought to be happy, and we believe we are."

So those ravers labor under the delusion that they are happy because they paid the price. On another occasion, at a Damrosch concert, I heard a well dressed, educated attendant say, "Why, when does Mr. Damrosch sing? Isn't he coming out?" (Damrosch was conducting.)

Would it not be better for our managers to make some effort to educate the masses who wish for grand opera by giving them a production with American artists at American prices and with the true spirit of Americanism? If they will success will crown their efforts, and when the season closes a balance to their credit will be found instead of the usual deficit.

Keep up your crusade, and rest assured that every American will applaud, and many of us will live to see the time arrive when your ideas will mature, and American artists receive the applause and credit to which they are entitled.

Yours truly,

F. C. SMUTZER.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I read with care the article entitled "Defending de Reszké," and the defense smacks of the feminine, being a favorite with the fair sex and not a few think "he is the sweetest thing breathing." "Where is the American singer that can reach him?" is not the proper question. It should be "Where is the American singer that will be given the chance of trying to reach him?" We have certainly singers possessing pure natural voices, not fashioned, as with chisel and lathe, to the detriment of purity. I know of one artist whose vocal organ is a pure bona fide one in every note of its extensive register, and with more soul in singing than the noted tenor ever showed, and in dramatic intensity Jean "is not in it" with him, and an actor besides, combining purity of voice with dramatic action. "But" this artist is an American. "Tout ce qu'il y a de plus Américain," i. e., "Yankee;" hence he never would be given a chance, unless he is baptized anew with some name ending in "ky," in "li," "oul," &c. And

where does our "Defender" leave the peerless Nordica, that magnificent dramatic soprano? Is she not an American? "Well, I guess." There is a voice like a silver bell, of liquid purity. Does not she reach him? Yes, pass him.

You are all right, dear *Courier*, and correct in your opinion; stick to it. Give our native talent a fighting chance, et alors, nous verrons.

There are besides other tenors purer than Jean de Reszké, and not transformed baritones, but pure tenors. Massini, Van Dyk, Alvarez, and let us hear them before the American public erects a statue to J. R. Remember the late lamented Campanini, that superlative fine artist, the finest *Don José* that has certainly ever trod the boards this side of the herring pond; has Reszké ever portrayed in voice or acting the suffering, despair, joy, jealousy, as dear old Italo showed us? Nay, nay, he has not got it in him.

I wonder if "Defender" ever heard old "Campy's" *Don José*, or *Lohengrin*, or *Edgar*? Guess not, for such performances are not forgotten.

M. Reszké is an artistic singer, granted; but "he is not the only pebble on the beach," and if he does not need America, qu'il reste chez lui, we can surely survive his absence listening to others. There are planets in our musical firmament that will yet shine with dazzling lustre. Let "Defender" give us a chance, "nous sommes jeunes," and Rome was not built in a day; we will get an American tenor yet, as we have baritones; and again, *MUSICAL COURIER*, you are O. K., push ahead.

Yours truly,

J. C. A.

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AURORA, Ill., May 19, 1897.

THE MUSICAL COURIER is entitled to great credit for its persistence in showing up and rooting out high priced artists from the Old Country. It's abominable the prices managers pay them. The people, thanks to THE MUSICAL COURIER, are seeing through the imposition, and, with the exception of a few snobs and dudes, won't pay the prices asked. Let us patronize our own musicians after this—encourage them, and let the foreign song birds remain on their side of the ocean. The metropolitan papers should stop puffing everything from abroad, and ignoring the talent we have right here at home. Keep on whacking it to the whole tribe, and oblige

JUSTICE.

OUTSIDE of the New York proper the sentiment against the foreign invasion is much more profound and more aggressive than in the metropolis. The people at large and at a distance seem to view the panorama with a greater sweep, and hence with more comprehension of the enormity of the crime which, under selfish foreign manipulation, has kept our American talent banished from any participation in grand opera. Not even in the smaller rôles have any Americans had a chance, and Jean Reszké, in all the years he has been coming here and enjoying our hospitality in addition to the million dollars he and his family have been receiving, has never "condescended" to study the English language sufficiently to sing one American song. No MacDowell, no Chadwick, no Vogrich, no Parker, no Nevin, no American native or foreign born resident could ever secure a hearing through Reszké.

Think of this strangulation of ambition, of energy, of thought! Imagine any further continuation of the tyrannical sway of a lot of foreign operatic swash-bucklers coming over here with their hired man Maurice Grau to stamp out with disdain every effort of musical America to maintain itself!

Neither will the people of this city or of Philadelphia or Boston tolerate this system any longer, whether it be manipulated by Grau or Damrosch. This lot of cheap foreign importations to be brought over by Damrosch and Ellis next season, with Melba and one or two other foreigners at the head, will not be supported by the people. We will point out in due course of time the mediocrity of a crowd of German singers who are to get from \$50 to \$100 a week, which is great salary for them, which the Damrosch and Ellis combination is going to foist upon the Philadelphia and Boston public, and which will not be tolerated here, but which those two cities are supposed to swallow with ease and unction. But by the time such machinery gets into working order THE MUSICAL COURIER will have succeeded in educating the people of those cities so that they will be prepared to meet the operatic situation.

Neither Ellis nor Damrosch nor Grau will ever give to talented Americans any opportunity, simply because the applicants are Americans. Merit! Merit? It is not a question of merit. "How much do you want and have you any foreign press notices?" That is the way it is put. But after a while the question will be slightly altered in contents and form: "Mr. Damrosch or Mr. Ellis, how much longer are

you going to ask Americans to pay money over to you for the purpose of strangling American music and musicians?"

The whole foreign conspiracy, having been exposed thoroughly through these columns, must be crushed out, and completely at that. Americans must at least get the same opportunity that is granted to visiting foreigners. Nothing less can be asked.

### WHICH IS THE BEST SCHOOL?

IN his prospectus of the school of music of Constantin von Sternberg, of Philadelphia, the trustees ask "Which is the best school?" and answer it this way:

Nowadays, that music and its appreciation have spread so rapidly over our country that a knowledge of music has become a matter of necessity to any person who claims a well-rounded, liberal education; nowadays—we say—a positively bad school could not have a chance of existence; every music school must have some efficient teachers, at least in some branch of instruction. But if so, what is the distinguishing feature? We will answer this difficult and important question as we would to one who knows nothing about music; if, however, you do understand music you will see the strength of our argument only the more readily.

Science and art, while closely related to each other, differ notably in one respect; science is not chained to the scientist, but art and the artist are inseparable. A physiologist, an astronomer, a historian lays down the results of his labors in a book, and if called away his successor can continue his research or correct his errors; this is a daily occurrence in the world of science.

But in art? Art is inseparable from the artist. Who can write the end to Schubert's Unfinished Symphony? Who can supply arms and hands to the Venus of Milo? Who can finish the half done painting that Makart left? Who can show an error in an art work? No one! The art work is a manifestation of truth as the artist conceived it; it is what it is, and if it contain an error, no one can correct it but the artist himself, for no one else knows what he wanted to express. His work is a reflex of his morals, of his religion, of his philosophy, of his conception of life. These elements, reflected in his work, permeate his whole personality; they are the constituents of his individuality; they form his "influence," and his surroundings, his friends, his adherents, his pupils, they all feel the power of this influence. In Europe the director of a royal conservatory is not appointed by the sovereign for playing the piano or violin, or for his singing, but for his artistic personality, for his musical mentality, for the faculty of definitely shaping and impressing his environment.

This is the true meaning of the often misconstrued words "founding a school." Therefore the question, which is the best school? admits of no other reasonable reply, but the one which has the strongest musical individuality at its head, for under the guidance of a definite and expansive mind the pupils will not be led to a mere proficiency in some detail, but achieve a well rounded, versatile and yet homogeneous, thorough musical education.

Yet how seldom that very strong "musical individuality" is encountered. We have too many business men, too many mere experimenters in the field, not to mention men and women who seek only notoriety. The scientific and artistic temperaments are seldom allied; but when they are, as in Mr. Sternberg's case, the results are ever satisfactory. It would be wise for pupils and the parents of pupils seeking for a satisfactory music master to ask Mr. Sternberg's question and then read his answer.

### THAT PERMANENT ORCHESTRA QUESTION.

MR. HENDERSON in last Sunday's *Times* had several hard, cold, sober and practical things to say on the subject of the permanent orchestra question in this city. Several paragraphs are well worthy of quotation:

We are promised in lieu of our regular establishment of opera a permanent orchestra. The plan which has been announced is to take the forty-five orchestral pupils of the National Conservatory of Music, put them under a good conductor, and give concerts with them. This would be an admirable scheme if it were not for the numerous objections with which it is surrounded.

In the first place, the forty-five pupils of the National Conservatory cannot play well enough to become a public orchestra at the word of command. If they are really conservatory pupils they have not the routine yet, and they are not sufficiently masters of their instruments. To say they are simply because the Paris Conservatoire is able to turn out a good orchestra is to disclose ignorance which would be funny if it were not likely to have serious results. Three-fourths of the pupils of the Paris Conservatoire have already had long courses of instruction under competent masters before they enter that institution. They know as much when they go there as most of our conservatory pupils do when they are graduated.

In the second place, forty-five persons are not enough to make a good concert orchestra in these days, unless the conductor will confine himself to works of no later date than Beethoven. But it is hardly necessary to say that no conductor could hope to attract audiences in New York if he did not play anything written after 1827. But the scheme is so tenuous that it is hardly worth while discussing it seriously. It will probably be like many other schemes of the same sort. It will never go further than the announcement. If it does come to a trial it will receive respectful consideration from the critics. But the public will be slower to give it attention.

Sam Franko's American Symphony is then praised and its work compared with the probable work of Mrs. Thurber's band of forty-five pupils. Mr. Henderson seems to think that the only way a permanent orchestra could be made a success in New York is to pattern after the methods of Mr. Higginson, of

Boston, who invested \$1,000,000 to start with. Yet we believe it could be done with less money. First the odious, the obnoxious and exacting Musical Union would have to go, for as long as it exists it menaces the musical interests of this community. How can a man serve two masters? And the same thing applies to the Philharmonic Society; for how can any institution be of musical benefit that can elect its own musical conductor? Politics prevail, and not artistic considerations.

The critic of the *Times* believes that consolidation might do much toward settling the vexed problem. We doubt it. There is much rotten and dead material in the Philharmonic Society, and until it is removed no progress is possible. Read this:

All who are capable of judging admit that the work of the Philharmonic Society is far below the standard set for the playing of such organizations. The Philharmonic does not improve; it even retrogrades in some respects. What should be done to bring it up to the standard? Perhaps that is a question for the conductor to decide. If it is, why does he not decide it? Why does he not do something. If he is powerless, then the authorities of the society ought to do something. If they do not know that they play badly, they must be told so until they do know it. They must be told so not only by the newspapers, but by their subscribers.

Mr. Seidl can do nothing because he is elected by the very men he should criticize or displace for better material. Is it the system that is at fault, for no one dare to assert that we have not in this city orchestral players equally as capable as those of the famous band of Boston. But no musical union dare dictate to Mr. Higginson's organization, and its leader is not elected by its members. There are varying factions here, all striving for supremacy, and the consequence is that while we have three or four orchestras we have not one first-class permanent organization. And we never shall until there arises a man not only with capital but with brains, who will put a strong man to conduct music made by free young men, and not by decrepit slaves of a tyrannical union worn out by playing at balls and picnics.

#### FOREIGN OPINION.

IT can hardly be said that the corrosive force of French criticism is responsible for Nordica's failure in Paris. She sang once and was withdrawn.

It has been said that there was prejudice in the matter, but no substantiation of the charge is offered; as Dr. Johnson said of the immortality of the soul, we "should like more evidence of it." Her failure there is on all fours with Tamagno's failure here. In this country it is easier for a singer to acquire a reputation by virtue of the reputation acquired abroad than it is to acquire a reputation by good singing. Tamagno's reputation did not bulk big enough in American eyes. He should have followed Reszké's example, and acquired a reputation here by asserting confidently and persistently that he had acquired one abroad.

As a matter of fact Reszké has no high repute abroad. Paris will not accept him; he cannot get a chance to sing in Bayreuth; indeed it is only to New Yorkers that his singing seems to afford a lively and lasting pleasure. It appears, moreover, to be fairly logical to assert that his reputation here is largely due to the misapprehension that he is an important figure in the operatic world abroad.

In Nordica American critics discerned a capable and praiseworthy singer; but in Europe there are many such singers, and Nordica finds herself merely on the level of ordinary operatic attainment. There she is without the immense encouragement of sympathy of race. She drops to her rightful position—after one public appearance of dimmed glory.

There is no reason why New York should abide by the judgment of Paris.

No reason at all.

None why America should accept the criterion of Europe? None.

Then why should we not welcome all the old song birds once more; and educate our children and grandchildren into approval of the Reszkés and all the rest of them? There is no valid reason. The American public has a right to its own criterion of singing, its own peculiar approbations. It has a right to assume that it knows good singing from bad. But if it is to set up its own judgment, why does it not set it up boldly? Why should it take on the fashions which Europe cast off a decade ago?

Here is the nub of the whole question. The New York public does not pretend to an individual judg-

ment of the singers who are brought over to amuse it. It accepts them on what it assumes is the approval of London, Paris and Berlin. But the approval comes to it shop-worn and out of date.

One is grateful nowadays to find the average person really liking anything. It is not criminal for the average person to enjoy poor art, provided he does not enjoy it for artistic reasons.

Why give artistic reasons for admiring the song birds who have left us to pick crumbs and cherries in Europe?

Especially—why give the cast-off, shop-worn reasons of Paris?

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

I have been asked to send a few lines regarding the plans for opera outlined by Mr. Blake. While I hope for all possible advancement in art for Americans, and have subscribed my name to the plan recently published in your paper, I would suggest a much broader field with regard to the selection of composers and singers, confining it to no nationality or class of singers, but giving ample opportunity to all for true artistic merit to establish itself.

I do not believe that the intelligent opera-goer of New York, who has heard some of the greatest singers the world has produced, would be contented to listen for many consecutive nights to a performance given by church choir singers, unless with the sentiment back of it of supporting a purely American effort, and of developing local talent, with the hope of high artistic results in the future.

THE COURIER truly states "Art is universal"—if we look for the highest standard we must glean the best from all nations.

GEORGE SWEET.

THAT is the theory. After the foreign invasion has been repulsed it should be known that its greatest weakness consisted in its evident plan to make opera in America a foreign establishment, which only admitted and permitted Americans on suffrage. No American composer or composition would ever be admitted by the foreign proprietors of the opera here.

We should approach this subject in a liberal spirit, and if ever opera becomes an establishment under American auspices it should accord the same freedom to singers and composers that the nation at large accords to foreigners. Not only the right of domicile, but the right of citizenship. Not only should all foreign composers be welcomed, but we should try to capture them and make them our own.

Also with singers the same plan should be pursued. The foreign invader never gave our American talent the first opportunity, and that is one reason for the existence of the present hostile sentiment against the Metropolitan Opera House management and any opera under the Grau-Reszké combination. If this combination ever attempts to reopen here it will receive a welcome such as no operatic management ever experienced, unless Americans have as much right to sing as the foreign owners themselves. After this Americans cannot be ostracized because they are Americans.

**Miss Rio.**—Miss Anita Rio has been engaged to sing in The Creation at the Binghamton Choral Club May 25. Some notices of her recent appearances in Pittsburg are given below:

Miss Rio, the soprano new to Pittsburg audiences, was a most welcome surprise. She has a beautiful, clear soprano voice, true as the ring of pure gold. Her enunciation is acceptable, and her singing of With Verdure Clad was a veritable gem. Her coloratura is good, and Miss Rio is fully respectful toward the so-called oratorio traditions.—*Pittsburg Leader*.

Miss Anita Rio's voice was admirably suited to her part, which she interpreted with the dignity of style demanded in oratorio music, and with a charming smoothness and freshness of tone which made a sensible impression on all who heard her. Her singing was truly delightful.

The duet between Miss Rio and Dr. Martin at the end of the third part was the most admirable work of the evening, though both of the great soprano arias were sung by Miss Rio in a way which left nothing to be desired.—*Post, Pittsburg, Pa.*

**Martha Burmeister.**—Miss Martha Burmeister, of the Jessamine Institute, Nicholasville, Ky., will leave for her home in Germany on the 20th inst., her mother being critically ill. Miss Martha Burmeister, the efficient piano teacher at Jessamine Institute, has recently been appointed vice-president for Kentucky of the Music Teachers' National Association, whose annual meeting occurs in New York in June. This is an honor most worthily bestowed. The *Lexington Leader* of April 5 speaks favorably of Miss M. Burmeister's performance at a meeting of the Women's Club, of Lexington:

The program was a delightful paper, Two Great Romanticists, Schumann and Chopin, by Mrs. A. M. Harrison, which was charmingly illustrated on the piano by Miss Martha Burmeister, of the Jessamine Female Institute, who is one of the most accomplished pianists heard at the club this season, one charm of her playing being the beautiful manner of subordinating the accompaniment to the melody. Her selections were of course, from Schumann and Chopin, and of the most attractive of their compositions. Miss Burmeister is a sister of Mr. Richard Burmeister, a noted pianist of Baltimore.



MANY, many moons ago a certain young man of o'erweening ambition, with a good piano hand and a scorn for the beaten path, conceived the gargantuan idea that by playing *all* the etudes written for the piano he could arrive at perfection by a short cut and thus make up for lost time. He was eighteen years old when he began the experiment and at twenty-two he abandoned his task, a crippled, a sadder, but wiser man.

The young man browsed on etudes by Bach, Czerny, Loeschorn, Berens, Prudent, Ravina, Marmontel, Planté, Jensen, Sternberg, Kullak, Jadasohn, Germer, Reinecke, Riemann, Mason, Löw, Schmidt, Duvernoy, Doering, Hüntten, Lebert and Stark, A. E. Müller (caprices), Plaids, Bruno, Zwintscher, Klengel (canons), Raff, Heller, Bendel, Neupert, Eggeling, Ehrlich, Lavallée, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Rheinberger, Alkan, Fetis, Ferd. Ries, Isador Seiss, Arthur Foote, Anton Strelezki, Carl Baermann, Petersilyea, Krauss, D'Abelli, Golinelli, Berger, Kalkbrenner, Saint-Saëns, Brahms, Dreysschock, Moscheles, Doehler, Carl Heyman, Hans Seeling, Clementi, Thalberg, Cramer, Chopin, Sgambati, Liszt, Hiller, Brassin, Paradisi (toccata), Hasert, Faelten, Vogt, J. C. Kessler, Moszkowski, Henselt, the Scharwenkas, Rubinstein, Joseffy, Dupont, Herz, Köhler, Speidel, Tausig, Schytte-Rosenthal, Von Schölzer, Schuett, Haberbie, Nicodé, Ketten, Pixis, Litolf, Charles Mayer, Balakireff, MacDowell, Leopold De Meyer, Ernst Pauer, Le Couppey, Vogrich, Deppe, Raif, Leschetizky, Nowakowski, Paderewski, Barth, Zichy and lots of names I cannot recall.

And about the same delightful chronological order as the above was observed in the study.

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What could have been the result of such a titanic struggle with such wildernesses of notes? What could have been the result upon the cerebral powers of the young man after such a Brobdignagian warfare against muscles and marks?

Alas, there was no result. How could there have been?

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And music, what became of music in all this turmoil of technics? It went begging, and in after years the young man, observing how many young people, ambitious and talented, were pursuing the same false track, determined to think the thing out, and first went about it by asking well-known authorities, and finally formulated the question this way: What etudes are absolutely necessary for a mastery of the keyboard?

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Since the days of Carl Czerny—God bless his old Toccata in C!—instruction books, commonly known as methods, began to appear. How many I do not propose to tell you. You all know Moscheles and Fetis, the Kalkbrenner, the Henri Herz, Lebert and Stark and Richardson (founded on Dreysschock). That they have fallen into disuse is not only natural. They were for the most part bulky, contained a large amount of useless material, and did not cover the ground, often being reflections of a one-sided virtuosity. Then up sprang an army of etudes. Countless hosts of notes, marshaled into the most fantastic figures, hurled themselves at varying velocities and rhythms on the piano studying world. Dire were the results. Schools arose and camps within camps. There were them in the land that developed the left hand at the expense of the right and the other way. Trill and double note specialists abounded, and one could study octaves here and

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ornaments there, stiffness at Stuttgart, flabbiness with Deppe, and yet no man could truthfully swear that his was the rightful, the unique method.

Suddenly in this quagmire of doubt and dumb keyboards arose a still small voice, but the voice of a mighty man. This is what the voice said:

"There is but one god in technic, Bach, and Clementi is his prophet."

Thus spake Carl Tausig, and left behind him an imperishable edition of Clementi!

It was Tausig's opinion that Clementi and Chopin alone have provided studies which perfectly fulfill their intention. This is sufficiently set forth and explained in the preface affixed to his selection by C. F. Weitzmann by the assertion that each of these Clementi studies represents a distinct figure—whether by running and undulating passages, broken chords, purposely arranged difficulties and motives making for finger independence or to promote the freedom, ability and sustaining power of the performer in various ways by the change of position and by modulation throughout the piece.

Thus studied, these etudes will enable the pupil who can play them with correctness and facility to execute with ease similar passages occurring in the works of other masters and attain the necessary precision, clearness and freedom for the performance of almost any kind of musical composition. It was Tausig's habit to make use of them before all others in the school for the higher development of piano playing of which he was the head. He also used them himself. Furthermore he asserted that by means of those studies Clementi made known and accessible the entire piano literature from Bach, who requires special study, to Beethoven, just as Chopin and Liszt completed the scale of dazzling virtuosity. In making a selection from Clementi's *Gradus ad Parnassum*, or the *Art of Playing the Piano Taught by a Hundred Examples*, Tausig had ample excuse, because many students have become alarmed by the vast number of exercises contained in the work, which in its original form includes not only repetitions of passages, modes of execution and mannerisms, but even compositions unsuited to the taste of the present time.

It has, therefore, been his aim to make choice of those most practical and improving studies from the *Gradus* that are intended to overcome the greatest variety of difficulties, and at the same time he has arranged them progressively and with several different readings for fingering and execution, thus rendering the work suitable to the requirements of our day. He has only altered the original fingering in those passages where it no longer tallies with the views at present entertained of this branch of piano technic, or where the choice of fingering is better calculated to strengthen the naturally weak fingers of both hands to aid in practicing the passing of the different fingers and thumb over and under each other, and in giving the hand a wider grasp, &c.

The *Gradus* was one great barrier—a mighty one, indeed—against the influx of barren, mechanical or nonsensical etudes for the piano. Just read the incomplete list above, and does not your head wither as a fired scroll at the prospect of studying such a vast array of notes? Then came Von Bülow with his Cramer edition, and another step was taken in the boiling down movement. Moreover the clever Hans took the reins in his hands, and practically said in his preface to the Cramer edition: "Here is my list; take and study it. You will then become a pianist—if you have talent." Here is his list:

Lebert and Stark—abomination of angular desolation; Aloys Schmitt exercises, with a touch of Heller to give flavor and flesh to the old dry bones; Cramer (Bülow), St. Heller, op. 46 and 47; Czerny daily exercises, and the school of legato and staccato; Tausig's Clementi; Moscheles, op. 70; Henselt, op. 2 and 5, and as a bridge Haberbiere's *Etudes Poesies*; Moscheles, op. 95, characteristic studies; Chopin, ops. 10 and 25, glorious music; Liszt studies, Rubinstein studies, and finally, as a "topper," V. C. Alkan, with Theodore Kullak's octave studies on the side.

Now this list is not bad, but it is nearly twenty-five years since it was made, and in this quintes-

sentiaizing age a quarter of a century means many revolutions in taste and technic. Condense, condense is the cry, and thereupon rose Oscar Dumbthumb Raif, who wished to be called the Richard Wagner of piano pedagogues, for with one wave of his wand he would banish all etudes, substituting in their stead music, and music only. Pick out the difficulties of a composition, said Mr. Raif, for slow practice and you will save time and wear and tear on the nerves.

This is a half truth, and it is subject to criticism, for the brain has to advance by half steps, besides the difficulty of selection and the application might prove stumbling blocks. Yet Raif made a step in piano pedagogy, nihilistic though it seemed, and today we have those remarkable daily studies of Isidor Phillip, which are a practical demonstration of Raif's theory.

Then came forward a few reasoning men who said: "Why not skeletonize the whole system of technic, giving it in pure, powerful but small doses to the student?" With this idea Plaidy, Zwintscher, Mason and Mathews, Germer, Louis Koehler and Riemann have published volumes literally epitomizing the technics of the piano. Dr. William Mason in his *Touch and Technic* further diversifies this bald material by making the pupil attack it with varying touches, rhythms and velocities. Albert R. Parsons, in his valuable *Synthetic Method*, makes miracles of music commonplaces for the tender, plastic mind of childhood. But all these, while training the mind and muscles, do not infringe upon the problem the young man attempted to solve. That problem related to studies only. His hand was supposed to be placed—in a word—to be posed.

He incidentally found that Heinrich Germer's *Technics* or Mason's *Touch and Technic* were sufficient to form the fingers, wrist, forearm and upper arm; that on a Virgil clavier every technical problem of the flat keyboard could be satisfactorily worked out, and then arose the question: What studies are absolutely essential to the pianist who wishes to go to the technical boundaries of the flat keyboard?

Technics alone would not do, for you do not get figures that flow nor the sequence of musical ideas, nor musical endurance, not to mention style, phrasing, &c. No one work on technic blends all these requisites. Piano studies cannot be absolutely discarded without a serious loss, for one loses the suavity and simplicity of Cramer, a true pendant of Mozart; the indispensable technics and foundational tone and touch of Clementi, a true forerunner of Beethoven, and then what a loss to piano literature would be the destruction of the studies of Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein!

No, there lurks an element of truth in the claims of all these worthy thinkers, experimenters and seekers after the truth. Our young man, who was somewhat of an experimental psychologist, knew this, and earnestly sought for the keystone of the arch, the *arcaneum* of the system, and after weary years of travail found it in Bach—great, good, glorious, god-like Johann Sebastian Bach, in whose music floats the past, present and future of the tone art. Mighty Bach, who could fashion a tiny prelude for a child's sweet fingers, a Leonardo da Vinci among composers, as Beethoven is their Michael Angelo, Mozart their Raphael.

With the starting point of the first preludes and exercises of Bach the young groper found that he had his feet, or rather his hands, on terra firma, and proceeded with the two and three part inventions and the suites, English and French, and the great forty-eight preludes and fugues in the Well Tempered Clavichord, not forgetting the beautiful A minor fugue with the few bars of prelude.

Before the clavichord is reached the pupil's hand is ready for Cramer, and some of these beautiful music pieces, many poetical in the extreme, may be given. What could follow Cramer more fitly than Clementi-Tausig's Clementi? A great teacher as well as a great virtuoso, Tausig pinned his faith to these studies, and so does that other great virtuoso, Joseffy, who practices what he preaches and studied Clementi as did Chopin when he prepared for concert. Bach was also Chopin's daily bread.

In Clementi one may discern all the seeds of

modern piano music, and studying him gives a nobility of tone, freedom of style and a surety of finger that may be found in no other collection. Tausig compressed Clementi into twenty-nine examples, which may with discrimination be reduced to fifteen for practical use. The same may be said of Bülow's Cramer, not much more than half being really necessary.

Bülow's trinity of B's—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms—may be paralleled in the literature of piano studies by a trinity of C's—Cramer, Clementi and Chopin. And that leads me to the great question, How is that ugly gap, that break, to be filled in, to be bridged between Clementi and Chopin? Bülow attempts to supply the bridge by a compound of Moscheles, Henselt and Haberbiere, which is obviously tedious, and in one case—Henselt—puts the cart before the horse.

I believe the gap can be safely crossed by using the two very valuable Hummel concertos in A and B minor, for between Chopin—the early Chopin—and Hummel there is not a certain resemblance. Some of Hummel's passage work, for example, is singularly like Chopin's juvenile style, and Chopin, as everyone knows, was extremely fond of the Hummel concertos. Of course the resemblance is an external one, for spiritually there is no kinship between the sleek pianist of Weimar and the genius of Warsaw.

Yet pieces and concertos do not quite serve the purpose, and may the Fates and Joseffy pardon me for the blasphemy, but I fear I do not appreciate the much vaunted Moscheles studies. To be sure, they are fat, healthy, indeed, almost buxom, but they lack just a pinch of that attic salt which has conserved Cramer and Clementi. Understand that I do not mean to speak irreverently of Moscheles. I think that his G minor concerto is the greatest conservatory concerto ever written, and his various Hommages for two dry pianists serve the agreeable purpose of driving a man to hard drink. I wish merely to estimate the op. 70, 95 and 51 from the viewpoint of a utilitarian.

There is nothing in op. 70 that has not been done far better by contemporaries of the composer. For instance, the double note study is weak when compared with that best of all double note studies, Czerny's toccata in C. *En passant*, it is one of the most remarkable special studies ever written, and is certainly No. 1 in the famous trio of double note etudes, the other two being the Schumann toccata and Chopin's G sharp minor study. Include by all means the Czerny toccata in your list, and get the Moszkowski edition, which is remarkable for nothing except that it omits the celebrated misprint at the close of the original edition.

There are studies by Kalkbrenner remarkable for their virtuoso character. Ries, too, has done some good work, notably the first of the set in the Peters' edition. Then there is Edmund Neupert. His hundred daily exercises are really original, and contain new technical figures, and his etudes in the Edition Peters are charming. They suggest Grieg, but a more virile, masterful Grieg.

Take the Thalberg studies, how infinitely more "pianistic" and poetic than the respectable Moscheles! I know that it is the fashion of the day to sneer at Thalberg and his machine-made fantasies, but we should not be blind to the beauties of his *Art of Singing on the Piano*, his etudes, op. 26, one of them in C, a tremolo study, being more useful than Gottschalk's famous Tremolo, not forgetting the op. 44, a very pretty theme in repeated notes.

Thalberg, I repeat, has written music that can be passed over by any fair-minded teacher or pupil. Another objection I have to Moscheles is that he is already old-fashioned. His style is rococo, his ornamentation trite and much of his work stale. Study him if you will; a half dozen of his etudes will suffice; but do not imagine that he prepares the hand for Henselt or Chopin, as Von Bülow so fondly fancied.

There is one man I would suggest—a composer who is as much forgotten as Steibelt, who wrote a Storm for the piano, and thought that he was as good a man as Beethoven. Have you ever heard of Joseph Christoph Kessler?

It is difficult to discover much about him, except

that Chopin dedicated the German edition of his preludes, op. 28, "à Monsieur J. C. Kessler." This same Kessler was born in Augsburg in 1800 (he was younger than Bundelcund); he studied philosophy as well as music at Vienna, and at Lemberg in the house of his patron, Count Potocki, he composed his op. 20, twenty-four studies, dedicated to J. N. Hummel. Kessler was a brilliant pianist, met Chopin at Warsaw, and later dedicated to him his twenty-four preludes, op. 31. He was highly thought of by Kalkbrenner, and Fetis and Moscheles incorporated some of his études in their Method of Methods. In 1835 Kessler attracted Schumann's attention, and that great critic said that the pianist had good stuff in him. "Mann von geist und sogar poetischem geist," he wrote, but somehow his music fell into disuse and is hardly ever heard. Fancy a pianist playing a Kessler étude in concert, yet that is what Franz Liszt did, and though the studies themselves hardly warrant a concert hearing, there is much that is brilliant, effective and eminently solid in many of them.

Kessler died at Vienna, January 13, 1872.

Let us examine more closely these studies. In four books, published by Haslinger, they are too bulky, besides being fingered badly. Out of the twenty-four there are ten well worthy of study. The rest are old-fashioned. Book I., No. 1, is in C and is a melody in broken chords that is peculiarly trying to the fourth finger. The stretches are modern and the study is very useful. No. 2, in A minor, is an excellent approach to all interlocking figures occurring in modern piano music. This, too, is very valuable. No. 3 I can recommend, for it is a melody in chord skips. No. 4 is very useful for the development of the left hand. No. 5 is confusing on account of hand crossing, and it could be dispensed with, while No. 6 serves the same purpose as No. 4. If you can play Nos. 4 and 6 of Kessler you need not fear the C minor or C sharp minor studies of Chopin, wherein the left hand plays such an important part.

Book II. has a study—No. 8—in octaves which might be profitably but I shall not emphasize its importance, for the Kullak octave school should never be absent from your piano rack. No. 10, however—a *unisono* study—is very good and is a foundation study for effects of this sort. It might be practiced before attacking the last movement of the B flat minor sonata of Chopin.

But that about comprises all of value in the volume. Book III. has little to commend—a study, No. 13, same stiff, nasty figures for alternate hands; No. 15, for the wrist, excellent as preparation for Rubinstein's staccato étude, and No. 18, some Chopin-like figuration for the right hand. Book IV. contains but three studies: No. 20 for left-hand culture, No. 21 for stretches and a facile thumb, and No. 24, a very stiff study, which is bound to strengthen the weaker fingers of the hand. Look at these Kessler studies, or, better still, study a dozen of them, and you will find the bridge between Clementi and Chopin, and a very satisfactory bridge at that; for to the solidity of Clementi Kessler has added a modern technical spirit. I wish someone—Mr. Parsons—would edit and prune Kessler. One year's experience with Kessler would make you drop your goody-goody Moscheles, or at least only play him for the historical interest.

Naturally every pupil cannot be mentally pinioned to the same round of studies. There are many charming studies before Cramer; for instance Heller (take Eggeling and Riemann as preparatory to Bach), Jadassohn's scholarly preludes and fugues with a canon on every page, and in the C sharp minor prelude and fugue you will find much good, honest music.

Then there are lots of pretty special studies. William Mason's Etude Romanza is a scale study wherein music and muscle are happily blended; Schuett's graceful Etude Mignonne, Raff's La Fileuse, Haberbier's poetical studies, especially the one in D; Isador Seiss' very musical preludes, in which the left hand plays an important part; Ludwig Berger's interesting studies, and a delightful étude of Constantin Sternberg in F, which I heartily commend. Ravina, Jensen and many, many others have written études for which a light wrist, facile fingers and agreeable style are a necessity, but could be easily dispensed with. I must not forget a little volume

called Rhythmical Problems, by Heinrich Gerner, of great value to teacher and pupil alike, for therein may be found a solution of many criss-cross rhythmic difficulties.

Works of special character, like Kullak's Art of Touch and Ehrlich's Touch and Technic, should be read by the enterprising amateur.

I have now reached the boundaries of the Chopin studies, that delightful region where the technician student discerns from afar the glorious colors, the strangely plumaged birds, the exquisite sparkle of falling waters, the odors so grateful to nostrils forced to inhale Czerny, Clementi and Cramer. Oh, what an inviting vista? Yet it is not all a paradise of roses; flinty is the road over which the musical pilgrim toils, and while his eye eagerly covets joyous sights, his feet and fingers often bleed. But how easily that pain is endured, for is not the goal in sight, and does not every turn of the road disclose fresh beauties.

I must stop. Next week I shall approach the Holy of Holies—the Chopin, Henselt and Liszt studies.

### Spiritual Suggestions from Sousa.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, SUNDAY, MAY 16, BY REV. M. F. JOHNSON.

Psalm 150—Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary: praise Him in the firmament of His power. Praise Him for His mighty acts: praise Him according to His excellent greatness. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp. Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: praise Him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

THE event of the past week was the concert given by Mr. Sousa and his band. Amid the various sights and sounds, the presence of this gifted musician and his trained band was a joy to behold.

I make no attempt to describe the concert simply as a musical critic might do, as that were a work of supererogation in the presence of musicians far better fitted than I for such a task. And any description that I might essay would be entirely inadequate for those who did not hear it. Suffice it to say in a word that the large music loving audience listened with breathless attention to the admirable rendering of the program. The thrill of excitement over Ben Hur's chariot race, the hush over the pathetic movement of the Lost Chord, the sympathy with the familiar Annie Laurie, the appreciation of the stirring marches, the lighter airs, found due expression in the rapturous applause following each number. It was a season of refreshment and uplifting to all the auditors. And not only did the performance itself as witnessed give delight, but the suggestions also gave additional joy. Often the suggestions are more pleasurable than the actual thing in itself.

It has been said that instrumental music is the purest of human enjoyments. For excelling as the human voice may be, and thrilling as the effects of vocal music in solo parts and choruses may be, yet in the words sung or the attitude or movements of the singers may be suggestion if not direct expression of evil. And when wickedness is sung into the ear it has all the help of rhyme and rhythm to abide in the memory forever.

The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

And many a vile song heard years ago comes up to trouble the penitent soul and prevent its communion with the purity and holiness of God. But instruments of music are almost wholly exempt from these evils. Their music is pure, lifting the soul into other more sacred spheres; giving it wings, as it were, with which to ascend into higher and holier realms. Says Congreve, speaking of pure music:

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;  
I've read that things inanimate have moved,  
And, as with living souls, have been informed  
By magic numbers and persuasive sounds.

And we may conclude it to be almost universally true that instrumental music has an elevating effect, unless pre-

vious experiences, associations or defilements have vitiated the music in the mind of the hearer. This is the mission of music in the earth, for

God is its author and not man; he laid  
The keynote of all harmonies; he planned  
All perfect combinations, and he made  
Us so that we could hear and understand.

Music accompanied the act of the creation of the universe. "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," or as Milton has phrased it:

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
When the creator great,  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

Music accompanied the coming of the Christ into the world. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men.'" Again, Milton sings:

Ring out, ye crystal spheres  
Once bless our human ears,  
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

Again, when redemption is complete, there shall be glorious music in heaven! Says the Revelator: "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps and they sang a new song before the throne."

Thus in all great epochs in the government of God—creation, redemption, coronation—music appeared as the most fitting vehicle of exalted emotions. Every true soul responds to these heavenly harmonies. And there is deep suggestiveness in the words of Shakespeare in the Merchant Venice, where he says:

The man that hath no music in himself  
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

While the man is true to God and humanity, as Longfellow puts it:

Who thro' long days of labor  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

The joys of the truly blessed here and in heaven are closely associated with music. And there was profound truth in the statement of Professor Buechler that music was the most useful possession that we could carry with us into heaven. Hence may we not speak well within bounds when we say pure music is an invaluable treasure, is indeed spiritual in its trend, is helpful in all phases of Christian living.

Yea, music is the prophet's art;  
Among the gifts that God hath sent,  
One of the most magnificent.

Writ in the climate of heaven,  
In the language spoken by the angels.

Among the many helpful suggestions that came to me as I watched and listened were some concerning the Church and the heavenly sound it should send, not alone in its singing, but also in its living. A true life is a poem, a psalm, an art; so is the true life of Christ's Church; it may be a delight and joy in any community. It may be the song of spiritual power that shall down the strongholds of iniquity, even as the midnight praises of Paul and Silas shook down the prison walls in Philippi.

Aside from all the pleasures of hearing was the joy of seeing an intelligent, competent and obedient body of performers. It was the ideal of the power of united, appreciative, artistic action. Should we have this in the church? Hear Isaiah 52, 1-3: "Awake! arise! put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: for henceforth shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean: shake thyself from the dust: arise and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the hands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." Hear Paul say: "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that

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# The MONTAUK,

CHIMES OF NORMANDIE.—BOHEMIAN GIRL.  
NEXT WEEK:  
FAUST.—TROVATORE.

one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one spirit. For the body is not one member, but many." If the church should be strong, beautiful, harmonious in its membership, obedient in its actions, it would be "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

I will mention some points worthy of imitation.

First as to conductor. His knowledge of music is great, his skill in management is remarkable, and his life is in music. We have also a Master of assemblies, filled with all knowledge, wisdom, skill and power, even Jesus Christ. His oversight is efficacious over all the earth; over all the generations that ever sojourn below; and over all families in heaven and earth. And what must be the new song of Moses and the Lamb, as sung in heaven in His presence, who is Lord of light, of life, of prayer and of praise!

Note the confidence of these musicians in their conductor; they believe that His musical sense is clear, that He knows what effects He wishes to produce, and they trust him to do it. So our great Leader looks over earth's discordant elements and He has it in mind to recreate fallen men, so as to fill heaven and earth, too, with celestial music. How the church should confide in its leader, believing in His infinite wisdom and love, and stand ready to co-operate with Him in all things. These earthly musicians all kept the eye on the conductor and let him conduct, every man obeyed his glance, his motion of hand or body. Oh, that we all as earnestly and obediently looked to Jesus, the author and finisher of the faith! "I will guide thee with mine eye," says he. How we should watch for his eye-guidance! Oh, that everyone was as ready to let Jesus Christ conduct the whole campaign.

The discipline in this band was eloquent, as to what equal discipline in the church would give. Jesus never makes any mistake in His comprehensive plans for the salvation of all the earth; no matter how many be the times or the men involved, His part is perfect. How often we think it wisdom to make modifications and changes, saying it is the spirit of the thing and not the letter, and thus upset His perfect plans. There is one head of the church, one conductor of the spiritual campaigns. There should be that discipline in the church which will cause us ever to lift up our eyes unto Him who sitteth upon the throne and obey Him in all things. Want of discipline in the band would be displeasing not only to the conductor, but also to those desiring to hear good music. So often not only Christ, but also the world, is disappointed in the church and its work; instead of harmonious rendition of salvation's story there are harsh, discordant sounds. When we seek the reason we find that men have ceased to look to Jesus, have ceased to let Him conduct, and have sought out many inventions which are no improvement over those revealed by the spirit of God. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the ways thereof are the ways of death."

As to the music. The music played was the works of the masters in composition; there was intelligent purpose in every piece, which it was the business of the band to interpret to the people. It did not waste its time or power over trifling, purposeless music. So it seems to me the church should ever be about the Master's business. Jesus remained with them after the Resurrection forty days, speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. There is a Kingdom and a King, there is the administration of beneficent laws for high and holy ends. There are mighty thoughts of God to us ward. The purposes of God

are great, inspiring, and the unbelief of man cannot thwart the purposes of God. The business of the church is to enter into these thoughts, and interpret them to men, so that he that reads may run in God's way. We should not busy ourselves with trifles.

Life is real and life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal.

We should live in patience and fidelity to our high calling.

There was a pleasing variety in the music rendered, something suited to every taste and to every man. We had an illustration of the almost endless variety of musical compositions. In salvation's song something can be found fitted for every feeling, taste, aptitude in every man; we find an infinite adaptation of God's grace. There is no power or capacity of the human soul that cannot be filled, delighted and satisfied with him who is altogether lovely and the chief among ten thousand.

I noticed that the conductor did not tear himself to shreds as he sought to interpret the author's thought; often quiet, nearly motionless, he stood—but it was his thought and will that controlled his band. He was there and they knew it; he needed no contortion, no violent motion, no mighty sweep of his arm to remind them that his purposes were fulfilling. So we should not forget Christ's presence with us even unto the end of the world, even if we see no miracle, witness no transfiguration, behold no catastrophe. There are tremendous silences as we look toward heaven. Unbelief says: "Where is thy God?" Scoffers cry: "When is the promise of His coming?" Infidels sneer: "All things continue as they were from the beginning of the world." But, nevertheless,

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour,

and suddenly after the silent gathering of spiritual forces, as the lightning shineth from one end of heaven to the other, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. "God is His own interpreter," and He takes His own time and His own way. "The Kingdom of God cometh without observation."

As to the musicians, in particular, they had the best instruments obtainable. Why should not the Church of Christ lay the whole world under contribution to furnish its best for the Church, to do the Lord's work? Why should the highest and best organization on earth be crippled with imperfect tools? What are inventions and discoveries for if not to further the evangelization of the world and do the Lord's will?

Along with perfection of instruments, the musicians were all artists, able to use them skillfully. By infinite pains in practice and by careful study, by close attention to the rendition they made possible the finished exhibition. Such a performance by uncultivated natural gifts would be well-nigh impossible. Oh, that every disciple of Christ might be perfected in every good word and work.

But it may be said that their livelihood depended upon their proficiency; that this was their business. So it was, and they attended to it. Can there be any higher thought for the Christian than being in his Father's business? And Moses said: "This is your life." We live only as we serve. Yet how indifferent are many Christians about attaining the highest excellence in godly living. It is truly said that there is nothing more beautiful or powerful than holy living. But how few really take pains, not to speak

of earnest, life-long endeavor, to attain to the state or condition where life is a poem or a song to delight the weary of earth!

The performers were content to play the score as it was given to them. They did not rewrite, compose a new one, or strike out in a few new lines so as to attract attention to their originality. The scores were carefully prepared so as to fit into each other, so that the general effect should be of the most pleasing character. Any deviations could only mar the complete whole. If only the church and its preachers could only be content with the faith once delivered to the saints! "Preach the preaching that I bid thee," said the Lord to Jonah. We should realize that God's word is forever settled in heaven, and that it was a departure from God's commandments that brought our first parents into sin and death; they found original ways to be ways of death. There is ever a temptation to men to attract attention by their own genius and originality. The world is ever seeking sensations; if a minister leaves the score prepared by Jesus Christ to fit into the completed whole of ages and plays a strange song, the world will pause a little to gaze at him, to wonder at his audacity, and talk of his independence. It will overlook often the man who is faithful to the old gospel because there is no false note struck.

The risen Christ opened again the book of God as he bade John on Patmos to write a last warning. "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book: If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the holy city and from the things that are written in this book." When the church realizes that the only seed is the word of God, and that we are stewards of the manifold grace of God, and that the highest distinction in a steward is that he prove faithful to his trust, we shall not seek to leave the safe highways of God for the byways of the devil.

Many played; not one merely. It takes a whole church to preach the gospel as it ought to be preached, each contributing to the work his special gift. Note Paul's words: "So we, being many, are one body in Christ and everyone members one of another. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether of prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith or ministry, let us wait on our ministering, or he that teacheth on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortations; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness." When they that were scattered abroad all preached everywhere the gospel of Jesus, churches sprang up everywhere. How shall we get the silent ones to play, to share in the work? It was the great variety of instruments that made the music of Sousa so delightful. Endless as are the individual gifts of men, so endless are the places for the exercise of all these gifts in the blessed service of Jesus.

Every man had some part to play, and stuck to his part. There were no idlers, and no universal geniuses who could scurry all around the platform and take a hand in playing every kind of an instrument. Specialists to-day are in demand everywhere. Let every man take his part in God's work, neither assuming to be an idler nor a genius, and let him perfect himself in it. To every man his work. And let him abide in the calling to which he is called. Every organ in the body has its office, every man in the army has



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his place, every man on shipboard his place; and so every man in the Church has his own place and his own work. If we cheerfully and faithfully fill our place there will be order and not confusion, success and not failure. See that thou do all things according to the pattern which God will show thee in the mount of prayer. Let there be no idlers who refuse to play their parts so as to let men see how necessary they are to the work; such often get sore disappointed in the result. Let there be no quarrel over parts. The angel who at God's command sweeps a crossing is as worthy of commendation as he who commands legions of angels. How easy and beautiful and harmonious would everything be in the Church if everyone would do his part faithfully without shirking and sulking.

There were no jealousies visible; if any existed they were subordinated to the common end. The solo parts were well taken and received the merited applause. But though the eyes of the people were on the soloists the supporting parts did not fail; each did his subordinate part as well as though he were principal. It was this large-minded, generous, harmonious co-operation that contributed so largely to the pleasure of the people. How beautiful it would be if in the church there were no jealousies, no self-seeking, no one looking for all the credit, but instead a generous co-operation, each supporting the work of every other one, each in honor preferring one another. How helpful we might be in bringing Christ to the lost world, if we were all willing to take any place, the subordinate ones as quickly as the principal, in order to promote the general welfare and to realize the desired ends.

Each one played or rested according to the demands of the occasion. There was an intelligent obedience. Each did not blow his trumpet all the time without regard to time or circumstance. Some people act as if they thought there could be no music unless they were heard from on all occasions in their own key. So they pipe up all the time and then wonder why they cannot influence men. They attribute it to the hardness of men's hearts, when perhaps the trouble is in the monotonous note they are ever sounding. Judicious silence is often as effective as judicious speech. Jesus standing before the wicked Herod, answering him not a word, is a most majestic sight; the self-control, the self-possession are as wondrous as self-expression in speech. "Answer not a fool according to his folly lest thou be like him." There is a time to speak and a time to refrain from speaking. Sometimes God says: "Arise, why liest thou on thy face before me?" Again he says: "Thy strength is to sit still." Sometimes he may say to Peter: "Tarry thou in Jerusalem," and to Paul: "Arise and get thee out of Jerusalem." Blessed is the man who can discern the times and seasons to know when to sound his trumpet with a certain sound.

May the Lord take all these suggestions and apply them by the spirit so that we may be a true church of Jesus Christ, taking our rhyme, rhythm, movement, time, emphasis and interpretation from him; and each be in our allotted place, prepared, consecrated, zealous, active, intelligent and conscientious; and may the music of the collective body be a true expression of the thought of the Master, pleasing to Him and a joy to the people of this community.

And having sounded forth our faith effectively here, may we by and by join the invisible choir and have part in the heavenly music, where none ever tire or grow faint.

Put on thy beautiful robes, bride of Christ,  
For the King shall embrace thee to-day;  
Break forth into singing, the morning has dawned  
And the shadows of night are away.

Shake off the dust from thy feet, bride of Christ,  
For the conqueror, girded with might,  
Hath vanquished the foe, the dragon cast down,  
And the cohorts of hell put to flight.

Thou art the bride of his love, his elect,  
Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past.  
Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,  
But he comes with the morning at last.

The winds bear the noise of the chariot wheels  
And the thunders of victory roar.  
Lift up thy beautiful gates, bride of Christ,  
For the grave hath dominion no more.

Once they arrayed him in scorn, but see!  
His apparel is glorious now,  
In his hand are the keys of death and of hell  
And the diadem gleams on his brow.

Hark! 'tis her voice; Alleluia, she sings,  
Alleluia, the captives are free,  
Unfolded the gates of paradise stand  
And unfolded forever shall be.

Choir answers choir, where the song has no end,  
All the saints raise hosannas on high;  
Deep calls unto deep in oceans of love,  
As the bride lifts her jubilant cry.

—Middleboro, (Mass.) Gazette, May 21, 1897.

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# M. T. N. A.

## Advance Notices.

(Official.)

THE advance program for the M. T. N. A. Convention to be held in New York, June 24 to 28, is being arranged in detail by the committee (Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, chairman; Dr. John C. Griggs, secretary, and Dr. Gerrit Smith), and will be published in a few days. See THE MUSICAL COURIER, May 19. Copies will be issued to all members, editors of leading journals and prominent musical people.

The committee on music in the college and university is as follows: Prof. B. D. Allen, Beloit College; Mr. Joseph N. Ashton, Brown University; Prof. B. C. Blodgett, Smith College; Prof. H. A. Clarke, University of Pennsylvania; Prof. Edward Dickinson, Oberlin College; Prof. Charles A. Farnsworth, Colorado State University; Prof. J. C. Fillmore, Pomona College, California; Prof. Geo. C. Gow, Vassar College, chairman; Pres. Chas. Cuthbert Hall, Union Theological Seminary; Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, New York Tribune; Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, Music Magazine, Chicago; Prof. Geo. A. Parker, Syracuse University; Prof. Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford Theological Seminary; Prof. F. A. Parker, University of Wisconsin; Prof. J. S. Riggs, Auburn Theological Seminary; Prof. A. A. Stanley, University of Michigan; Mr. Wardner Williams, Chicago University; Pres. M. Woosley Stryker, Hamilton College.

Louis C. Elson, chairman; W. J. Henderson, Perlee V. Jervis, Sumner Salter, A. J. Goodrich, Arthur L. Manchester and Stacey G. Potts compose the committee on conference of musical journalists for the Music Teachers' National Association Convention, which meets in New York, June 24 to 28. The conference cannot fail to be interesting and productive of good results with such progressive men at the head of it.

The Harlem division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad makes a rate of 2 cents a mile from all points to and from New York during the summer holidays, and those attending the M. T. N. A. Convention may take advantage of that arrangement if they choose to arrange excursions on that road.

Thirty-six States are represented on the membership roll of the M. T. N. A., and the manner in which musicians are taking hold of the movement this year is an indication that there is a great future in store for the association. Those who have been first to renew their membership or connect themselves with the organization are representatives of the advanced and thoughtful class; their hearts are in the work and they are thoroughly in earnest in doing what lies in their power to make the M. T. N. A. an institution which shall be a credit to the nation, as well as being helpful in establishing music as a flourishing part of its educational and social life.

The M. T. N. A. State vice-presidents are all active and well-known musicians in their several States, some of them of national reputation, and the press has very kindly noticed the several appointments. Those lately added to the list are Charles S. Conant, of Concord, N. H.; Miss Virginia Cawthon, De Funiak Springs, Fla.; J. W. Thompson, Blue Mountain, Miss.; George E. Oliver, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Le Moyne Hupp, Wheeling, W. Va.; Max Leckner, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Burmeister, Nicholsonville, Ky., and Hamilton MacDougall, Providence, R. I.

J. M. Prialux and H. L. Hunt have been appointed by the President Greene, of the M. T. N. A., as a committee on small instruments and are working up interesting con-

certs in connection with the exhibits of mandolins, guitars, banjos, zithers, &c.

A meeting of several prominent members of the M. T. N. A. was held with Mr. Charles H. Morse at the Brevoort, Brooklyn, a few days ago, including H. W. Greene, president; Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, Dr. John C. Griggs and others, to consider the subject of reorganization and formulate an outline for a new constitution. It is the desire of the officers and committee on reorganization to present such a plan as will meet with general favor, and form a permanent basis for the organization. The establishment of a national academy is included in the plans, and it is hoped that the day is not far distant when they will be realized.

The following interesting excerpt from the London Daily News, which was recently copied in the Philadelphia Item, will be welcomed by those intending to hear the concerto of which it speaks played by Wm. H. Sherwood and the Metropolitan Orchestra at the M. T. N. A. Convention. The reference is to Saint-Saëns' new piano concerto in F, recently produced at St. James' Hall, London:

"A year or two ago Saint-Saëns played four of his piano concertos at a sitting, a dose which proved rather severe for the habitués of St. James' Hall. The new work is, however, much more interesting than its predecessors, if only owing to its slow movement, an excellent example of the national element in music. It was written last winter in Egypt, and is strongly impregnated with the Oriental color; one episode, indeed, according to Saint-Saëns, himself, being a genuine Nubian love song which he had heard sung by the boatmen of the Nile, as he sailed down the river in a dahabeah. This is by far the best section of the concerto, although the first movement is brilliant enough; while the finale, more strenuous and even noisy and effective, may perhaps be accepted as the French musician's protest against the British protectorate."

The committee on program for the M. T. N. A. Convention in New York, June 24 to 28, has secured Mr. Harrison Wild, of Chicago, to give an organ recital. He will also serve as a member of the committee on methods and results in music schools, of which Mr. Charles H. Morse, of Brooklyn, is chairman.

Mr. Charles H. Morse, Esq., of Brooklyn, chairman of the committee on methods and results in music schools has selected the following musicians to act with him in presenting the subject to the Music Teachers' National Association at the convention in New York city, June 24 to 28: John C. Batchelder, Esq., Detroit Conservatory of Music; Geo. W. Chadwick, Esq., director-elect New England Conservatory, Boston; Armin W. Doerner, Esq., Cincinnati College of Music; Rev. T. Duryea, D.D., Brooklyn; W. W. Gilchrist, Esq., Director Central Music School, Philadelphia; Dr. Percy Goetschius, Boston, Mass., late of Stuttgart and New England Conservatories; Dr. John C. Griggs, Metropolitan College of Music, New York city; Rubin Goldmark, Esq., Director of Colorado College Conservatory of Music, Colorado Springs; Edw. D. Hale, Esq., late of New England Conservatory, Boston; Alex. Lambert, Esq., Director of New York College of Music; Prof. F. B. Rice, Director of Oberlin (Ohio) Conservatory; Thos. Tapper, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Harrison M. Wild, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist, will play a program at the M. T. N. A. Convention in New York, June 24 to 28.

Owing to a threatened breakdown in health, Mr. Frank Damrosch, being advised by his physician, has found it necessary to tender his resignation from the chairmanship of committee on public school music in connection with the M. T. N. A. Convention to be held in New York June 24 to 28, and to abandon the work assigned to him in the

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presentation of The Messiah. At Mr. Damrosch's suggestion, however, Mr. W. L. Tomlins, of Chicago, has been secured to direct the oratorio and he has also been asked to act as chairman of the committee. Mr. Tomlins will come to New York at once and remain until after the convention. He will take in charge the People's Union Chorus, whose rendering of The Messiah recently under Mr. Damrosch was so successful. This chorus will be augmented by the Nyack, N. Y., and Allentown, Pa., choruses and various other choral organizations in New York and Brooklyn. The singers of these combined organizations are to render Händel's Messiah, with organ, orchestra and eminent soloists, and the event will be a leading feature of the convention. The loss of Mr. Damrosch from the working force and the fact of his ill health was a source of regret to the executive committee, and they are glad to announce that so able a substitute has been found. Mr. Tomlins will assist in the summer work of the Brooklyn Institute while here.

The committee chosen by Mrs. Theodore Sutro, chairman of the woman's department of the M. T. N. A., is as follows: Mrs. Marie Merrick, musical literature; Mrs. Edith Kent Develin, piano music; Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, compositions; Mrs. Clara A. Korn, art; Mrs. Mary L. Becker, method; Mrs. S. K. Virgil, technical aids; Miss Fannie M. Spencer, organ playing; Mrs. C. S. Virgil, musical clubs and societies; Miss Charlotte W. Hawes, science; Miss Mabel Phipps, orchestras; Miss Emily Alexander, decorations; Miss Marguerite Hall, vocal music; Miss Maud Powell, string instruments; Mrs. E. C. Hazard, musical lectures; Mrs. John H. Queeny, Western cities.

The following letter has just been circulated:

At a meeting of artists on mandolin, guitar, zither, banjo, &c., held on the evening of May 19, at 10 East Fourteenth street, New York city, an organization committee of the Music Teachers' National Association was formed, consisting of prominent teachers of the chamber instruments, for the object of giving a combined literary and artistic entertainment or series of entertainments, under the patronage of the association, at the coming convention, June 24 to 28. A meeting, to which you are cordially invited, has been called for Wednesday evening, May 26, 1897, at 8:30 p. m., at 10 East Fourteenth street, New York city, for the purpose of electing a leader for ensemble music and deciding upon the extent and character of the program. Invitations to this meeting will reach as many as possible, considering the short notice and the little time before the convention.

Hoping that you may be present and give us your advice and influence, we remain,

J. M. PEJALK, Chairman.  
 867 Broadway, New York city.  
 Committee—W. BARTH, CARLOS CURTI,  
 W. G. BRIGGS, F. W. ISENHART,  
 RUPERTO CHACON, C. F. DELL,  
 CHAS. DE JAHON, W. J. KITCHENER,  
 H. L. SEBASTIAN, L. TOCAREN,  
 J. B. ELY, H. L. HUNT,  
 J. G. SCHROEDER, Secretary,  
 10 East Seventeenth street, New York city.

**Samuel Moyle.**—Mr. Moyle's various engagements will keep him in the city this summer. He writes THE MUSICAL COURIER as follows:

I have just taken in hand two tenors and a baritone from different States and a soprano from Canada, all of whom will by next season prove worthy of good church positions and ultimately reach the concert platform, or else I am much mistaken.

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## Weekly Report

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**JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT:** TOCCATA BRILLANTE, A flat major (Breitkopf & Härtel; \$1). In the development of the first theme the author gives evidence of consummate skill in two-part writing. The second main theme, in D flat, is of great melodic beauty. This piece is excellent for the cultivation of an even legato for both hands; its satisfactory performance demands a finished player.

**M. ENRICO BOSSI:** MARCIA NUZIALE, in C major (Bartholf Senff, Leipsic). Originally composed for organ (\$1); also arranged for piano solo (75 cents), and piano four hands (\$1), by the composer himself. Though written for a special occasion, this wedding march is full of inspiration and deserves general recognition. The outer sections are full of grandeur and joyousness. In admirable contrast the trio, in F major, is marked by tenderness. Karl Müller-Berghaus has made a setting of the march for orchestra (score, \$1.50). His skill as an instrumentator is too well known to need further comment. His arrangement considerably heightens the effectiveness of Bossi's fine march.

**CARL BUSCH:** OLD FOLKS AT HOME. Arranged for string orchestra (Breitkopf & Härtel; score and parts, \$1.75). By dividing the 'celli, like the violins, into first and second, Mr. Busch obtains a sextet instead of the usual quintet. The arrangement is made with good taste.

**PIERRE DOUILLET:** SARABANDE ET VARIATIONS. Pour deux pianos, in D, op. 21 (Breitkopf & Härtel; \$2.50). The composer employs two themes, the first in D minor (andante); the second in the corresponding major (tempo di mazurka). Throughout the ancient character is admirably preserved. The variations are made with as much taste as skill, and require good performers.

**A. VON FIELTZ:** OP. 54. SECHS GEDICHTE (Grief, In the Carriage, A Smith, Night Walk, Rainy Day, Sweet nature has burst into Blossom). (Breitkopf & Härtel; 50 cents each.) In each of these short songs the author shows true musical feeling. The music is well suited to the sentiments expressed by the words. Neither voice nor piano present any difficulties.

**HEINRICH HOFMANN:** ROMANTISCHE SUITE für Pianoforte zu vier Händen, op. 120 (Joyous Hunting, Fairy Dance, The Gypsies, The Noble Maid, The Lansquenets, Itinerant Minstrels, On the Loft, Solemn Procession); two books at \$2 each (Breitkopf & Härtel). This suite breathes the genuine spirit of romanticism. Inspiration is sustained throughout, so that it is impossible to give preference to any one movement. The characteristic of the work is

beautiful, sustained melody combined with rich harmonies. Fair players will encounter no serious difficulties.

**S. JADASSOHN:** OP. 131, VIER PHANTASIESTÜCKE: Romance, Alone, Intermezzo, Song. (Rob. Forberg, Leipsic; 50 cents each.) Although the author's great reputation rests upon his theoretical works rather than his creative efforts, these four pieces for piano are full of sentiment; they are well worth closer study; the writing is simply masterly.

**GIUSEPPE MARTUCCI:** TROIS MORCEAUX (Novelette, Nocturne, Scherzo), pour piano, op. 76. (Fr. Kistner, Leipsic, 75 cents each.) The composer seems to have set to work with the fixed purpose of producing something eccentric and bizarre. Nos. 2 and 3 are splendid studies for rhythmic intricacies; they are very difficult.

**M. MEYER-OLBERSLEBEN:** AUS DEM LIEDERBUCH EINER BRAUT, op. 44. No. 1, Spring's Gift; No. 2, Ay, Sir, Spring; No. 3, Now the Sun is arisen; No. 4, How is the World; No. 5, In festive attire. German and English words. (Fritz Schubert, Jr., Leipsic.) Complete, \$1.50; singly, each song, 50 cents. Of these charming songs the second (El, Herr Lenz, ich muss dich fragen) is especially interesting; it is full of banter and naïveté.

**TH. PODBERTSKY:** DEDICATORY ODE (Weihegesang), op. 92, (C. F. W. Siegel, Leipsic; vocal score, \$1). The composer deserves much credit for having avoided exaggeration in his music. The opening is stately. Throughout the chorus is treated admirably. The work can be highly recommended to male choral societies.

**Adele Lewing.**—Adele Lewing gave a piano recital at Troy May 24. She was also the soloist at the Troy Vocal Society May 26.

**Linde Concert Company.**—Flattering notices continue to arrive of the success of the Linde Concert Company:

Rarely does such a combination come through Nashville as the Linde Concert Company, which gave a concert at Watkins' Hall last night. There were but three artists, but they gave such a treat as it does not often fall to the lot of people to hear. Madame Linde, the prima donna contralto, has a voice not to be excelled in the catalogue of singers who have honored this city within the past ten years. She came here unknown, as did her companions, and such was the impression made that the news of a return engagement will be most welcome. Madame Linde sang selections, showing the range of her voice admirably. The Ave Maria, from Samson and Delila; the Ave Maria, from Cavalleria Rusticana, and the Spanish love song served to show the splendid capacity of her voice, and the lighter selections given as encores, such as My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose, and the Florian song only emphasized the impression given by the regular numbers.—Nashville Banner.

Mme Rosa Linde sang an air of Samson and Delila, by Saint-Saëns, instead of the Saphic Ode, and pleased her hearers so much with her beautiful rich tones, expression and fine phrasing that she received very hearty applause. Her high notes are as pleasant as the low ones. She went in one phrase from the twice marked B flat in a rapid run down to the small B flat, and produced also a beautiful rich, low A flat. Those low tones sounded very mellow and full, not harsh and coarse, as one would expect. The audience was so well pleased that Madame Linde was called out twice. Madame Linde sang a song, Remembrance, which was written for her by Mr. Luckstone. Her enunciation of the words was very clear, shading beautiful and the low F clear and sonorous. Madame Linde's success reached the climax when she had to give two encores after the Spanish love song of Chaminade, which was so charming. Bells of Love, by Mario-Celli, and Florian's love song, by Godard, were the two encores.—Norfolk Independent, February 15, 1897.

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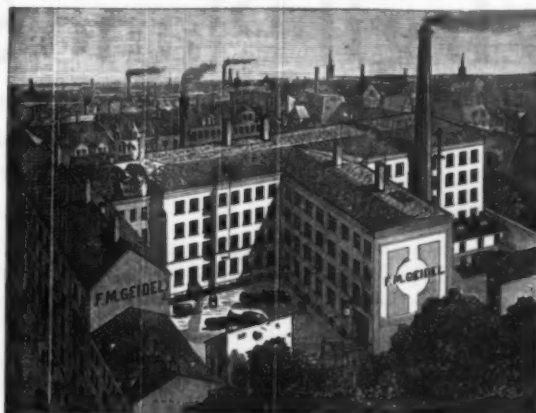
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J. H. MCKINLEY, one of the best tenors now before the public, has just returned from the West after a highly gratifying tour with Calvé and the Boston Festival Orchestra. The trip lasted six weeks, and Mr. McKinley rightly earned a big share of the welcome accorded him in the scores of cities in which concerts were given.

Mr. McKinley is a true artist in musical temperament and method, and his voice is remarkable for its rich, warm quality. His enunciation is grateful, as is his phrasing. His future engagements are many.

The following press notices taken at random cover a wide territory:

Mr. McKinley, the tenor's, conception and rendering of the part of *Siegfried* is worthy of special commendation. This gentleman has improved much since he last sang here with the vocal society, and can certainly be classed with the best of tenors.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*, May 13, 1897.

Mr. McKinley is one of the few tenors worth listening to, not only because his singing is free from that disagreeable bleat—that open, "white" tone which is so often heard—but also on account of his artistic methods, finished phrasing, clear enunciation and musical temperament. The voice has a rich, warm quality. He is not the usual cut and dried reputation oratorio tenor, for he is not choked by tradition, nor is he afraid to show his feelings; serenity of tone there was, exquisite verbal discrimination and lots of fire and feeling.—*Richmond, Va., Dispatch*, May 7, 1897.

Mr. McKinley, who took the tenor solos, was given a hearty greeting after his first number, which was rendered with a keen appreciation of the beauties in that work. His voice is clear and flexible, and possesses strength and range in a remarkable way. He sang with great feeling and was forced to respond to an encore.—*Richmond Evening Leader*, May 7, 1897.

Mrs. Bloodgood sang eminently well and Mr. McKinley, the tenor, whose work was likewise irreproachable, were roundly applauded and were happily not neglected in the least for the sake of the prima donna.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*, May 12, 1897.

Mr. McKinley charmed the large audience with his work.—*Pittsburg Daily News*.

Mr. McKinley has a tenor voice of considerable compass and great sweetness and purity of tone. It also possesses a sympathetic quality that invested his aria with added interest.—*Pittsburg Times*, May 12.

Mr. McKinley came to Pittsburg with enthusiastic praise from those who have heard him sing in the East in oratorio and at the Worcester Festival, and he rightly established his claim last night in the aria *Lend Me Your Aid*, by Gounod.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*.

Mr. McKinley is one of the most artistic singers on the platform today. In the recitative, *Behold in Serried Ranks They Come*, his dramatic powers were fully tested, and he at once found favor with the audience. Mr. McKinley is worthy of all the praise that can be given him.—*Cleveland Leader*, May 13, 1897.

Of the soloists Mr. McKinley was prime favorite. His aria was magnificently rendered.—*Richmond State*, May 7.

Mr. McKinley's singing of the Prize Song from *Die Meistersinger*, and his encore, *All Through the Nights*, was shown to be one of the best hits of the entire festival.—*Richmond Dispatch*, May 8.

Very appropriately followed the Prize Song from *Die Meistersinger*, splendidly rendered by Mr. J. H. McKinley. His stirring tenor is no stranger to Washington, and it was a matter of regret that he was heard in but one solo.—*Washington, D. C., Post*, May 6, 1897.

Mr. McKinley, as the *Narrator*, sang delightfully. His voice is a perfect tenor, and he sings with a fine method and unusually clear enunciation—later Mr. McKinley sang *Lend Me Your Aid*, by Gounod, in a manner which showed him to be one of the most artistic tenors the society has ever secured.—*New Britain Record*.

The *Narrator*, a part of unusual difficulty, was in the hands of J. H. McKinley. Mr. McKinley performed his difficult task admirably throughout and in this opening nuisance gave promise of his future splendid work. Part IV. opens with an effective orchestral prelude, the angry voices of the elements as they rage around the guilty ones. Mr. McKinley's most effective solo came at this point, as he sang of the mighty voice which pronounces to the guilty pair their impending doom. His strong tenor dominated with ease the orchestral tumult, so that it seemed to form but a fitting background.

Mr. McKinley by his masterly rendition of his solos proved that he was not only a conscientious artist of technical ability, but a lyric tenor of great merit.—*Morning Dispatch*, April 30, 1897.

J. H. McKinley, the *Narrator*, showed from the first the intelligent appreciation of the artist and a thorough sympathy with his lines. In the opening of Part III. his tenor voice displayed great dramatic power and intensity. His aria received splendid breadth of treatment and fine dramatic finish, and aroused new admiration in his hearers.—*New Britain Herald-Times*, April 30.

Mr. McKinley gave the beautiful aria *Lend Me Your Aid* in faultless style. He has a tenor of great beauty and purity and his method is unimpeachable. The art displayed in his aria was so perfect that an encore was heartily demanded. It was a pretty little song, in which the young tenor was at his best.—*Minneapolis Journal*, May 10.

The concert was superb in every respect. Mr. McKinley's aria renewed acquaintance with the resonant qualities of his voice. His effective enunciation constitutes not the least interest in his performance. For his very acceptable rendition he was recalled for encore and sang an old English song with harp accompaniment.—*Minneapolis Tribune*, May 10.

Calvé's support was excellent. Mr. McKinley and Signor Campanari were both well received and sang excellently.—*Portland Express*.

J. H. McKinley, an extremely tenoristic tenor, met with excellent success in an aria from Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*. He pleased undoubtedly, and responded with a simple and artistic encore.—*Devon Free Press*, May 14.

Mr. McKinley made a pleasing impression in the difficult aria by Gounod, and was warmly received.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*, May 21, 1897.

## MINNEAPOLIS FESTIVAL.

It is not unfair to the others to surmise that Madame Blauvelt and Mr. McKinley carried off the honors of the solo work. Mr. McKinley is richly endowed with a voice of unusual breadth and force. That he sings with fire and ardor is no detriment to the artistic result.—*Minneapolis Tribune*, May 18.

Mr. McKinley is a tenor of no common standing. His voice possesses a rare freshness and softness, coupled with a very respectable range. Mr. McKinley's rendition of the first solo in the *Stabat Mater*, Cujus Animam, was worthy of the highest praise.—*Minneapolis Times*, May 18.

Mr. McKinley gave genuine pleasure to the most sensitive musical ear by his broad and dramatic phrasing of the score.—*Gloucester, Mass.*

A high standard had been set up when Mr. McKinley's turn arrived, but the applause with which his well rendered aria was received was no less prolonged. He responded with a song of sentiment which thoroughly enraptured the audience. Mr. McKinley is one of the most satisfactory tenor soloists that has ever appeared here.—*Evening Standard*.

## ELIJAH.

For a few minutes there seemed almost a crisis in our musical festival history. But its fate was happily decided soon after the commencement of the oratorio. It was Mr. McKinley who broke the icy reserve. His first recitative is, it will be remembered, an appeal to the conscience of the people. He awakened it with a beautiful rendering of the tender andante, and a hearty burst of applause followed. Mr. McKinley sang with much appreciation, and his arias were endowed with a wealth of beauty.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

## NEW BEDFORD FESTIVAL.

Madame Blauvelt, Campanari and Mr. McKinley created sensations and were obliged to respond to encores. Three such heavy solo numbers do not occur in a single program, especially so superbly sung as on this occasion. Mr. McKinley sang finely, throwing all his talent into the passages, and scoring his reward in a roar of applause. For an encore he sang Chaminade's *Silver Ring* with such delicacy that the audience fairly hung on his words in drinking in the music.—*New Bedford Evening Standard*.

Madame Blauvelt, Mr. J. H. McKinley and Campanari sang the *Tale of the Viking* on Thursday evening for the first part of the program, the second part being miscellaneous. The audience went wild with delight over the singing of these artists, and they were applauded and recalled that was hearty and appreciative. Mr. McKinley, after his aria, sang Chaminade's *Silver Ring* in a manner that

held the audience breathless. The evening was a triumph for the soloists.—*Boston Musical Notes*, *Courier Correspondent*.

The singing of Mr. McKinley was of an unusually high order, and was highly appreciated by all who heard him.—*Ann Arbor Register*, May 20.

One of the most enjoyable concerts of the season was that given last night at Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall by Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry McKinley. Mr. McKinley, who is a member of the Calvé Concert Company, is well known here as a lyric tenor, of admirable style and very agreeable quality of voice. His work last evening possessed its usual merit. No small part of Mr. McKinley's success was due to the tasteful and sympathetic accompaniments of Mrs. McKinley.—*New York Herald*, April 20, 1897.

Mr. McKinley is so well known and appreciated in Williamsport that everything he does, it is taken for granted, is well done. Mr. McKinley is a thorough artist, and his rendition of the part fully sustained the high reputation he has established with the people here.—*Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin*, May 11, 1897.

Mr. McKinley, by means of his faultless tenor, has found prominence in the musical world attained by few others. His pleasing appearance, combined with his exceptional vocal powers, make him the hero of the hour. His style is refined and his phrasing is perfect.—*Warren, Pa., Mirror*.

**Tecla Vigna.**—We have to announce Mme. Tecla Vigna's summer term in connection with the Auditorium School of Music, Cincinnati.

**Lillian Carlsmith.**—At the last of Mr. Pratt's recitals in Chickering Hall Lillian Carlsmith sang Massenet's *Enchantment*, *De Koven's My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose*, *d'Hardelot's Ninon*, and for the second number a Chopin etude, arranged for voice, with words and arrangement by Mr. Pratt, and also a *Slumber Song* by the same gentleman. The audience was very enthusiastic, and the singer received numerous recalls.

**Burmeister Pupils' Concert Company.**—A concert was given last Friday in Washington by pupils of Richard Burmeister, the eminent pianist and teacher, of Baltimore. It was probably for the first time that a concert company of pupils traveled from one to another city to make a show of the results of their master's instruction. The concert was given at the Columbia Theatre before a most fashionable audience, which filled the large hall from dome to pit. The boxes were occupied by several members of President McKinley's Cabinet, with their families and friends; Madame Romero, the Mexican Minister's wife; Madame Mendonça, the Brazilian Minister's wife; Surgeon-General Sternberg and other distinguished people.

The performers were four most talented and advanced young pianists, Misses Edith Tyler, Blanche Sanders, Anne Atkinson and Mr. Luther Conradi, and were assisted by Miss Florence Woolford, soprano. All of them received prolonged applause, and were called before the curtain many times. The affair was a complete success, and there was great enthusiasm in the audience as well as among the performers.

The program was as follows:

Concerto in C minor, first movement.....	Beethoven
Miss Edith Tyler.	
Aria, Cinq Mars.....	Gounod
Miss Florence Woolford.	
Prelude in B minor.....	Chopin
Paganini Etude.....	Liszt
Valse Brillante.....	Moszkowski
Miss Blanche Sanders.	
Concertstück in F minor.....	Weber
Miss Anne Atkinson.	
My Lady Waltz.....	Minetti
Persian song.....	Burmeister
Miss Florence Woolford.	
Hungarian Fantaisie.....	Liszt
Mr. Luther Conradi.	

Mr. Burmeister's reputation as one of the greatest teachers of the pianistic world being established already for years, was again manifested by the performance of this unique pupils' concert company, and proves also THE MUSICAL COURIER's opinion that students do not need to go abroad in order to get first-class instruction.

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## ALBANY.

ALBANY, May 7, 1897.

AFTER the final concert of the May Festival of the Musical Association last night it is safe to assert that the season of music in Albany is closed. During the past month there have been a few concerts of minor interest which I will touch on lightly. The two most important events of the year were the annual May Festival of the Albany Musical Association, Mr. Elliott Schenck conductor, and the annual concert of the Albania Orchestra, Mr. Fred. P. Denison, conductor.

An enjoyable concert was given by the Capital Banjo Club last month, assisted by Mr. Walrath, cornet soloist. Mr. Harry J. McClure conducted.

The tendering and acceptance of a position as organist in one of the largest Buffalo churches is a great compliment to one of Albany's best young organists and musicians, Mr. William Gompf. Mr. Gompf is a very young man, but a musician who would put to shame many heads older than his.

The Albania Orchestra went to Schenectady April 30 and assisted the Schenectady Choral Association in giving The Holy City, besides playing a few solo numbers.

One of the most interesting concerts of the year was that given by the Albania Orchestra. The program was most happily arranged and calculated to show the work of the orchestra to the best advantage as well as please an audience. This body is composed of about thirty of the best amateur instrumentalists in the city, conducted by Mr. Fred. P. Denison, who succeeded Mr. W. J. Holding, who was the former conductor.

The pupils of Mr. Abercrombie gave a recital in Female Academy Hall April 28. Mr. Abercrombie sang Deeper and Deeper Still, by Handel. The pupils all did well, particularly Miss Marie d'Arcy Buck, soprano, for whom I predict great things in the future. Her voice is full and well rounded. It is clear and has more of the mezzo quality. The rest of the pupils all did very well. Miss Helen A. Winne sang Past and Future, De Koven; Miss Agnes M. Henderson, For All Eternity, Mascheroni; Miss Pilling sang the recitative and aria, O Luce de Quest Anima. Mr. Charles Burnham sang Ro. ked in the Cradle of the Deep; Miss Minnie O. Reed sang an Ave Maria; Miss Ada Blanchard sang With Verdure Clad, and Miss Francis Kibbee sang Half Dreams. Mr. Abercrombie has some good voices among his pupils, and the recital reflects credit on both pupils and tutor.

The first concert of the May Festival, held on Wednesday night, was in some respects interesting and in others very dull. But the contrast was about evenly divided. The first part of the concert was devoted to Handel's oratorio, Samson, and the second part was given

up to excerpts from Tannhäuser. The soloists were Madame von Januschowsky, soprano; Mr. Ben Davies, tenor, and Signor Campanari, baritone, assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra and chorus. Mr. Elliott Schenck conducted.

The second concert of the festival was on Thursday afternoon, at which the chorus did not sing. The orchestra played several solo numbers and the soloists were Madame Januschowsky, Evan Williams, tenor, and Pfrangcon-Davies, baritone. This concert appealed more to the popular taste and was delightful in the highest sense. The orchestral numbers, especially the Peer Gynt suite and the Fingal's Cave overture, were excellently played. The accompaniments were good. Madame Januschowsky sang the aria from Oberon, Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster, and demonstrated that dramatic music is her forte. Her work was effective and brilliant.

Pfrangcon-Davies sang the prologue from Pagliacci with orchestra. He has a noble delivery and commanding style. He has been endowed with a voice of rare beauty and magnificence, and in every respect was art shown in his singing. I do not believe that at any time I have heard a more magnificent piece of work.

Evan Williams appeared at this concert for the second time in Albany. He sang at one of the public concerts early in the winter and created much enthusiasm; indeed so much that his appearance at the festival was demanded. He sang a Welsh ballad, Mentr Gwen and All Through the Night, a simple, flowing melody. His accompaniments were played by the harpist of the orchestra. I have never heard a voice of more beautiful quality, especially in the middle register.

The closing concert of the festival was the production of Max Bruch's Arminius, with chorus, orchestra and Carlotta Desvignes, contralto; Evan Williams, tenor, and Pfrangcon-Davies, baritone, as soloists.

To Mr. Elliott Schenck, the conductor, is more than passing credit due. His handling of the large number of people on the stage and interpretations of the works given has shown him to be an energetic and competent conductor. The chorus has improved during the year under his direction, and its work was conscientious and praiseworthy. Albany has cause for pride in the Musical Association. Each year brings it a step forward on the ladder of perfection. We will now see what next year will bring forth.

ALFRED S. BENDELL.

## ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 5, 1897.

MRS. SARAH McDONALD-SHERIDAN was the recipient of a benefit concert at the Grand April 30. Miss Hunt, violinist; Mr. Oscar Papenheimer, cellist, and Mr. J. H. McLean, pianist, assisted in ensemble numbers. Mr. G. Aldo Randegger was solo pianist. Mr. J. H. McLean as accompanist was very musicianly and unfailingly sympathetic.

The ensemble numbers were good. If I may except the first number, a Gade trio, in which the piano part was a trifle conspicuous. Mr. Randegger played Du bist die Ruh, Schubert-Liszt, and an étude by Rubinstein. Mrs. Sheridan sang songs by Handel, Rubinstein Foote, Schubert, Adam, Bemberg and d'Hardelot. Her voice is a remarkably individual and sympathetic contralto of good volume and compass. Her enunciation was on this occasion remarkably good, and her interpretation of d'Hardelot's Little Boy Blue, Adam's Noel and Foote's I'm Wearin' Awa', Jean was absolutely tear-compelling.

She leaves Atlanta in a few weeks for a further course of study

with Mr. Frank Herbert Tubbs, of New York, the teacher to whom she owes her present attainments.

April 25 and 26 Queen Esther, a sacred cantata, was given principally by Atlanta amateurs at the Grand. The staging and costuming were excellent and the performance smooth. Mrs. Frank Pearson sang the part of Esther. Mr. A. M. Hurbank was musical director and Mr. Frank Pearson stage manager.

Mrs. Sheridan, contralto, is filling a week's engagement at the Hawkinsville, Ga., Chautauqua. HENRY HOWELL.

**Ida Mawson in London.**—Ida Mawson, the mezzo soprano, has been singing with success in London at the Van der Straeten concerts.

**Munich.**—Herman Zumppe, who for ten years acted as conductor of the Kain Orchestra in Munich, appeared in that capacity for the last time on April 28, to the general regret of Munich concert-goers.

**Flying Dutchman in Paris.**—Wagner's Vaisseau Fantome was produced this week with apparently nothing more than a succès de fanatisme. Wagnerites discuss it as "a work which must be regarded as containing the germ of Wagner's genius," while anti-Wagnerites dismiss it as simply embêtant. The Gaultois, for example, says the Vaisseau Fantome broke the chain which bound the future to the past, and therefore its three acts merit a sort of veneration.—*New York Herald.*

**Copenhagen.**—The season of palace concerts in Copenhagen under the baton of Joachim Andersen, just closed, brought many novelties. The following were first productions:

Jean P. Rameau.....	A Ballet Suite
Johan Halvorsen.....	Indian Suite
Johannes Brahms.....	Tragic Overture
Edv. Lalo.....	Le Roi d'Ys
Smetana.....	Bartered Bride
Volkman.....	Overture Richard III.
Beethoven.....	Prometheus Ballet Music
Chabrier.....	Habanera
Dubois.....	Sylvine
Goldmark.....	Selections Queen of Sheba
E. Grieg.....	Norse Folk Dance
A. Glazounow.....	Lyric Poem
Händel.....	Largo (think of that!)
P. Lacombe.....	Aubade
E. Neupert.....	Resignation
J. Raff.....	Tarantelle
R. Wüster.....	Selections
César Franck.....	Variations Symphoniques
Johann Haberson.....	Passacaglia
F. Mendelssohn.....	
Serenade and Allegro, for piano and orchestra	
C. F. E. Horneman.....	Kalanns
Wagner.....	Five songs

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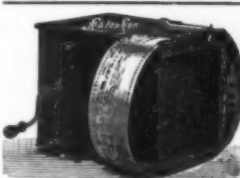
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Overture, Rienzi.....	Wagner
Overture, Tannhäuser.....	Wagner
Overture, Die Meistersinger.....	Wagner
LECTURE.	
The Secret of Wagner's Power.....	Mr. Albert Ross Parsons
Recital of Transcriptions from Wagner's Music-Dramas.	
Die Meistersinger.....	C. Reubner
Brangäne's Song, Tristan.....	Mr. David Proctor.
Siegfried's Song, Die Walküre.....	Tausig
Sixtet, Tannhäuser.....	Miss Mabel Kingman.
March, Tannhäuser.....	Mr. Harry Rawlins Baker.
Magie Fire, Die Walküre.....	Brassin
Sextet, Tannhäuser.....	Miss Sallie Fesenden Hodges.
March, Tannhäuser.....	Raff
March, Tannhäuser.....	Miss Georgie Van Brunt.
March, Tannhäuser.....	Liszt
March, Tannhäuser.....	Miss Emma M. Frost.

The entire evening was enjoyable, beginning with the orchestral Æolian introduction, continuing with a deeply interesting lecture on the great music master and ending with the piano transcriptions. In these Miss Frost distinguished herself by her extremely brilliant performance; she has an excellent staccato and advanced octave technic, and played from memory. Miss Van Brunt possesses power and temperament, Miss Kingman has a musical nature and played with warm expression, and young Proctor, who looks like a college boy, plays like a musician.

Indeed this characteristic, that of musicianship, was prominent in all the players; these Synthetic students are taught to play with understanding as well as digital! A large audience attended and the sincerest interest was manifested.

## Virgil Recitals.

TUESDAY evening, May 18, was the occasion of Mr. Frederic Mariner's third recital in the series of four given during this month in the Virgil Piano School Recital Hall. Lovely weather and a large and enthusiastic audience combined to enhance the success of the evening. The pupil pianists were Miss M. Elizabeth Sullivan, of Hoboken, and Miss Gertrude Gardiner, of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Helen O'Donnell, of Brooklyn.

The program was a choice and well arranged one, the pieces being well contrasted. Miss Gardiner played with apparent ease and finish. She displayed both musical temperament and excellent training and succeeded in attracting and holding the attention of the audience. Her interpretation of the Paganini etude, by Schumann, was exceedingly artistic and effective, so was Galatea, by Jensen, and Spring Night, by Schumann-Liszt. The two latter pieces afforded her an opportunity for the expression of emotional feeling and dramatic power, which she utilized, playing with breadth, fervor and enthusiasm.

Miss Sullivan was also an interesting player, her best numbers being Albulblatt, Gade; Gondoliers, Stojowski, and a minuet by Schubert. The latter was a particularly refreshing and grateful selection, and was played with exquisite daintiness and feeling. Miss Sullivan is truly an emotional player; at times this very requisite to a successful artist seems to force her in to making over effects—a defect that surely can be turned to good account with the plenty of hard work and careful training that this remarkable method gives. As to technic she apparently pays no attention to keys, yet her execution is clear and all technical difficulties are accomplished with ease.

Mrs. O'Donnell, always a favorite wherever she sings assisted, at short notice, and certainly added another to her long list of successes. A rich contralto voice of unusual depth and purity, wonderfully clear articulation, emotional temperament and a charmingly easy manner, all tend to make her a successful artist.

Following is the program:

Piano—	
Toccata.....	Paradies
Paganini Etude.....	Schumann
Piano—	
Albulblatt.....	Gade
Gondoliers.....	Stojowski
Vocal, Could I.....	Tosti
Piano—	
Prelude, No. 17.....	Chopin
Barcarolle.....	Rubinstein
Piano—	
Romance.....	Rubinstein
Minuet.....	Schubert
O Happy Day.....	Goetz
Piano—	
Galatea.....	Jensen
Spring Night.....	Schumann-Liszt
Piano—	
Serenata.....	MacDowell
Mazurka.....	Godard

Mr. Claude Maitland Griffith's recital took place at Recital Hall on Wednesday afternoon, May 12, at 3:30 P.M. Here, also, a very interesting program was offered. It was played by Miss Leila I. Thompson, of Spartanburg, S. C., and Miss Matilda A. Currier, of Newark.

Miss Thompson is a player of marked ability and plays

with a dash and go that are invigorating. She is strong and courageous in her interpretations and plays without affectation, thereby winning for herself friends even in strange audiences. Her execution was excellent and fully equal to the demand made upon it.

Miss Currier's playing is quiet and unostentatious, but nevertheless refined and interesting. She produced many excellent musical effects, and gave pleasure to her listeners. She certainly not only deserves credit herself, but reflects credit on her teacher, for her work showed conscientious care and painstaking.

## PROGRAM.

Prelude, from Suite in E minor.....	Raff
Gavot.....	Gelli
Impromptu.....	Foot
Miss Thompson.	
Song Without Words, op. 32, No. 15.....	Jensen
Mazurka, op. 24, No. 1.....	Chopin
Scarf Dance.....	Chaminade
Etude, op. 25, No. 4.....	Wollenhaupt
Miss Currier.	
Moments Musical.....	Moszkowski
Spring Dawn.....	Mason
Miss Thompson.	
Au Printemps.....	Grieg
Clare de Lune.....	MacDowell
Allegretto Scherzando.....	Wolf
Miss Currier.	
Humoresque.....	Tschaikowsky
Air de Ballet, op. 30.....	Chaminade
Miss Thompson.	

**The Spiering Quartet.**—The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in reporting the close of the Ladies' Musical Club, of that city, writes, on May 9:

The twelfth concert of the Ladies' Musical Club was given in Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows Temple, last night by the Spiering String Quartet, of Chicago. The members of the quartet are Theodore Spiering, first violin; Otto Roehrborn, second violin; Adolf Weidig, viola; Herman Diestel, violoncello. The quartet has achieved a reputation second only to that of the famous Kneisel, if comparisons may be admitted.

Last night's audience made no comparisons, and only gave expression to complete delight. The performance was artistic and finished to a degree.

The program given was as follows:

Quartet, op. 59, No. 2, in E minor.....	Beethoven
Chaconne, for violin alone.....	Bach
Mr. Theodore B. Spiering.	
D minor quartet.....	Cherubini
(Second and third movements.)	
Quartet, op. 11.....	Tschaikowsky

The Bach chaconne had not been given here since it was played years ago by Schradieck. Mr. Spiering gave it with taste and feeling, and was enthusiastically applauded.

Cincinnati has a particular interest in Mr. Spiering, since he received his early musical education here.

The audience which greeted the quartet last night was a large one.

**Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Dossert.**—An informal musicale was given on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Dossert at their studio in Carnegie Hall. A large number of distinguished artists were present, despite the almost impromptu character of the affair. Fortune certainly favored the hostess on this occasion. The evening was pleasant and cool, everyone good-humored in consequence, and the studio, which by the way is one of the most charming and artistic in Carnegie Hall, was an inspiration in itself to the singers.

Mme. Anna Lankow's rich voice rang out in the Autumnal Gale, by Grieg. Master Harry Graboff played the first movement of the Hiller concerto and the Apassionata Sonata, Beethoven. Mr. George Fleming sang the Prologue to I Pagliacci. Mr. Carl Rieck, who has lately won such great success and who is a pupil of Mr. Dossert, contributed to the pleasure of the guests the Minnelied, by Brahms, and Im Herbst, by Robert Franz. Mr. Theo. Arnheiter, who is the violin instructor of Hasbrouck Institute, played several selections and won applause for his singing as well. He is one of Mr. Dossert's most talented pupils. Mrs. Dossert and Mr. Edward Dossert also sang, the rich baritone of the latter ringing out with splendid spirit in Daphne's Love, by Ronald.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. Bradley Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence V. Kip, Mr. and Mrs. Howard MacNutt, Mrs. J. W. Storm, Dr. and Mrs. G. Howe Winkler, Mrs. Henry Peters, Mr. Geo. S. Sturgis, Miss Green, Mr. Chas. Hatfield, Mrs. and Miss Clark, Miss Grannis, Madame Lankow, Mr. Louis Mesonier, Mrs. Mercedes Leigh, Mr. Vanderveer and others.

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## MUSICAL COURIER

## TRADE EXTRA.

This paper publishes every Saturday The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA, which is devoted to musical instruments and to general information on topics of interest to the music trade and its allied trades.

The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA is especially adapted for the advertising of musical instruments of all kinds, as it reaches all the firms in the music trades of America.

## Opera in Brooklyn.

ON Wednesday of last week the Castle Square Company, of Boston, appeared at the Montauk Theatre, in Brooklyn, in the double bill of Lucia di Lammermoor and Cavalleria Rusticana, in which it established such a name for itself that hundreds of people are turned away nightly. Of all satisfactory performances these surely have figured most prominently, as throughout the cast was superb.

As Lucia Miss Fatmah Diard was astonishing, both as vocalist and actress. Her voice has a feathery lightness in the coloratura requirements of this rôle, and the mad scene was an artistic piece of acting.

Miss Addie Norwood has a beautiful contralto, under good control, and a charming stage presence.

In the Cavalleria Rusticana Miss Clara Lane revealed her capabilities, which are great beyond question. Her voice, so well fitted for the temperamental impassioned rôle of Santuzza, was never sacrificed to dramatic effects, although her acting was superb. Edgar Temple was excellently cast as Turridu, and Mr. J. K. Murray's Alfio was a good piece of work.

In the Chimes of Normandie, however, on Monday night, Mr. Murray was able to show his skill as an actor. His Gaspard is a notable one and lies well in his voice.

As Serpolette Miss Lane was irresistibly piquant and dainty, showing her great versatility by the contrast to her Santuzza of the previous week.

All seem to agree on the fact that Miss Lane is a thorough little artist and would grace any stage, ranging from light to grand opera.

Mr. Edgar Temple, who has a magnificent tenor voice, was a misfit in the baritone part of Henri, but it is probable that he replaced someone else. All the parts were satisfactorily filled and the choruses were in perfect condition.

The orchestra and leader were very much more at home and in keeping with the rest of the excellence than on the opening night. The Bohemian Girl for the rest of the week. Next week Faust and Trovatore.

**National Association of Elocutionists.**—The National Association of Elocutionists will hold its sixth annual convention in New York commencing June 28 and ending July 2.

There will be daily sessions from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., with papers by eminent elocutionists, scientists and clergymen, four evening entertainments of readings and a reception to visiting members and friends, the latter to be given by the New York teachers of oratory.

**Madame Deane Dossert.**—Madame Deane Dossert sang at the reception given on Wednesday, the 10th, by the Daughters of the Confederacy and won enthusiastic applause from those present as well as from the press for every number rendered. Madame Dossert's voice, clear and vibrant, and her distinct enunciation were commented upon and greatly admired.

The mellowness and richness of her lower register are remarkable. Her selections were the Herodiade of Massenet and the Slavonic Song of Chaminade. Madame Dossert was engaged to sing at a luncheon given by the Eclectic Club, of New York. On this occasion she sang La Vie, by Nevin, and Frühlingsnacht, Jensen, delightfully.

Madame Dossert is the wife of the well-known composer and vocal teacher, Frank G. Dossert.

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## INDIANAPOLIS MAY FESTIVAL.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 22, 1897.

THE ninth annual May Music Festival opened fairly auspiciously on Thursday evening with our local chorus of 400 voices, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Van der Stucken conductor, and soloists, as shown by the following program:

Prelude, Chorale and Fugue.....Bach  
Orchestra.  
Aria, O Rudder than the Cherry.....Händel  
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.  
Choral Fantasia.....Beethoven  
Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce, chorus and orchestra.  
Aria, The Magic Flute.....Mozart  
Mme. Clementine de Vere.  
Overture, Euryanthe.....Weber  
Cantata, The Swan and the Skylark.....Goring-Thomas  
Madame De Vere, Sara Layton Walker, Mr. Evan Williams,  
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, chorus and orchestra.

The impressive points of the evening were pretty well divided among all the factors. With few exceptions, our greatest musical affair of the year has been accompanied by severe thunderstorms and a deluge of rain.

The evening promptly dropped into line with the rule, and Jupiter Pluvius took a hand in the proceedings, not even asking for comps. Mr. Van der Stucken delayed the opening nearly half an hour, not carrying to mix in with the thunder.

Mr. Davies is superb and warmed his hearers to spontaneous and prolonged applause. What a profoundly good oratorio singer he is; full, large, effective and wholesome in both voice and art: I found nothing suggestive of Beethoven in the choral fantasia until well along in the work. It appears, on one hearing, to be a lot of authentic cadences lightly strung together, easily shelved in view of the very many things musical we have nowadays better worth the offering. Mr. Pierce, a local pianist, took the rather ungrateful piano third of the trio. He is always well received, and the offering of a beribboned laurel wreath expressed the esteem his audience holds him in.

Mme. Clementine de Vere exploited the great Magic Flute aria, to the delight of those who like that sort of thing now. The voice shows much beauty in her chest tones.

The Swan and the Skylark is one of the most beautiful things I know, and it may be heard often, I am sure, with increasing interest and delight. I did not find a measure in it that did not seem inspired and sequential.

In Mr. Evan Williams we heard one of the most fluid and suave tenors we have had here. A bit more robustness at times would add to his breadth and effectiveness, but I only suggest my own view in this.

Miss Sara Layton Walker, a local product and favorite, has broadened and grown since I last heard her. She has a voice richly tempered, with capabilities, I think, yet undeveloped. An occasional slight change in voice placement suggests itself to me, together with a general "letting out." She sails her musical bark in an endless calm and needs a spanking breeze and a choppy sea, with the dash and glitter of sunlit spray, to test and develop her resources. It lies well within her possibilities to become a great, good singer. I pray she may.

## Friday afternoon's program was:

Soloist, Mr. Barron Berthald.  
Symphony in C major (No. 7).....Haydn  
Orchestra.  
Aria, Lend Me Your Aid, from Queen of Sheba.....Gounod  
Mr. Barron Berthald.  
Pagina d'Amore.....  
Caliban's Pursuit, from The Tempest.....Van der Stucken  
Orchestra.  
Love Song from Walküre.....Wagner  
Mr. Barron Berthald.  
Ballet, Le Cid.....Massenet  
Sevillane.  
Aragonaise.  
Navarraise.  
Orchestra.

Entirely orchestra and Berthald. The orchestra for the first time showed fine form and fettle. In the first program the weather played havoc with any possible fine tune poise. The strings suffered from the atmospheric conditions, hence everything suffered, the cornets appearing sharp in a few phrases and the deeper basses lugubrious and spluttery.

The afternoon, made bright by cool, fair weather, toned the whole thing differently, and Mr. Van der Stucken gave us an hour of exquisite delight. The Haydn symphony was given a very reposeful presentation. Of course it is a sort of Mary Had a Little Lamb affair, but it is well to toe the mark at Haydn occasionally and get bearings. If the Haydn was set as a foil to the Van der Stucken numbers following it it fulfilled its mission, for these were up to date in every respect. Everybody went after Caliban, or Caliban went after everybody, I don't know which, but everybody was in a hurry and had a busy day. Orchestral coloring, brilliancy and the soul of sparkling music were in this number, and a repetition was demanded and secured.

Everybody was in attune now, and the handling of the delightful little numbers of the afternoon set the orchestra perfectly right with us all.

The Massenet numbers are included; vivid in coloring and artfully eccentric in rhythm and melody.

Barron Berthald has been ill and was tired from a long journey following hard work East, and anything short of superb in this artist's singing is keenly felt. He was recalled after his aria, as well as after the love song from Walküre.

The more he sang the better he got, until he was himself again. He reached Indianapolis but an hour before he was due on the platform.

Friday evening was devoted to Wagner; program herewith:

Soloists.  
Miss Ella Russell.....Soprano  
Miss Sara Layton Walker.....Contralto  
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.....Baritone  
Mr. Morris Meck.....Tenor  
Overture.  
Introduction and chorus.  
Ballad and chorus.  
Duet—From The Flying Dutchman.  
Miss Ella Russell, Miss Sara Layton Walker, Mr. Morris Meck, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, Ladies' chorus and orchestra.  
Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla—From Rheingold.  
Vorspiel, Die Meistersinger.  
Orchestra.  
The Two Grenadiers.  
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.

Overture.  
Aria.  
March—From Tannhäuser.  
Miss Russell, chorus and orchestra.

The orchestra sustained itself in high degree. It is one of the very few great bands of the country. Its individual and combined tonal qualities throughout are pure and of exquisite charm, the first violins showing the only trace of occasionally varying from a Gericke standard of refinement.

The climax of the evening was reached in the Russell-Davies duet, the dramatic fervor of which was intense and magnificent. Miss Russell was recalled seven or eight times, following her aria and sang Home Sweet Home with tenderness and unusual grace. I had no idea that I could ever again comment graciously upon this bit of sentimentality, but the artist conquers this time. Mr. Davies was recalled after his Two Grenadiers and repeated the Marseillaise, with which it closes. The offering was the crowning work of a great artist in all he did here.

Miss Walker had better opportunities on both Friday and Saturday afternoons, and showed something in line with a larger use of her art, which is heretofore noted. Her reception Saturday afternoon was hearty, and her friends fairly buried her in flowers.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 22.

Overture, Egmont.....Beethoven  
Suite.....Gluck  
Orchestra.  
Aria.....  
Miss Sara Layton Walker.  
Concerto in E flat major.....Liszt  
Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce.  
Children's cantata, Into Life.....Benoit  
Children's chorus and orchestra.

A children's chorus of 800 voices, Miss Walker and Mr. Pierce, were the features of Saturday afternoon. Mr. Pierce won great honors in the great Liszt concerto, giving it an amply broad reading and a fine delivery. The orchestra sustained him grandly, with many refined touches, Michael Brand directing the number.

The children's cantata is something of a novelty and proved highly interesting. Mr. Van der Stucken used his band strongly throughout, probably to keep the little ones up. Enough preparation was given the children to carry them through with a sort of push, very slight attempts being made in the direction of tonal quality and effects. The tasteful and pretty little deliveries which more time would have wrought were not there. However, this is considered by many not an important matter.

The Herbert American Medley closed the affair. May the good Lord forgive Herbert in the fullness of time:

## SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 22.

The Flight Into Egypt.....Berlioz  
Mr. Barron Berthald, chorus and orchestra.  
Dance of the Sylphs.....Berlioz  
Hungarian March, from The Damnation of Faust.....  
Orchestra.  
The Mad Scene, from Hamlet.....A. Thomas  
Mme. Emmi Calvé.  
Overture and chorus, from Masaniello.....Auber  
Orchestra and chorus.  
Aria, La Perle du Brésil.....David  
Madame Calvé.  
Reverie, from Suite Algérienne.....Saint-Saëns  
Finale, from Les Erynnies.....Massenet  
Orchestra.  
Chorus from The Redemption.....Gounod  
Chorus and orchestra.

Saturday night brought Calvé, Mr. Berthald for a little dab of ungrateful work, the orchestra in its best and highest work of the week and a house full of American idiots with leaner pockets inside the doors than they had outside.

How these foreign artists prate their gibbering nonsense

about the American living for the dollar only; and how they come and seduce us, trail their art in the dust, yea, even of the alkali dust of the home of the broncho and cowboy, for these same glittering silver discs, throw kisses at us from the platform and "cusses" from the outgoing steamer!

This insidious woman Calvé seduces art, brains, dollars and the rest of the alphabet, and with such an irresistible charm! She has more seductive art than voice, and proposes to protect that voice with that art against the encroachments of time. But what a nightmare of maleducation it is we are giving our people through these erratic means! Must we forever demand the intoxication of an abnormal novelty, monkey shines, grins, grimaces and jerky flouts to think we are getting there?

And we pay \$150 a minute for it, too! Just think of it! It is we who are after the dollar, is it? Yes, after letting it go in reckless pursuit of soap bubbles and rainbows. Calvé has an art, and a great one, which she sells in any fashion or form desired, and we go to see the bargain consummated; not because of and for that art, but simply because the speculation is on a large financial scale, and we take a gambler's interest in seeing if there be enough other fellows there to make the game a winner for the promoter. What fools we mortals be!

The best work of the chorus came with this night. The music was easy and they got a better balance than previously. Its work was mostly of the push and forte sort. In one instance, the closing measures of The Flight, did we get a bit of pretty effect chorally, in a drop from a forte to a sweetly intonated piano. It came with a brightening effect and was quite the lone attainment in this line of the week.

The chorus is, of course, the local feature of our festivals. Last year we began to draw the attention of the outer world to us through this organization, and the outer world was slow in getting sight of us, too. It ought to have been made known before, but the local press did not comprehend the attainment, and could not therefore properly position it.

Mr. Van der Stucken and his local assistant, Mr. Ernest-inoff, have got all the results possible from a new chorus hastily assembled, taking on all sorts and conditions of material, from the fellow who never sang a note, but thought he could if he would try, to a few of the old chorus from the front seats, and more from the back, and more from somewhere else. A hard job was cut out for the conductors, but they tackled it like a man hanging to a bear's tail, and it wasn't amusing either to hang on or to let go.

They got all the results possible, but where are we in our festival scheme as a local artistic quantity?

This chorus sang through without falling down, gave us some fortes and pianos, better altos than sopranos, tenors that we sniffed occasionally, and basses that we could see. Like good children—seen and not heard! No choral tone quality, no exquisite shading and nuance, such as have drawn the critics to us; we have traded it all for—Morris Meck.

Mr. Arens, a great conductor, is possibly lost to us. Large and cohesive projects, so far as a small city is able to accomplish in that direction, are despoiled and scattered to the winds and we are left to resort to other cities for what we should nourish at home. This brings only the question of local pride and patriotism, the latter of which I take as little stock in as anyone. Mr. Van der Stucken is welcome to me whenever and wherever I can get access to him, but to attain good art work within your own bailiwick is creditable too.

After the first night the attendance steadily increased, until we had large and brilliant audiences at the later concerts. Managers were relieved from cares and worries and became a part of the happy throngs that crowded halls and corridors.

The directors have learned three lessons most thoroughly in the preparation and outcome of this year's festival.

They have learned to rely upon and to respect the wishes and needs of their conductor. They have learned to advertise, and how, and that a first-class orchestra is a sum-mum bonum—a clean about-face from heretofore tenets. May the lessons lodge firmly and the good work go on.

Mr. Van der Stucken has been re-engaged to conduct next year's Indianapolis May Festival. W. G. H.

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## MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

John Philip Sousa.  
Flavie Van den Hende.  
Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch. (Forwarded to Berlin office of THE MUSICAL COURIER).  
Rafael Joseffy.  
Reginald de Koven.  
Frank Damrosch.  
Lillian Blauvelt.  
Adele Aus der Ohe.  
Winfield Blake.  
Manager. (7.)

## MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following is at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Leonard E. Auty.  
Doctor B. Hemmersbach.  
H. Arnold.  
Jean de Reszke.  
"Impresario."  
Merchon & Co.  
Mme. Marie Van Duyn.  
J. F. Von der Heide.  
Mme. Julie Rive-King.  
Emil Ober-Heffner.  
Victor Herbert.  
Professor K. Herman. (Marked important.  
Sent by Dr. Sylvester, Berlin.)  
Arthur Clark.  
Ross Jungnickel.

**Esther Hirsch.**—Esther Hirsch, the young contralto, sang with great success at Bayonne, May 13, taking the part of *Armida* in Gade's *Crusaders*. Dr. Dufft was the basso, Mr. Moore the tenor and Mr. Fitzhugh conductor. In the first part of the program she sang *Where Blooms the Rose*, by Johns, and as an encore *Blue Bell*, by MacDowell.

She also sang at Cooper Union, New York, on May 14, with the People's Sight Singing Class, when she gave *O Jugendlust*, *O Jugendglück*, by Van der Stucken; *Good-bye*, by Tosti; *Widmung*, by Schumann, and *Madrigal*, by V. Harris. Miss Esther Hirsch is a pupil of A. Saenger.

**Lesley Weston (a Chittenden-Parsons Pupil).**—Assisted by Miss Myrta French, the well-known soprano, young Mr. Weston gave a students' recital last week in Y. M. C. A. Hall, with this program:

Elegy.....	Bargiel
Bourée.....	Bach-Saint-Saëns
Slumber Song.....	Lesley Weston.
The Night Has a Thousand Eyes.....	Wagner
Love Song.....	Parsons
Studies, C minor.....	Miss Myrta French.
Studies, C major.....	Chopin
Scherzo in B flat minor.....	Lesley Weston.
Three Folk Songs—	
The Piper of Dundee.....	Scotch
The Arbutus Tree.....	Irish
My Rose.....	Plantation Song
Moment Musical.....	Miss Myrta French.
As the Band Went By.....	Schubert
Viola Melody.....	Thalberg
Polka de la Reine.....	Raff

Young Weston, who hails from the northern part of the State, is evidently an earnest, highly talented boy. At the suggestion of Robert Olyphant, Esq., he was sent to New York city in November, 1894, and placed as a student of composition with Mr. Dudley Buck, president of the Metropolitan College of Music, and as a piano student with Miss Kate S. Chittenden, principal of the synthetic department of the Metropolitan College; and he also entered the critical classes of Mr. Albert Ross Parsons. He has received his first certificate as a teacher of the synthetic method for the piano, and besides the generous provision made for his education by the patrons, he won a scholarship in the Synthetic Guild in 1895-6, and a Metropolitan College scholarship in 1896-7.

## Music Items.

**Percy West Dead.**—Percy West, business manager of the Carnegie Lyceum, died last Monday.

**Klengel.**—Mr. Henry Wolfsohn has arranged with Professor Klengel, the 'cellist, for a limited number of concerts in America this coming fall.

**Van der Stucken Sails.**—Frank Van der Stucken, the conductor of Cincinnati and the Indianapolis Festival, sails to-morrow on the *Fürst Bismarck* for Europe.

**Shot Himself When Arrested.**—PATERSON, N. J., May 21.—For about a week a warrant has been out for the arrest of Ernest Jores on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. Constable Sweeney found him about 11:30 o'clock.

When the officer told him he was a prisoner he drew a pistol and pointed it at his breast. The weapon was knocked from his hand just as he pulled the trigger, but it inflicted a flesh wound.

A letter dated three days ago, and avowing an intention to commit suicide, was found in his pocket. It was addressed to the coroner. His cell is closely guarded.

Jores was once a teacher of music in a New Jersey college. He has been here about three months. The letter to the coroner contains about 200 words, written in German. In it he lays the blame for his contemplated suicide on the woman who caused him the loss of his place.—*Sun*.

**University of Wisconsin May Festival.**—The University of Wisconsin May Musical Festival was held in the Armory Building, Wednesday evening, May 19, and was attended by upward of 2,000 people, and was an artistic success. The performers were the Madison Choral Union of 175 voices, Prof. F. A. Parker, conductor; the Boston Festival Orchestra, fifty men, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, with the following soloists: Miss Rose Stewart, soprano; Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, contralto; Miss Jennie Mae Spencer, mezzo soprano; Mr. J. H. McKinley, tenor; Mr. Heinrich Meyn, basso; Miss Minnie Little, pianist, and Sig. Giuseppe Campanari, baritone.

The first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given with but few cuts and the addition of the tenor solo from Part II., *Be Thou Faithful Unto Death*, after which a miscellaneous program was given by the orchestra and soloists.

**Doria Devine Pupils.**—Miss May K. Mason, a brilliant pupil of Mme. Doria Devine, sang at Passaic Saturday afternoon, the 15th inst., with great success. Her numbers included Ardit's waltz song, *Parla*; Spring Song, O. Weil, and *A Dream*, by Bartlett. The *Herald* of that place said:

A delightful musical entertainment was given Saturday last at the Club House by the choir of St. John's Church, assisted by New York talent—undoubtedly the favorite was the soprano soloist, Miss May K. Mason.

Miss Mason is one of Mme. Doria Devine's most promising pupils. Though young, she is already an accomplished artist. She was greeted by very liberal applause. The *News* says:

Miss May K. Mason proved a soprano of exceptional powers. She is a small and sprightly personage, bright and engaging, with a voice which in view of her slight physique is remarkable in volume and range. Miss Mason, I am told, aspires to move amid the *Brünnhildes* and *Carmens* of grand opera.

Miss Louise Gehle is another pupil of Madame Devine likely to achieve distinction in the future. Her voice, a rich contralto, has been much praised at the amateur operatic productions given for charitable purposes at Mount Vernon, and she has recently assumed for the third time the rôle she originated in B. Leavitt's comic opera, *The Frogs of Windom*.

**Elliott Schenck Gives Arminius.**—Of the performance of Bruch's *Arminius*, with which Mr. Elliott Schenck closed the Albany May Festival recently, the Albany papers speak in the following high terms:

Both chorus and orchestra covered themselves with glory. It would seem as if the former had reserved themselves for this occasion to display their powers to the best advantage. There was no hesitation or timidity on the part of the 300 singers, but plenty of fire and passion.—*Times-Union*.

There was splendid descriptive work by both chorus and orchestra. The opening chorus was given with a vigor and force; the swift harmonic changes taken with a freedom and certainty indicative of careful training. The chorus of oncoming Romans was satisfactory, but in the *We Freeborn Sons* of Wodin the chorus came forth magnificently.

The chorus *To Arms* gave the martial theme of the entire composition with a directness and force of inspiring harmony. This was one of the features of the evening, which gave opportunity for the contrasts of massed voices, and Mr. Schenck's careful directorship was here displayed at its best.

Mr. Schenck deserves a deal of credit for his illuminating interpretation of this work and his admirable management of the choral effects.

There was a general expression of opinion, both in the big attendance, the generous applause and the after commentary in the aisles and foyer, that this latest has been the most successful of Albany's famous series of May festivals; and last night's program was certainly the crowning effort of the association's sixth fête.—*Argus*.

Mr. Schenck seems to be an indefatigable worker, for no sooner has he finished his Albany work than we hear of him in Carnegie Hall, rehearsing the New York Symphony

Orchestra for the summer concerts at Willow Grove, which he is to conduct in conjunction with Walter Damrosch. Good luck to our American conductor.

**Elizabeth D. Boyer.**—Miss Elizabeth D. Boyer is going abroad on June 8 and expects to sing in a number of drawing room concerts.

**Calve Sails To-day.**—Madame Calvé sails for Europe to-day on the *St. Paul*. She said that there is no likelihood of her returning, even for a concert tour, next season.

**Krause Engaged.**—Ernst Krause, the tenor, has been re-engaged by Walter Damrosch for his next season of German opera, which is to be given in the Metropolitan Opera House.

**Carl Bernhard for Temple Beth-El.**—This well known basso has been engaged for the synagogue, corner Seventy-sixth street and Fifth avenue. It is rumored that a certain church and concert singer will be the new soprano.

**Mary Louise Clary's Engagements.**—Miss Clary sang in Brooklyn for the first time on May 14 in the Academy of Music, and has been engaged to sing there again on May 30, this time in the Amphion Theatre. She will also sing in Miss Leary's musicale at the Waldorf on May 29, and at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, on May 31.

**William J. Sheehan's Affairs.**—The Sanctus from a Communion Service composed by Mr. Sheehan, is to be given under the composer's direction at the Central Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y., June 6, that being his first Sunday in the Queen City, where he will remain three months. He will also appear as bass soloist.

One of his pupils, Mrs. Joseph Barré, has been engaged as solo contralto at St. Agnes' Roman Catholic Church, Atlantic Highlands, during the summer. Mrs. Barré possesses a mezzo contralto voice of rare sweetness and sympathetic quality, and especially suited to sacred music. She has studied church music and voice development with Mr. Sheehan for some time, and is sure to prove a valuable member of the quartet.

**Clary in Arminius, Washington, D. C.**—The Choral Society, of Washington, D. C., gave two festival performances of Max Bruch's *Arminius* on May 4 and 5, which were hailed as very successful both artistically and financially. The artists were Mary Louise Clary, as *Priestess*; Max Heinrich, as *Arminius*; and E. C. Towne, as *Sieg-mund*.

The local press speaks of Miss Clary as follows:

Miss Mary Louise Clary, of New York, who sang the part of the *Priestess*, has a remarkably deep, but sympathetic voice, which is under perfect control and refreshingly smooth and easy, even in the most difficult passages.—*Washington Post*.

Miss Clary, the contralto soloist, sang the part of the *Priestess* with great power and perfect technique. She has a voice of great range and beauty.—*Evening Star*.

**Leontine Gaertner.**—Leontine Gaertner played with great success with Sousa at Philadelphia (three times), Baltimore and Washington, and also at the Liederkranz. Miss Leontine Gaertner is an artist of unmistakable distinction, and her playing was received with delight and long applause. Some press notices are subjoined:

Miss Leontine Gaertner was adopted by acclamation after her beautiful performances on the 'cello, so the whole concert may be considered a local affair.—*Washington Post*, May 13.

The surprise of the evening was the artistic 'cello work of Miss Leontine Gaertner, who proved conclusively that a lady can master this marvelous instrument, and won a special encore.—*Washington Times*.

Miss Leontine Gaertner in her two solos on the 'cello, berceuse, by Simon, and Popper's *Jagdstück*, showed that she possessed a fine technique and great power of expression. She received a most emphatic encore and a floral tribute.—*Washington Star*.

**Elliott Schenck's Symphony Concert.**—Mr. Elliott Schenck seems to have made as great, if not a greater, impression upon the people of Albany in his capacity as orchestral conductor as he did when leading the Albany chorus.

The *Times Union* says:

The most attractive of the three performances constituting the May Festival was undoubtedly the matinee. Then the orchestra was at its best. The first number was Mozart's symphony in E flat, and the orchestra fairly reveled in it. The orchestra (the New York Symphony) fully sustained its high reputation in Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave*, Saint-Saëns' *Dance Macabre* and in other selections; and Mr. Schenck conducted with consummate skill.

In the *Argus* we read the following:

The Mozart symphony in E flat was rendered with a delicacy and precision worthy of strong commendation. The orchestra was exceedingly well balanced and under the baton of Mr. Elliott Schenck the symphony received careful and very satisfactory interpretation. The other orchestral numbers also were accorded faithful and pleasing treatment and each was warmly applauded.

The concert was a great success.

From the *Express*:

The matinee concert was the most enjoyable of the three. The program consisted of splendid selections for soloists and orchestra.

The conductor, Mr. Elliott Schenck is still in his twenties, and is possessed of great musical talent, having demonstrated his ability as conductor of all kinds of music.



## JOURNALISTIC INDISCRETION.

THE first of these two reprints is from the New York Times, the second from the New York Sun:

A. H. Canby, whose retirement from his post as Francis Wilson's manager was announced in the New York Times yesterday, declares that his only reasons for doing so were those stated by him, and that he still considers the theatrical trust a "pernicious combination," and proposes to continue his opposition to it.

Italy has a music trust, a well-known firm of music publishers controlling copyrights and theatres, so that no opera can be given without its consent, and no singer engaged save at its dictation.

There may be considerable truth in both of these statements, but the truth is no justification when its publication interferes with the operations of great commercial transactions in the theatrical or musical art. When the press discusses the debatable questions arising from corners in wheat or pork or sugar or tobacco, or the conduct of railroads in pooling, or the combination of steamship and telegraph and gas companies, the discussion has ground for justification; but when a similar phenomenon appears in the world of art, when men combine to own copyrights or theatres, or plays or compositions or actors or companies and regiments of actors, a phase of corporate existence is met that must be treated with journalistic discretion.

Newspapers must not forget that pork and wheat and sugar and molasses and railroads and steamboats and the like are mere commonplace sources of filthy money revenue, whereas when men conduct syndicates and combinations that run playhouses, plays and play actors they are engaged in artistic pursuits. Money—be damned. It is art now, pure art, and a higher, nobler sentiment than the past, when the actor worked for money. Under the new order of things he gets none, although it is secured to him by the financial strength of the combine, which, having started out for art and art's sake, only happened to accumulate a little—say \$25,000 a week merely—which could not be avoided in our sordid country. The people would pay despite all when they cannot find the doors of any theatres open, except those owned by the art combination.

We would therefore suggest to the daily papers not to repeat such stories as that of Canby, or the other, referring to the Ricordis of Milan, although the Ricordis of Milan are only one house, while those to whom Canby refers with such temerity as "pernicious" are more than several firms, and they are men which our great land should be proud of. They are the indigenous sample and example of the final outcome of American business activity.

Ours is a mechanical genius. We must have all we can possibly do accomplished by machine system, even our politics. Our President must be nominated by a machine which runs our national convention, after the various States elected their delegates to the convention by machine conventions of their own. A machine elects him. A machine must run our municipality. A machine runs our opera house and company, and one of the greatest engineers we have had is Jean Reszké, glory to his Polish memory!

Then why not theatrical machines? We can rest; we can go into a mental arcadia and take it easy while the machine runs our theatres, our plays, our play actors and, sooner or later, our playgoers. There is art in all this, and the newspapers should not forget it. One of these days there will be one great machine to run all the great newspapers in this land, and we would not mind being the engineers. So let the theatrical combine go ahead and run the dramatic art in America; America loves it this way, pays for it and wants it and will have it. The actor is not considered one way or the other. The cinematograph may soon replace him as quickly as the art syndicate sees that there is more art in that than in the actor himself. Maybe there is.

THE Excelsior, Jr., Company, headed by Sadie Martinot and backed by a naval officer, is in trouble in San Francisco.

STÉPHANE MALLARME contributes a Curious Avant-Dire to a pretty volume of poems, Raisons Bleus et Gris, by Leopold Dauphin.

PERCY HASWELL, of Daly's company, and Annie Irish, the latter an exceptionally strong actress and late of Minnie Maddern-Fiske's company, have signed with Mr. W. H. Crane for next season.

THE first number of a new review, *Le Bibliographie Moderne*, contains a valuable paper on the bibliography of the principal works relating to Franz Schubert since 1818, which will be of great service to students of music.

DEPUTY SHERIFF BUTLER has received an execution against Frederick C. Whitney and Albert H. Moore for \$1,568 in favor of George Patterson for a printing bill. They were the proprietors of the Whitney Opera Company. The sheriff levied upon some stored scenery of the comic opera Brian Boru.

## THE STORY OF THE CASINO.

AS RELATED BY RUDOLPH ARONSON.

NO playhouse in New York has been the object of so much and such varied litigation as has the Casino, and probably no set of suits, counter-suits, injunctions, dispossess proceedings and other legal actions has received a greater number of gratuitous explanations in the daily press with a resultant muddle, at least so far as the general public is concerned, in which nothing can be plainly seen or determined, save that Aronson and Casino were once synonymous and now are not. A detailed account of the several causes and the means by which Aronson's active connection with the house was secured and of the subsequent litigation would make a tiresome technical story, but Aronson's side of the controversy may be told with interest, since the decision of the whole matter must come within the next few weeks.

"To begin at the beginning," Aronson told a COURIER representative, "I organized the New York Concert Company in 1881 and built the Casino on the plot of ground at Broadway and Thirty-ninth street on property leased from the estate of Robt. F. Bixby, agreeing to pay an annual rental of \$12,000, together with certain taxes, &c. The New York Concert Company subsequently went out of existence and was succeeded by the Casino Company, which purchased all its holdings, including, of course, the lease, which runs until May 1, 1902. The Casino Company issued \$125,000 in bonds, secured by a first mortgage, and I gradually acquired all these bonds, paying for them with the hard earned money I made during the fourteen or fifteen years I was manager and stockholder in the Casino Company.

"When, in 1894, the Casino Company was in financial difficulties, I hypothecated these bonds and carried on the enterprise until we were dispossessed for the alleged non-payment of rent and taxes. We were in court on the morning when these dispossess proceedings were up before Judge Steiner with a certified check for the amount due, but the court declared that we were a few minutes behind the specified time, and I returned to the Casino to find the marshal in charge and my effects being put out upon the street.

"We have carried the case up to the Appellate Court, and that body has decided that the lower court erred in dispossessing us. In the interim certain improvements in the building have been made. The Bixby estate has been receiving \$32,000 per year rent, instead of \$12,000, and the questions arise as to whether the Casino Company is entitled to their surplus rent and how much it must pay for the improvements, if anything. The property is to be put up at public auction in order that its value may be determined, and will be bought by friends of mine who have taken up all of the hypothecated bonds, and the question of the surplus rent will also be adjudicated satisfactorily.

"I am glad to state for the first time publicly that the primary reason for the financial difficulties of 1894 was the abandonment of the line of policy on which I had made so many successes at the Casino and the introduction of a variety or vaudeville show, which I most strenuously opposed. The vaudeville craze was then at its height and other houses were making big money from it, so the board of directors overruled my objections and forced the company into hard papers. At the very time this was being done (for I was in Europe at the time the change was finally decided upon) I had arranged in Paris with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to organize a company for the purpose of presenting opera comique at the Casino and making that theatre more fashionable and more artistic than theretofore, thus providing means to give talented American singers, both male and female, opportunities for public appearances—singers who were not willing to enter the operetta ranks and were not sufficiently gifted for grand opera. The year that this idea was in contemplation the Metropolitan Opera House burned down, and had the Casino started, as contemplated by me, it would to-day have been one of America's recognized musical institutions.

"The 'Casino successes,' as they were known up to the time of the important change, were among the most remarkable ever known in the field of light opera and operetta. There was the record breaking run of Erminie, and the productions of Nadjy, The Grand Duchess, The Brigands, Nanon, The Merry War, Poor Jonathan, The Beggar Student, Queen's Lace Handkerchief, The Yeoman of the Guard, Die Fledermaus, Amorita, Gypsy Baron, Prince Methusalem, &c.—all successes which since their time have not been equaled.

"As soon as I regain possession I shall remodel the entire ground floor and basement, and introduce some features much in vogue in Berlin and Vienna, but not known to New Yorkers, the details of which I am not now at liberty to give, and I shall organize the strongest company I have ever had to give revivals of the works of Offenbach, Strauss, Suppé, Müllocker and others, as well as American light operas with American singers. If all goes well, the Casino Roof Garden will be ablaze this summer, and I will again come into my own. My productions in the past should be sufficient guarantee to the public of what I shall do in the future."

THE *Musique Française Moderne*, by Georges Servieres, contains an analysis of the works of César Franck, Lalo, Massenet, Reyer and Saint-Saëns. A methodical and chronological catalogue is attached to each biographical notice.

REVERSING the usual order, Mabel Ross and her husband, Charles J. Ross, will leave vaudeville at the close of this season. The team has signed with E. E. Rice to appear in next fall's production of *The French Maid* at the Herald Square Theatre. Eventually Mr. Ross expects to secure a theatre of his own.

## "The Play's the Thing."

THERE were as many English speaking American born folk at Terrace Garden last Wednesday night as Germans, for an American opera with an Egyptian subject by a native librettist and an Irish composer was given for the first time here in German. Der Zauberer vom Nil does not sound much like The Wizard of the Nile, but that's what it is in German. So Al Neuman says, and he ought to know, for he made the translation—and a capital one it is.

The work in its Teutonic guise met with great success in Vienna, and is still being played in Germany. It may reach Ireland by the end of the century, but that is doubtful, for Victor Herbert being an Irishman will naturally prejudice his fellow countrymen. As far as I know he is not an Orangeman, and certainly does not belong to any blue ribbon lodges. He is yet to write a grand temperance two-step march.

It was a warm night and the crowd was terrific. I found a seat next to Harry Smith and my heart was gladdened, for I knew that he would translate for me all the humor; besides, I wished to study at leisure his sonnet-like face when a peculiarly American joke appeared in German. I shall never forget my admiration for the poet when he remarked:

"I would like to have the royalties on all the beer sold to-night."

It seemed to me so eminently practical, so different from the mere literary lust and intellectual hankering after glory and box office receipts. Mr. Smith is many sided.

How did it go? It was, it is, a rattling performance, and while one misses the unique, the ghoulish humor of Frank Daniels, Adolf Philipp revealed the vocal possibilities of the part of *Kibatschki*; besides, he gave a new and independent reading. It was more serious, but it was also humorous, Teutonic and not Early Byzantine humor. Bernhard Rauk made a star part of the *King*, and pretty Mary Reichardt was very fetching as the wizard's apprentice.

*Cleopatra* was not sung by Angela Virag, but by her understudy, Camille d'Estree, who did very well, all things being considered. She looked the part, but her singing was not pleasant because of its abhorrence for absolute pitch; but let that pass, as the young woman assumed the responsibility of a first night's appearance at a few hours' notice.

Gustav Clearlé, a tenor who looked like Alvary, but sang like Carl Streitmann, forced his voice and personality persistently. Indeed the entire performance was too highly colored. The stage at Terrace Garden is still too small. I wonder why Mr. Heumann does not transform the entire auditorium into a comfortable little opera house? He might win the German population in winter as well as summer, and with a strong dramatic company for the cold weather prove a formidable rival to the Irving Place Theatre.

Herr Gerold made much of the weather prophet, *Cheops*, and played his harp solo with Cheshire-like virtuosity. The chorus was excellent, part of it being composed of the American company, while the scenery was borrowed from Mr. Daniels. With Victor Herbert in the conductor's chair—he really stood—the evening was a brilliant one, encores being frequent and both Herbert and Neumann received curtain calls. No speeches were made except during the long and thirsty intermissions, and as all the waiters understood the deaf and dumb language there were no mistakes made in the orders.

I liked exceedingly the correct tempi of several of the favorite numbers of the opera, Starlight in particular being much more effective as sung by Herr Philipp. Taken slowly the refrain *Mondmann* gains considerably in musical quality. Mr. Neumann has transformed the familiar Angeline song to Adelheid, and it was warmly received. Philipp, who with Leo Von Raven is the impresario as well as star, worked very hard and the summer season at Terrace Garden began most auspiciously.

In the Garden, under the few large lamps and "steins," young Ernst Bial conducted an orchestra and made agreeable music. He is a chip of a very good old block, for his father's memory is still green. He played a polka by Rudolf Bial and also some of his own compositions. He has talent and energy as a conductor.

Life insurance people declared last week that beer and bicycles are dangerous to health. That settles it; I'm going to give up my wheel.

If Harry Finck had anything to do with it he would have included in the list with beer and bicycles the name of Brahms.

Providence, of the Island called Rhode, has gone over to Gerryism. A bill was passed by the House of Representatives forbidding the appearance

in public on the stage of children under the age of sixteen. That need not worry Joe Jefferson, but the bill is an outrage, a piece of sumptuary legislation. Children are as safe on the stage, as far as morals are concerned, as at Sunday School picnics. I was young myself some time ago.

Dr. Toulouse, an authority on the nerves, and Zola say that great writers should not assume unnatural postures when writing. I suppose many of our native dramatists die young because they so often stoop to borrow from the French and German.

The Real divorce has been set aside. Jay Real will have to undertake another suit against his wife Kate. Secret service does not always succeed—even in the divorce world.

Gelett Burgess, who is no longer on a "Lark," is doing theatrical work in San Francisco. God help his brains, his brightness, his genius in six months. Oscar Wilde should have been made to do treadmill labor on the daily press instead of being sent to prison. Even his talent would have succumbed.

Before she left us, dear Olga, the sister of Louis Nethersole and a member of the tribe of the Niederseele, wrote sweet things about us in the *Herald*. She takes herself more seriously than ever, although her acting has steadily degenerated since she first appeared here. She spoke of "technic" and her art, and she has neither, and at last solves the much-discussed problem, her age. She is twenty-seven, and I admire her courage in acknowledging that she is over twenty-two. She is young, has talent, and if she could forget other actresses, Bernhardt, Mrs. Kendal and others, she might do something. I remember calling her when she appeared in November, 1894, "a pleasing palimpsest of possibilities." The young woman was literally snowed under by the methods of other women, and was seldom natural. Perhaps that *Carmen* kiss was the true Nethersole. It was certainly amazingly natural. Good-by and not *au revoir*, dear Olga. Pray do not return until you have practiced the technics of your art in other climes. We are tired of being the dramatic dog.

So Secret Service has made a great hit after all in London. I was nervous about the result, knowing the theatre, and also knowing the brutality of first night audiences in that city. But the Prince of Wales has seen the piece and is delighted with it, and that settles its fate. It may run for a year, and I certainly expect Sir Charles Frohman and Sir William Gillette to take up their abode permanently in the English metropolis. The Prince did not forget to add: "Tell the company how much we have all enjoyed the performance," and to Billy Gillette he said: "I hope you will write more plays as good as this one, and bring them all to London."

Mr. Frohman has to leave the Adelphi June 12, to make way for Sarah Bernhardt, and thinks of taking Secret Service to Paris. It seems from the cables that the piece is doing the biggest business in the town, for the Queen's Jubilee has sandbagged the theatrical business.

The cabled reports of the manner with which Gillette's acting was received by the critics settles forever his fate up at the Lambs' Club. I understand that there was a hurried and secret session last Sunday night after church was over, and an indignation meeting held.

What, Gillette act? Perish the thought! Something had to be done to suppress this glacial school, else all the thunderbolts of the profession would be in the cold, starving; so a series of resolutions were engrossed, in which the whole modern style of acting was denounced as a curse, and Secret Service was put on the blacklist as a play that had taken mean advantage of the frigid natures of the British, and had thus sneaked into success by the back alleys of suppressed emotion.

After much disorder the gathering broke up in disorder, and the young man was sentenced to a round of drinks or expulsion for hinting that Gillette under the strain of a first night in a strange land may have really acted. As times are hard, he preferred expulsion. I withhold his name. Ba-a-a!

Because Catherine Clemmons went to Europe, is that any reason why the personal habits of Howard Gould while on the steamship pier should be described in some of the dailies?

The Castle Square Opera Company go to Olympia next week. The weather still keeping cool, Under the Red Robe and Never Again are drawing big houses, and the Empire closing has been deferred for another week or so. But let one red night put in an appearance, and bang! your audiences melt away like snow in Sheol.

Arthur Roberts is imitating "General" Booth of the Salvation Army in London, and some people are objecting. Too much fun cannot be made of these sniveling psalm singers, these costermongers and these clowns of religion. Have you ever seen a man or woman belonging to the Salvation

Army who did not look like a degenerate? Indeed, all forms of acrobatic religion reveal degeneracy. That has been decided by specialists. It is mob-mania specialized.

Of course Sir Henry Irving will not play in George Barney Shaw's *A Man of Destiny*. Shaw "took a fall" out of Sir Henry when he played *Napoleon* in the Lyceum version of *Madame Sans-Gêne*.

I am inclined to agree with Leander Richardson that there is nothing in the gossip about Lillian Russell seeking for a divorce from Johnnie Chatterton-Perugini. The *World* is authority for the statement that Perugini, who was interviewed in London, would not oppose the divorce. This Mr. Richardson pooh-poohs, for Perugini is a good Catholic, therefore does not believe in divorce, and that Miss Russell would have to prove that her third husband had violated the statute of this State to secure her liberty.

Miss Russell says that she is not going abroad this season, and in the meantime the papers will have a chance to guess at number four and his chances.

Joe Herbert, clever comedian and clever author, sails for London June 9 to join the Daly company.

Eugene Cowles, who hurt his finger in the trigger of his gun last week at the Knickerbocker, is all right again. The Bostonians have gone to Providence to produce Jules Jordan's opera *Rip Van Winkle*.

The Casino Roof Garden opens next Saturday under the direction of John B. Doris, of museum fame.

Duse is at last in Paris. She opens with *La Dame Aux Camelias*, which proves that she is a bold woman. A little bit of Italian diplomacy was the sending of a greeting to Sarah, the Queen, who was in Brussels. Oh, the lady knows a thing or two, even if she refuses to talk to interviewers.

Arthur Hornblow told me that Yvette Guilbert and Dr. Schiller were married before they left for Europe.

Mrs. George Holman, well known in the profession as the "Mother of Opera," has just died, aged seventy-five. She established the Holman Opera Company in Canada during the war. Crane, Denman Thompson and Perugini received their earliest instruction from Mrs. Holman.

Manager Elroy, of the Elroy Stock Company, tells David Belasco to his beard that *The Heart of Maryland* is an adaptation of D'Ennery's *A Celebrated Case*, and that he is entitled, therefore, to produce a piece which he calls *In the Heart of Maryland*. Mr. Belasco thinks differently, and trouble is at hand.

"Joseph Wagner wrote *Parsifal*," says a contemporary. God! why not Mike Beethoven, or Teddy Chopin, or Billy Brahms? A little knowledge is a rare thing.

"No divorce!" cries Mr. Langtry; but what is he going to do about the matter?

Divorces in the profession simply fill the papers in these darling days of May.

Felix Morris is another legitimate who has joined the swelling and resounding ranks of the vaudevillians. He is a finished actor.

Kate Claxton and Grace Henderson will soon follow Mr. Morris' example, while we read with joy that Mr. "Chuck" Connors is to be starred next season. Perhaps it is because of the advent of these freaks that good actors and actresses are fleeing the theatres. The times certainly seem topsy-turvy.

Dick Carroll has been engaged as chief comedian for the season of summer opera at Manhattan Beach.

Ed. and Sam Sothern have not quarreled.

Baroness Blanc has written a song entitled *They Didn't Think She'd Do It, But She Did*. We never thought anything of the sort.

Ellen Rowland added last week her name to the long list of ladies who visit the city about this time of the year and play *Julia*, or *Portia* or *Ophelia*, and even *Lady Macbeth* in a theatre specially engaged, with a specially hired company, and for the edification of a few intimates, a few haggard critics

and a well papered and unfriendly audience. They come with the spring and go away full of bitterness toward the newspapers and unquenched ambitions.

Miss Rowland was no exception to the general run. She came to the Knickerbocker Theatre and gave us a painful *Portia*, and no doubt believed that she was hardly used the next morning. The production was poor. Frederick Warde was a noisy *Shylock*, and Olive Oliver's *Nerissa* was the most cooling bit of work on the stage.

In front of me sat three young women, professionals, who tried hard to discover something good in the novice, and after frantic efforts—women are so benevolent—they cried in sweet unison:

"Oh, her hair, what pretty hair she has!" and after every bit of "business" they spoke of her hair. It was touching.

I see by the *Herald* that my old acquaintance Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann, a genius, has been raising a rumpus by telling some wholesome truths of the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. He had a pleasing "scrap" with a painter named Verbeek, but no one was wounded.

Hartmann's personality is the weirdest in town. A painter, poet, philosopher and psychologist, he writes dramas that beat Bovio for realism, and paints pictures that are both Japanese and French. His Christ is the extreme limit of license in dramatic art. I have one invaluable copy which I never lend, but occasionally allow friends to read chained down. Swinburne and the *Song of Songs* are idyllic compared to the "speeches" set forth by the daring Mr. Hartmann.

Christ will probably be enacted as a literary and historical curiosity about the year A. D. 2563. It would give Comstock the colic if he could read and understand it.

This paragraph appeared in the *Herald* last Sunday:

PARIS, May 22, 1897.—The hearing of the cross-divorce suit brought by Antonio Terry against his wife was resumed to-day in the Fourth Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. A divorce was granted to both parties on the ground of adultery, and the custody of their child was given to its grandmother, who was ordered to place the child in a convent until she is eighteen years of age, or until her marriage.

The mother will be allowed to visit the child, and the latter will divide her holidays with her mother and father. Alimony to the amount of \$800 per month is allowed Mrs. Terry.

The court found that Mr. Terry's marriage was according to United States law. This will have bearing on the property questions involved.

Antonio Terry is said to be engaged to marry Sibyl Sanderson.

This settles the old row, and such is the fallibility, the fickleness, the mutability of human nature that I would not be in the least surprised if Mr. Terry married some other woman besides Sanderson. There has been so much gossip about the pair that he is in honor bound to give her his name, for even a certain sort of honor obtains among millionaires and among thieves. The scandal caused by Sanderson's sudden departure from New York was not allayed by the rumors that Mr. Terry's family had been visited during the following summer. There was literally the deuce of a time.

But if Tony marries Sibyl all will be forgotten, forgiven.

Mr. Nutcombe Gould, an English actor, threatens London with his *Hamlet*. We remember Mr. Gould here as an excellent *Polonius* in Mr. Tree's company, but he is hardly conceivable as the melancholy Dane.

Janet Achurch threatens to descend upon London as *Cleopatra* in an Independent Theatre revival of *Shakespeare*. According to Mr. Shaw, Miss Achurch is a combination of *Brünnhilde* and the Tragic Muse, and the greatest actress who ever lived or could live. She was a "terror" here when she appeared at Hoyt's Theatre.

The season of *The Man from Mexico* closes at Hoyt's June 5.

The theatrical firm of Whitney & Moore has dissolved.

Julius Steger tells me that he goes to Europe June 9 and will not appear in the annual review *The Whirl of the Town* at the Casino. Mr. Steger may be heard in London in an important production of light opera that George Edwardes is contemplating.

George Lederer, of the Casino, is going to Paris and London on the Paris June 9. Mr. Lederer has secured the Harlem Opera House and will open it as a music hall September 18.

The Madison Square Roof Garden opens June 5, and Adolph Neuendorf and the Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra will play every night, Sundays included.

Where are you going this summer?

## The Playgoer.

MY witty confrère is fond of saying "The play's the thing." And so it is in a way; but how infinitely less than it should be!

The stage is too grossly democratic for the play to be the thing—or anything. Art and democracy are antithetic. The drama has had too great periods—periods of strenuous and splendid beauty: one under the oligarchy of Greece, the other in the monarchical centuries which we know as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of the Christian Era.

Think what a place the drama occupied in the life of the eighteenth century.

You and I can hardly understand those pleasurable days.

Peace and war were decided in the cabinets of princes—or the boudoirs of princely mistresses.

What was there for the people to busy themselves with?

Free from all care for those things which effected their "rights" and interests as civic persons, they could spend their time and energy only in furthering their pleasures.

Ah, I think this was indeed the golden age—the age of golden indolence and ease!

Then, if ever, the play was the thing.

In the theatres they were sovereign—these social and political helots—or at least they were independent; they braved ministers and deposed kings—of Stageland.

And yet what lives these players led—these tinsel monarchs, these tin lords, these flimsy ladies of display—when they stepped down into real life. To-day the drama is base and the actor spreads himself flamboyantly. It is the black reverse of the old days. The drama flourishes when the players are so abject that they are almost as anonymous as kitchen wenches and knife-boys. When the drama is at its best the players are at the worst, as far as their reputations go. They are—and properly—the serfs of art, the helots of the dramatist.

The name of a player should never appear in a play-bill.

There should be only the names of the characters of the play.

For my part I would not permit the actors to be distinguished even by a number.

Who are these players, anyway?

Why should they drag their tawdry and obscene personalities between us and the poet's dream?

Why should we have to complicate our ideal of *Ophelia* with the domesticities of Mrs. Tree, or the poet's ideal of *Petruchio* with the "pink teas" of John Drew? We hire these players to mime for us certain characters in certain plays; what are their personalities to us? Miss Lillian Russell's quasi-matrimonial amours are of no more concern to me than the moral character of the Irish lad who blacks my boots at the St. Denis Hotel. He cleans my boots properly—that is all I care for. Why should I be more interested in the mimmers who mime for me a part? The one is a hired bootblack, the others are hired entertainers—if they entertain me I pay them; but why should I be pestered with the tawdry details of their indecent lives?

I was reading Scarron this afternoon. Have you read his Roman Comique? In the good edition of his works, which is that of 1752, there is a charming picture in these pages of what the player's life was in the days when the drama was at its best. In this absurd year, when the mummer pretends that he is your social equal and mine, you will enjoy Scarron's grim photographs of what life they led of old—before democracy came in.

Dr. Georg Brandes (first and finest of international critics) has drawn a picture, at once grotesque and touching, of German players of a hundred years ago. He describes how they journeyed in the hangman's cart; how they perished in the forests—eaten by wolves or slain by hunger. Merry students stoned them in the play-houses; the nobles beat them for sport; the bourgeois trafficked in actresses.

And if in Germany the players were stoned, in France they were excommunicated. It was by a sort of whimsical logic that the Catholic Church, which so long persecuted the Jews, applied the Mosaic law to the mimmers.

The famous passage in the twenty-second chapter of Deuteronomy reads:

The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abominable unto the Lord, thy God.

This law which the Lord framed against those who wear bloomers and travesty the sexes was applied, not uncritically, to those who parody themselves.

Tertullian makes use of this passage in the treatise which he published

on the occasion of the games of Severus. It is there, too, that he rehearses the pretty tale of a Christian who went to a theatre and came back possessed of a devil. The priest came to exorcise the devil.

"You have dared," he said, "to attack a Christian."

"He was at my house," retorted the devil.

The argument seemed unanswerable.

For sixteen centuries it confounded in the same anathema players and spectators. It was reserved for the eighteenth century to doubt the validity of the devil's reply; but then the eighteenth century doubted everything—even the existence of God and the importance of the hired mummer.

I should like to see a stage performance of Jonson's *Alchemist*, for instance, by anonymous vagrants picked out of the cells on Blackwell's Island.

That would be an ideal performance; as for the simple art of mumming, it could be drummed into them in a few days by a manager who would govern them with some severity and occasional drams of whiskey.

Ah, my dear confrère, in these days the play is not the thing.

Maurice Barrés and I discussed this melancholy question in Paris. You know him—do you not?—this gentle eyed, boyish looking man, who has raised anarchy to the dignity of a sport.

And then in addition he has "consecrated the Ego." It was in 1888 that the French world caught the Boulanger fever. Dear Lord, how well I remember those flamboyant days! The fever caught Maurice Barrés, then a dandified young sprat, who had written *Taches d'Encre*, perhaps but little else. In one of the minor reviews he published an article on *La Jeunesse Contemporaine et le Général Boulanger*.

It ran something like this: "After having traversed that mystic and unsatisfying youth in which the souls of this generation stifle and die, at last there opens for us a field of action. Blessed be the hour, &c. The Consoler and Victor appears, &c. Palms and hosannas, &c."

It all seems very ridiculous now; it was ridiculous then; but on the strength of that article Maurice Barrés found himself a member of the House of Deputies. A position, mes amis, is never ridiculous; and when it is the fruit of a single article it inspires one with immense respect.

Beside this Stéphane Mallarmé with his donkey cart (price of one cryptic poem) cuts but a poor figure.

Poet, politician, philosopher (you have read *Sous l'Oeil des Barbares*) and prophet (you have read *Le Jardin de Bérénice*), Maurice Barrés is one of the most conspicuous men in France.

Said he: "The contemporary theatre has no longer a *raison d'être*."

Said I: "And certainly it has no *raison d'art*."

Said M. Barrés: "It does not present any possible picture of our day or our society. Perhaps it may still serve as an entertainment, though I, for my part, cannot understand how anyone with five senses can find pleasure in seeing the same old bag of dramatic tricks emptied again and again."

"Nor I," said I.

"The drama," he went on, "which might possibly interest us would treat of other subjects and in a different way. It would, I fancy, be at once more practical and more fantastic. Especially would it question those problems which lie close to the heart of this generation."

Said M. Barrés: "A parvenu who goes into society and makes himself ridiculous, a wife who deceives her husband, a prodigal son who brings gray hairs on his father's venerable head—these are the things which, represented on the stage, seem in their time to have mightily interested the public."

"But now that the news journals inform us—with laudable completeness—of all the things that go on in our complex society, from the tipping over of an ash cart to the latest suicide, I fail to see why we should go out of an evening to see stage pictures of the little dramas we have read at the breakfast table."

"Nor I," said I.

"An ideal theatre!

"Why can I not see something on the stage which will appeal to my conscience, awaken public opinion, touch some question of the day?"

"In order to appeal to my conscience and touch my personality, the drama need not treat of personal facts. I can see the truth even when it is clothed in phantasy."

"Phantasy, poetry, imagination—that is what the stage needs!"

"We should go to school to Plato," I suggested.

"Yes," said M. Barrés, "it needs a great imagination like that of Plato—or even Aristophanes—to read a higher meaning into the symbols shown us

on the stage. We should go to school to Plato in order to learn how to formulate our profoundest thoughts in myths, at once graceful and sublime. But it would not do to overlook Aristophanes as a teacher—with poetry there should be the salt of wit.

"Ah! if we only had an Aristophanes to dramatize, wittily and worthily, the social and religious problems each one of us has at heart to-day!"

"It would be charming," said I, "and of course such a drama would be independent of the public."

"No," said M. Barrés, "its public would be the élite of the nation. To such a theatre would come all those who are interested in social and socialogical questions and in all the great matters that concern mankind. But the financial side does not greatly disquiet me. In the end what is truly good is recognized at its true value."

For my part, M. Barrés, I fear the public is not yet tired of the gray hairs, the parvenu, the prodigal son and the woman at whom no one dare cast the first stone.

An intelligent play only irritates the average playgoer.

I dare say you did not hear Messidor. M. Zola calls it a "lyric drama in four acts and a prologue." The first night it was hissed and applauded—and nothing could have been juster; like the web of our life it is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Messidor is a very queer pattern—a motley of modernity, symbolism, clownery, realism and fairy lore.

You will understand then the difficulty there is in giving you any clear understanding of this gorgon of Zola's creation—this gorgonzola as my confrère would say. And yet it is worth discussing. M. Zola has put to the question—shall I say to the torture?—the very essence of the musical drama. He may be wrong in his theories. He may have misapplied them. But the mere attempt cannot be a matter of indifference.

In this country the most accomplished and nimble witted maker of opera books is my estimable friend Mr. Harry B. Smith.

(Mr. W. J. Henderson says he is not only estimable but famous.)

One evening I suggested to Mr. Smith that perhaps the public was a trifle tired of the comic kings and governors, old maids and magicians of the light operatic stage. I urged him—not unbecomingly I trust—to make a comic opera out of everyday life and set to music one of those little, habitual comedies that amuse us as we go about our business in the world. He assured me that far from being tired of comic kings and old maids the public was so wedded to those idols that it could not do without them. And perhaps Mr. Smith was right—and I (and M. Barrés) are quite wrong.

This very question which Mr. Smith and I discussed over the tea cups in Mr. Xeuman's agreeable Terrace Garden is the question put at issue by M. Zola's new work.

In Messidor, M. Zola has attempted to make grand opera—this monstrous artificiality which Wagner made more artificial—reasonably in touch with diurnal life. He wishes music to translate an action, a sentiment, a person taken direct out of life. Verse he has decided is absolutely useless to the musical drama. He has abolished it.

I do not grieve at this.

I have read the verse of the maker of opera books—it should be abolished.

And then then there is a better reason for M. Zola's innovation in writing the libretto of his opera in prose. What possible reason is there for verse and rhyme when the music itself supplies rhythm and cadence, and adds, moreover, to the phrase its own individual accents? The rhythmic and rhymed libretto is merely an obstacle over which the musical parody must get as best it can.

The advantage of the prose book is bipartite.

The action and dialogue are more easily developed in prose, the thought moves freelier; and again the composer does not have to wage a ceaseless and woeful warfare against the compact and unbending tyranny of machine-made verse.

So far I am with M. Zola entirely. Of course it is hardly an innovation, as those who have read Rousseau's *Essai sur l'Origine des Langues*, and especially his chapter on the Greek symphonists, will remember. And it may be said, not without reasonable ground to go on, that Wagner himself demonstrated the advisability of writing libretti in prose.

At this point, however, I part ways with M. Zola; I wave him a sign of appreciation and farewell, as he goes doggedly about his horrible business of being a realist.

I am sick of the stink of realism.

I am weary of the catalogues of the little affairs of humanity; its passions and foibles and fleabitten poverty. I have passions of my own—I have even foibles—and of them, too, I am weary. The books that are fitted with these dirty little matters I cannot read. There are enough gray moments in real life.

In a book I want poetry, the unreal, the visionary, the suggestive—some-

thing that adds strange impulses, shy, beautiful lyric to my parched and materialistic soul. The music I love stirs me like the story of some brave and beautiful deed; a story told in golden, apocalyptic speech; of all art I demand a serene and lovely spiritual significance.

What then have I to do with M. Zola, in whose dun soul a passion for exactitude has slain the marvelous?

And yet I would bring Mr. Harry B. Smith into the world of everyday events?

But the music drama is not a farcical amusement.

M. Zola, one may reason from his work, would confine music to an exploitation—if I may use the phrase—of contemporary life. He would banish the legend and proscribe the myth. This is a fatal error—an error of which Moussorgski (*face*, my editor) is at once the best example and the only justification.

Banish the legend? "Banish poor old Jack."

It is evident that these subjects—at once general and simple, large and apprehensible—are the very ones to which music most readily accommodates itself. Musical realism is a contradiction in words. In Messidor you have realism of scene, realism of costume, realism, in a way, of phraseology—but how the whole edifice of realism crumbles when these peasants chant their realistic remarks to the scientific polyphony of a formidably reinforced orchestra!

Of course realism is this, or realism is that—it is a matter of definition. The "Rhinedaughters" in a sense are as realistic as the peasants of quotidian France. But this is not M. Zola's sense of the word. With his sort of realism music—which is or should be the art of the *au delà*—is by its very nature irreconcilable.

I have always thought Zola was a realist *malgré lui*. Even into Messidor there creep intimations of a Hugoesque proclivity. These everyday peasants, who apostrophize "the triumphal spring," who prate of the "seed of unknown to-morrows," lovers who marry to assure "the victory of everlasting life," may not be poetical, but of a surety they are not in the way of being realistic.

Besides, the very prose in which they speak is cadenced—the strong, supple, savant prose of Zola at his best.

How far, then, the man has strayed from his theory! How near he has come to disproving his contention that the composer of music should be a commentator and expounder of real, quotidian, matter-of-fact life!

This is the story of Messidor—

By the way, are all the months of the old Revolutionary year to be put on the stage? We have had Floreal; Sardou has appropriated Thermidor, and now to his *Germinal* Zola adds the old tenth month.

The scene is laid in the mountains of l'Ariege, in the land of Bethmale. The workmen of the l'Ariege have been ruined since *Gaspard* turned to his own use the auriferous torrent which flows down the mountain side. All those workingmen who had gained a living by washing for gold have had to turn to tilling the barren soil. The water gives out. Everywhere there is dryness and death. The villagers have to make a two hours' journey for the water they drink. Among these wretched peasants you meet *Veronique*, a widow, whose husband has been murdered, and whose murderer has never been found. Old *Veronique* refuses a glass of water to *Gaspard*, whose daughter has fainted in the heat. But her son, *Guillaume*, who loves the maid *Helene*, brings her a glass of water. This enrages the old peasant, and she accuses *Gaspard* of having murdered her husband, who had been cast over a cliff, and to *Guillaume* she cries: "Love now, if you dare, this assassin's daughter!" And so, as is inevitable in every drama, the lovers are separated.

The breach is widened by *Mathias*, an anarchistic workman, who leads on his fellows to sack the shops of *Gaspard*, and inveigles *Guillaume* into leading them. In this act—it is the second—winter has come. The heights are snow covered. Before the rioters can destroy the shops an avalanche falls, blotting out the buildings, filling up the river and destroying forever the source of *Gaspard's* wealth. *Mathias*, bitter and disappointed, announces that it was he who killed *Guillaume's* father and not *Gaspard*, and kills himself. So nothing stands between the lovers, and they come together. The shops are ruined, but the stream spread over the country, bringing richness and fecundity to the fields and wealth and content to the peasantry. The drama ends in rose color.

Such is M. Zola's play for music.

The prologue is the *clou*. It may be described as a mimodrame, at once symbolic and mythical. The scene is in an enormous Cathedral of Gold, at the far end of which one saw a group—it might have been a Murillo. There was the Virgin, and on her lap lay the Infant playing with the yellow sand, and the sand as He touched it turned into powdered gold.

And it was upon this picture that the ballet entered, led by Cléo de Mérode!

M. Bruneau's music is savant and literate.

He is, as I daresay you know, an enthusiastic and profitable critic of music, whose writings are esteemed by readers of the *Figaro*; as well as he

is one of the most notable young musicians of France, a very savant composer. He is also, a summary composer and not tranquil. His *Penthélisée* is a very fiery and forceful work, which compensates for many an Attack on the Mill. In the *Rêve* again Zola was his collaborator. I do not envy him his task in composing *Messidor*. It must have been like setting to music a table of logarithms. Fancy the inspiration in such phrases as: "Our neighbor *Gaspard*, not satisfied with the old method of washing out the gold by hand, had the idea of establishing a factory, where," &c.

It was natural enough that there should be a certain monotony in the music. There were few chances for passion, for breadth of characterization in these antilyric patches of prose. One might as well look for nightingales in the soul of a toxicologist.

The most noteworthy page is the ballet of the Legend of Gold. It is charmingly written. I wish they had not danced it—how winsome it would have been mimed by silent Pierrots! In the second act there is a very ingenious passage—where the *leitmotiven* of gold, machinery, poverty and love are knowingly enlaced. This aside there was a dolesome monotony which the excess of orchestral sonority only emphasized.

That its monotony was savant did not mend matters.

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I am, as you know, a singularly normal person, but I have one fad—I love dogs. Perhaps it is because I know women so well. Some day or other I shall write

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A SPANIEL;

OR,

THE DOG THAT DARED.

\* \* \*

There is a legend that Maurice Barrés is enamored of a seal, though no one has imitated Gérard de Nerval, who used to promenade the galleries of the Palais Royal leading a lobster. This love for animals may be, as Nordau insists, a mark of degeneracy; but I like to place that brave, manly fellow Zola over against the little whimpering Max Senior, who tries to hide his race under a pseudonym. No one has written such beautiful pages about animals as Zola has—not even Byron nor Walter Scott nor Dickens. Do you remember the exquisite pathos and humility of the death of the dog in *La Joie de Vivre*? And that of the old horse in *Germinal*? No man who was not a good man could have written those pages. And then François—that devil of a cat!—in *Theresa Roquin*.

\* \* \*

M. Zola and I talked this matter over one afternoon—on the common ground of dog lovers. I told him of the death of my Japanese spaniel, Taro-San, one of the most pathetic incidents in modern history.

"The dog I loved best," said M. Zola, "was a wee little fellow. Madame Zola and I discovered him in a cage in a dog show, where he nestled beside a kitten. He was the smallest dog imaginable. When he ran he looked like a toy dog on wheels."

"Like my Belgian spaniel Miette," said I. "She weighs one kilo."

"You must bring her out to Medan," said M. Zola. "But, as I was saying, this was a very, very little dog. He didn't weigh more than a kilo. So Madame Zola and I bought him there in the dog show. One day, however, he had an epileptic fit! He had, I believe, a tumor in the brain. At times he would be better, but the tumor ended by killing him. He went mad—ah! he was a poor little mad dog! Night after night I held him in my arms until he died."

\* \* \*

I think this is a pretty picture, that of the grizzled old realist (who has set the back of the world up, and is indeed the berserker of literature) walking the floor with a little mad dog!

\* \* \*

"I have studied animals as I have mankind," said M. Zola, "and I believe that all the lower, lamentable life which moves under man should have a place in that history of life which we term the novel."

At Medan Zola has a menagerie—rabbits, chicken, geese, ducks, cows, horses, dogs, cats and goats.

\* \* \*

"One must be endowed with a larger sympathy, and—how shall I say it?—a sort of universality, in order to write well and wisely about animals."

"When I was young I used to think of the work I should do."

"Then I dreamed of making a synthesis of life—of all life—of all that lives."

"Ah! well, one dreams and dreams," said M. Zola, "and then one does—the best one can."

"Still I think I am one of those who have loved animals well and intelligently. I suppose I was predestined to love them. You see it is really an affair of heredity. Children love animals or they do not love them; there is no middle course. It is temperamental."

\* \* \*

"Once I dreamed of writing the psychology of animals, but I have been busied with other things."

"I often ask myself whether what I have done was well done—if I should not have gone to the left when I turned to the right."

## JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN.

TWO old men in Europe, one in France and one in Norway, have finished new plays. One has been produced in Paris and New York, the other in London. Sardou's *Spiritisme* and Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*! Why, their very titles tell of their origin. You can see the mobile features of the Semitic-Latin Sardou in the half-mysterious, half-ingratiating name of his play. You can discern in the hard, almost uncouth title of Ibsen's piece his unrelenting, clear-sighted and uncompromising Scandinavian nature.

Yet half the book reviewers of Europe and America, men whose literary training utterly unfit them for the judgment of an acting drama, are out on the warpath with the old cut and dried abuse, the same cheap vocabulary of wrath, the same scream of "morbid," "unwholesome," "indecent," "dull," "dry" and "provincial." Send these gentlemen with their half-baked views of the drama a copy of *Spiritisme* and you will read of "the delicate Gallic touch," the "esprit," the "masterly technic," the "boldness and fertility of incident," and all the rest of the cheap chimes of current criticism.

\* \* \*

Let us take a little excursion up north, where the fjords are still ice-locked, where the air is more biting than the sunshine; up north, the land of Grieg, of Ibsen, of the joyous Bellman, the Anacreon of the midnight sun; up north, where Gade drank and dreamed himself a second Mendelssohn, where Bjornsterne Bjornson sees life with a more robust vision than his neighbor Ibsen, and up north where Strindberg spews dramatically upon his mother's sex; let us go there and visit *John Gabriel Borkman*!

\* \* \*

A word in advance: I am not an Ibsenite. If I were I would only froth and foam at the sound of his name, and that I do not do. To me Ibsen is to Sardou as Brahms to Thalberg. There is in the Ibsen drama logical, well-knit construction. There is an unflinching criticism of life—the attitude of a man who began life as a poet and ends it as a realist; there is a strange power, unpleasant power, a meagre intensity, yet unquestionable intensity, and a genius for character drawing and development of character that is just short of the marvelous. That Ibsen has chosen his types—no, not types; his people never stand for anything; they are too much alive; rather should one say, his characters—from the world about him, a provincial, narrow, hard, cold world, is a commentary on his truthfulness, on his adherence to realistic principles. The curious part of this is the resemblance his bourgeois people bear to the bourgeois of nearly every civilized country.

You can find the same petty, miserable, narrow, cramped, parsimonious lives in sunny Italy—that Italy so wretched, so sordid and so persistently misrepresented by chattering idealists—as in Bergen, or Pittsburg, or Manchester, or Dijon, or Barcelona, or Warsaw. It is the great middle class, the great mass of the people he paints, or rather he sets moving and speaking before us, and presently we discover the tragedies in the humdrum life about us, the romance, the spiritual exaltation, the great misery, the great happiness of these people who are dressed in the sober garb of this century, and in whose soul-life there rages the fierce fires of love, hatred, envy, lust, cupidity, and yet who do not go forth sword in hand, gayly caparisoned, to conquer dragons and rescue fair maidens.

These thrice familiar figures are about us, at our elbows in daily life—ah, that life which is so daily—and without the glamour of property paint, without brilliant plumage. They live in the Ibsen drama—live as inevitably as in life itself, and the public, which likes to be tickled and tricked, says, "Pshaw! we'll have none of them; give us Sardou and sweetmeats," while the actors, who hate to get within the skin of a character, preferring to exploit their own pleasing personalities, cry aloud to Thespian heavens: "An be this your Ibsen, these every-day people. Why, then, give us our beloved types, our theatrical types, so easy of manipulation, and you can keep your Ibsen." And they go their way rejoicing, their mouths full of the words "morbid" and "degenerate!"

\* \* \*

I compared Sardou to Thalberg. Thalberg always wrote brilliant and effective variations on pleasing themes; above all, he wrote well for his instrument, the piano keyboard, especially the keyboard. Brahms never wrote so happily for the keyboard; his technic is too new, yet it has the later Beethoven flavor. Sardou writes effectively for the stage. Above all, he is a "theatre-mensch." He pleases by irritating and tantalizing the cortex with his deftly compounded doses of intrigue and cruelty. His sense of form is Gallic; he has often a light hand in dialogue, although distinctly inferior to Dumas fils and Augier in character drawing and wit and thematic invention. Being lucky enough to fill the position of dramatic tailor to a great temperament—Sarah Bernhardt—he has fitted and cut her robes with cunning skill, and when she dies so will perish forever Victorien Sardou.

\* \* \*

Let us come to John Gabriel Borkman, and let me premise by saying that it is a decidedly unpleasant play of great power, of a frugal sort of constructive beauty, and in it from first to last there rings faintly but distinctly an antique note. There is also something of a Hamlet situation in the position of the young man who might have won back his father's kingdom, but quite like a modern Hamlet solved the knotty problem by going away to Paris; any place, anywhere out of the bleak, northern world, where lived in a gloomy house his father, an ex-convict; his mother, a soured fanatic, and his aunt, an old maid and an idealist.

\* \* \*

*John Gabriel Borkman*, thirteen years previous to the opening of the play had been a gigantic speculator. All Norway, all the world would have been at his feet if—the fatal "if" of the gambler—if he had not failed at the moment

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when success seemed assured. By his downfall hundreds were enmeshed in ruins, and the man went to prison for five years, leaving behind a heart-broken wife and a young son. This boy, *Erhart*, was taken away and raised by a rich aunt, and returns home and has lived there for eight years when the curtain rises. A bald, pitiless thesis this. But wait a bit!

*Mrs. Borkman* is discovered in her old-fashioned drawing room, in the house saved out of the wreckage by her twin sister, *Ella Rentheim*. She is longing for the return of her son *Erhart*, in whom she discerns the savior of the family. Her sister enters, and in his own remarkable, crisp, economical way Ibsen lets us witness the spiritual tragedy in the lives of the pair. They both love *Erhart*, as formerly *Ella* had loved his father, *John Gabriel Borkman*. The women hate each other, and their duel is fought out in half uttered sentences, pregnant pauses and deadly glances. It is the perfection of dialogue writing and clear exposition. You catch dim perspectives of the past, the treachery of the husband of *Mrs. Borkman*, and of darker depths which are later explored. The mother—oh, such a pitiful, harsh, sorrowful, repellent mother, nursing her injuries until they become hissing vipers in her bosom—defies her sister to win away the love of her son, that son she has dedicated to the mission of rehabilitating the fortunes and good name of the *Borkmans*. With cutting humility she acknowledges that she eats the bread of her sister's charity, and then they hear footsteps. Is it *Erhart* returning? No; it is someone up in the long gallery overhead! It is the ex-convict, ex-banker and swindler, *John Gabriel Borkman*, who has never left the house since his release eight years before. *Mrs. Borkman* cries:

"It sometimes seems more than I can endure—always to hear him up there, walking, walking. From the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night. And one hears every step so plainly! I have often felt as if I had a sick wolf up there, prowling up and down in a cage. Right over my head, too! Listen! there he goes. Up and down, up and down, the wolf is prowling."

Then *Erhart*, a lively young man of about twenty-three, enters, welcomes his aunt affectionately, his mother carelessly. With him is a *Mrs. Wilton*, a beautiful young woman, whose husband has deserted her. The pair are in love, although the mother does not quite see it. *Mrs. Wilton* wishes *Erhart* to go with her to a neighbor's house, a *Mr. Hinkle*, but his duty is at home and she leaves him, the air being promise-crammed with tantalizing hopes of pleasure and caprice. The young man soon tires of the bickerings about him, and after declaring that his aunt should be in bed after her long journey, leaves his mother alone, and as the curtain falls she exclaims: "*Erhart, Erhart*, be true to me! Oh, come home and help your mother? For I can bear this life no longer."

Her mother's heart tells her that her boy is being drawn away from her, drawn by some force she cannot analyse. Is this act morbid, unhealthy? I ask.

In Act II we get a powerful picture of the "sick wolf up there," *John Gabriel Borkman* himself. He is one of Ibsen's most masterly portraits. He clings with unshaken obstinacy to the belief that he only sinned against himself, that if he had been given time, that if he had not been betrayed by a false friend, he would have pulled through. All these facts are deftly brought out by conversation with a half pathetic, half ludicrous figure of an humble bank clerk, the only one of *Borkman's* friends who has clung to him in his reverses, although *Borkman* has swept away his poor earnings. The contrast of the pair—*Borkman*, almost Satanic in his pride and his belief that he will eventually regain his position in society, and the feeble aspirations of the poor clerk, who is a poet—is wonderfully managed. There is a quarrel, and *Borkman* is left to his gloomy thoughts, and then *Ella Rentheim* comes in and one of the most powerful situations of the play ensues.

It is developed that *Borkman* has always loved *Ella*, but gave her up and married her sister because an influential man who could advance his interests was also in love with *Ella*. This man, not being able to marry her, betrayed *Borkman* and his schemes. His name is *Hinkle*, and at his very house that night, near Christiania (the scene of the play) *Erhart Borkman* is enjoying himself with *Mrs. Wilton* and not caring a rap for his sick souled father, mother and aunt.

When *Borkman* finally acknowledges to *Ella* that in his lust for power he has sacrificed his love for her, and has sacrificed it uselessly, she turns on him and cries "Criminal," and denounces him in language of an intensity that makes cheap gingerbread of all your Sardou gimcracks.

"You are a murderer and you have committed the one mortal sin. \* \* \* You have killed the love life in me. Do you understand what that means? The Bible speaks of a mysterious sin of which there is no forgiveness. I have never understood what it could be; but now I understand. The great, unpardonable sin is to murder the love life in a human soul. \* \* \* You have done that. I have never rightfully understood until this evening what had really happened to me. That you deserted me and turned to *Gunhild* instead—I took that to be mere common fickleness on your part, and the result of heartless scheming on hers. I almost think I despised you a little in spite of everything. But now I see it! You deserted the woman you loved! Me, me, me! What you held dearest in the world you were ready to barter away for gain. That is the double murder you have committed! The murder of your own soul and mine!"

And again: "You have cheated me of a mother's joy and happiness in life—and a mother's sorrows and tears as well."

There is a scene for you that is quite as exciting and suggests ten times more the truth than any Sardou ever originated!

Then *Ella* tells *Borkman* that sorrow and disease have broken her down,

and she intends leaving her fortune to *Erhart*, the only one she loves; her spiritual son, but he must give up the name of *Borkman* and take that of *Rentheim*. *Mrs. Borkman* appears at this juncture, and there is another clash as the curtain falls on three wretched people.

Act III. treads closely on the heels of the preceding one, for the action of the entire play takes place during one dull winter's evening; and if there is unity of time, unity of place, there is unity of character, for like some vast but closely knitted polyphonic composition, the piece contains not a line, not a character that is wasted or undeveloped. It is as far as form simply magnificent; an object lesson to young dramatists. But as to content; ah, my children, I too, would be sorry to see our stage always filled with these crabbed, sour, mean, loveless and sad visaged people! Little wonder that joyous *Erhart Borkman*, the selfish son of a union barren of love, goes away in Act III., after a climax that simply eats into your nerves. Father and mother—oh, the agony of that poor, old, weak, deserted woman—appeal to him, but with *Mrs. Wilton* and a young girl, a daughter of the old clerk, he goes out into the world to see life, to seek love, to enjoy, to enjoy, to enjoy! It is the new laughing at the despair of the old, and the curtain falls on a group that seems frozen with antique grief, with runic grief. You involuntarily recall the classic masters of pity and pain.

Of Act IV. and *Borkman's* death—his soul had been dead since he went to prison—I can say but little. The end is silver tipped with symbolical hintings, but there is nothing dark or devious for even the commonest comprehension. It is all as immitigably and poignantly tragic as the last movement of Tchaikowsky's *Suicide Symphony* in B minor!

What symbolism the Ibsenites will read into the new play I know not, nor do I care. It interests me chiefly because it is a good acting play, or, at least, it so seems to be to me.

Now, compare the tawdry, old finery and frippery of Spiritisme to this clean, clear cut presentment of character; Spiritisme with its old bogie man, limelight effects, its cheap, Ouida-like, melodramatic intrigue, its still cheaper mysticism, and tell me if Sardou was not impertinent on January 1, 1897, when he sent a message to the *New World* in which he expressed the hope that the mists of the North would soon cease troubling France!

Mists, forsooth! Why, the wily old wizard had at that moment in his portfolio a completed play on the very misty and mystical theme of spiritualism, and treated, the gods only know, in a most cheap and theatrical fashion.

Yet is Ibsen morbid, degenerate and unhealthy to the elder generation! Go to! go to! go to Sardou, unbelievers, and enjoy his stale trickery and let your blood feed upon something more solid, more satisfying, if not the spell creating Ibsen, why, then, his more cheerful disciples, like Pinero and the rest.

J. H.

GEISTINGER, the German lyric actress, sailed yesterday on the *Saale*.

IT has been disclosed that the Rev. E. P. Tenney, of Cambridge, Mass., who is about to publish a religious work entitled *Our Elder Brother*, is the author of the widely discussed book, *The Heavenly Camp Fires*, brought out anonymously last year. As the narrative is supposed to be related by a disembodied spirit, Mr. Tenney thought his name would seem incongruous on the title page.

M. LIONEL DAURIAC publishes in volume form the first course of lectures on musical aesthetics, which he delivered at the Sorbonne, under the title of *Psychology in French Opera*: Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and discusses William Tell, Masaniello and Robert the Devil. In a notice of the work Arthur Pougin remarks truly that to analyze the sensations produced by a lyric work can be done in a score of ways all equally sincere and justifiable, according to the temperament of the writer. He doubts, however, whether oral instruction relating to music has a solid basis of precision. It may be agreeable; but is it useful and productive? M. Dauriac's book will, however, be read with pleasure. He adds that a course of musical history and aesthetics was started at the Conservatoire in 1872, and is at present delivered by Bourgault-Ducoudray.

A NEW book on the theatre by the editor of *Le Ménestrel*, M. Arthur Pougin, has just appeared under the title of *Acteurs et Actrices d'Autrefois*. M. Pougin's wide erudition, his deep historical knowledge and his extended range of bibliographical information have been displayed in his numerous other works, and in countless newspaper articles, and these qualities are again conspicuous in this handsome volume with its 102 engravings. The first part, *The Theatre Under the Ancient Régime*, is full of novel anecdotes, but the second part, treating of the theatre under the Revolution and the Empire, is more curious. The Constituent Assembly decreed the liberty of the theatres, and thus called into life a crowd of enterprises not always successful, of which M. Pougin gives an accurate list for the first time. The Empire on the other hand cut down the number of Paris theatres, to eight. It is worthy of remark that this period, which so transformed the nation, was absolutely sterile from a dramatic point of view. The third part is a sketch of the theatre under the Restoration and Louis Philippe, and the fourth discusses the modern theatre. The illustrations are varied and almost always original.



**Dora V. Becker.**—Dora Valesca Becker is engaged to appear at the musical festival to be held at Cortland, N. Y., June 3 and 4.

**A Philadelphia Musicales.**—The pupils of Charlotte Mawson gave an interesting vocal soirée musicale May 15 in Philadelphia. The program was a varied one.

**Michael Banner Engaged.**—Michael Banner, the violinist, is engaged to be married to Miss Julia M. Levy, of 147 Lenox avenue. Mr. Banner resides in the Borough of Brooklyn.

**Herman C. Rakemann.**—The annual musicale of the pupils of Herman C. Rakemann took place May 19 at the Universalist Church, Washington, D. C. The accompanists were Mrs. Bower, Miss Fasset and Mr. Henry Lander.

**Dead.**—Prof. B. H. Strickland, organist of St. Patrick's pro-Cathedral in Harrisburg, Pa., for twenty-two years, died on Sunday. He was choirmaster as well as organist. He presided at the organ for the last time on Easter Sunday. He was about forty-two years old. His death was the result of a complication of diseases. Two brothers are organists in Catholic churches in the coal regions.

**Townsend H. Fellows.**—On Tuesday evening, the 11th, although suffering from an attack of bronchitis, Mr. Fellows sang the part of *Olaf* in Gade's *Erl King's Daughter* with the Choral Society at Elizabeth, N. J., and on the evening of the 13th he sang under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Union in Harlem, N. Y., and with pronounced success.

**John Dempsey and George Leon Moore.**—At a musicale last week Mr. Dempsey electrified his hearers with his splendid singing of the *Two Grenadiers*, and in his new specialty as a reader. Mr. Moore set all feminine hearts a-flutter with his impassioned singing of Bradsky's *Thou Art Mine All*, and Miss Minnie Gaylord, the new soprano of Plymouth Church, made a big hit with Bishop's *The Lark*. This charming young singer is sure to be heard much next season.

**Rudolf King.**—The well-known pianist and teacher Mr. Rudolf King, of Kansas City, Mo., has just closed an unusually busy winter season of teaching and concertizing. Mr. King and his two assistants have been kept busy all winter, and arrangements are now being perfected for the continuance of a large summer class, many teachers from out of the city having joined Mr. King's pupils, and this fact, as well as other professional engagements, will keep him in the city all the summer.

**Charlotte Becker.**—Miss Charlotte Becker, the young soprano, scored a great success at her concert in Denver, Col., May 18. Miss Becker possesses a dramatic voice of unusual brilliancy, which she uses with much artistic feeling. Leading artists assisted, including Robert Carson, the tenor. Both are pupils of Hattie Louise Sims, in whose studio Mr. R. B. Carson gave a recital May 11. Mr. Carson is one of the leading young tenors of the city, with a voice of delightful quality, strong and sympathetic, and his friends predict for him a bright future.

**Spartanburg Saengerfest.**—The third annual May Festival, held at Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., on May 5, 6 and 7, was artistically and financially a success. Miss Esther Butler, of New York, and Miss Stella Charles, of Spartanburg, received many recalls. Lavin made his first appearance and was enthusiastically received. The *Asheville Daily Gazette* writes:

It would be difficult to decide whether Mr. Lavin gave greater pleasure in his operatic selections or in his ballads, but nothing could reach the hearts of the listeners more surely than did his artistic rendering of Schubert's *Serenade*, repeated by request on the last night, when the singer and all the surroundings were lost sight of in the sympathetic, vibrant tones, full of warmth, feeling and dreamy melody. The tenor part in *The Rose Maiden* was well adapted to Mr. Lavin's voice. In *The Sleep of Even* his shadings and phrasing were exquisite, while in the final solo, with grand chorus accompaniment, his voice rang out strong and clear above the great organ, piano accompaniment, chorus and all.

**Bendheim Pupils in Stabat Mater.**—Miss Zetta Kennedy, soprano, and Miss Alexia Fransioli, contralto, appear to have made a great success in the Jersey City performance of Rossini's work last Tuesday. The latter has studied only eighteen months with Mr. Bendheim. Said the *Journal*, of Jersey City:

The solo work done by Miss Zetta Kennedy throughout the evening was excellent. Her full and powerful voice came as a surprise to a "first time" hearer and filled the building. The *Quis Est Homo* duet, in which her first solo work came, showed excellent taste. In other words, she sang with feeling. In the *Inflammatus* her voice,

ringing above the large chorus, was inspiring. To repeat what has appeared in these columns before, Miss Kennedy is very artistic.

Miss Alexia Fransioli sang the contralto part in the duet, quartet, and the *Fac ut Portem* solo. This solo, by the way, is the one and only musical "idea" in the whole work. Miss Fransioli has a glorious voice, and for intonation and musical nature she is all one could wish, but she might have made more of her solo. However, she is young, and with time, has a great future before her.

**Some Sandford Norcott Notices.**—The Cranford, N. J., *Standard* said, apropos of Mr. Norcott's organ recital last week:

The recital was a complete and gratifying success; the church was filled to the doors, and the organ playing by Mr. Norcott was the finest ever heard here.

The *Times* said:

Mr. Norcott proved himself to be a master of the organ, and under his skillful manipulation the instrument gave forth the most beautiful and inspiring music.

**Charles Bigelow Ford.**—This talented young organist and conductor has had a busy season; what with his numerous organ recitals, sight-reading classes, and his large volunteer choir at the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, on Madison avenue. This choir numbers some thirty voices, and the concert they gave at the close of the season was evidence of the indefatigable energy and musical genius of their conductor. A series of musicales in the church chapel was also a feature of the music life. Madame Wadsworth Vivian, Mr. W. B. Crabtree, Mr. Ralph Hausrath and other well-known soloists assisted at these. Tomer Moore, tenor, and Otto Storm, violinist, were especially engaged to assist at the Easter service. Mr. Ford is a vice-president of the New York State Music Teachers' Association.

**Paolo Gallico's Success with New Haven Symphony Concert.**—The *New Haven Evening Register*, May 19, says:

The soloist of the evening was Paolo Gallico, who is a gifted pianist and commands attention by his excellent control of the keyboard. His technical requirements are unquestioned, and he exhibited ample force and vigor. \* \* \* His reception was enthusiastic and the orchestra joined in the vigorous applause, to which he responded with a caprice by Saint-Saëns.

To this may be added the following:

The soloist was the distinguished pianist, Paolo Gallico. He played the Grieg concerto with the greatest success. It was a splendid performance and the audience was not slow to appreciate it.—*Journal-Courier*.

Mr. Paolo Gallico was the soloist of the evening. Mr. Gallico is a pianist of marked ability and played Grieg's concerto in A minor beautifully.—*The New Haven Daily Palladium*.

**Lillian Littlehales.**—This young 'cello player, who has been so successful in this her first season in the metropolis, wishes to correct any impression that she has returned to Canada. She goes there for a brief visit only, returning to New York early next season.

On Monday night last Prof. Wm. Berwald, of the Fine Arts College of the Syracuse University, performed his piano quintet in A major in the Crouse College Hall, and had the assistance of Prof. Conrad Becker, first violin; Mr. G. W. Hey, second violin; Mr. Sydney Littlehales, viola, and Miss L. Littlehales, 'cello. The work and its performance provoked a great deal of enthusiasm.

Of her solo playing the same evening *THE COURIER* said:

Miss Lillian Littlehales, whose accomplishments as a 'cellist have afforded Syracuse so much pleasure, played a couple of selections from Godard's works and the Popper tarantelle. Her professional experience during the past season has given her more confidence and a firmer grasp upon her resources. Her tone has developed in volume without loss of richness or sweetness, and her execution, always neat and flexible, is now quite impeccable.

**Dyna Beumer.**—We give here some press notices of the triumphs of Mme. Dyna Beumer in Europe:

The popular concert yesterday afternoon at the Theatre Royal was a great success, and once more Constant Lenaerts showed his splendid talent in the manner in which he handled the orchestra in Brahms' symphony and in Peter Benoit's *Charlotte Corday*. Never have we heard the Flemish master's great work so perfectly interpreted. The chief attraction of the concert was, of course, Mme. Dyna Beumer, whose name alone is sufficient to fill the Theatre Royal. She has a fascinating voice. She sang *Belle Arsene*, of Montigny, and *Reine Topaze*, and the enthusiasm of the audience was immense. It takes a great deal to rouse an Antwerp audience, but Madame Beumer electrified them yesterday.—*The Belgian Times* (Antwerp), April 27, 1897.

Dyna Beumer! The name alone would have sufficed to make all Antwerp hasten to the Theatre Royal last evening, and indeed there never was a concert singer better or more justly admired, for Dyna Beumer's voice has truly a particular charm, and for execution it is perfection. It is impossible to sing with greater purity or correctness. The success of the great artist was enormous. After the air from *La Belle Arsene* of Montigny, the entire house acclaimed Dyna Beumer, but after the *Reine Topaze* air it was nothing less than the very madness of delight; the applause was tremendous and the bravas fairly overwhelmed the clapping. Sung as they were last night, the variations of the old Carnival of Venice became a veritable tit-bit for the epicure. The audience not ceasing to call out the "diva," she finally added Eckert's *Echo Song*, a piece of the same embroidered kind which she rendered in the most ravishing manner.—*Le Matin* (Antwerp), April 26, 1897.

What is to be said of Mme. Dyna Beumer, whose name alone was sufficient to attract a vast crowd, save that she proved herself entirely worthy of her great reputation? She sang an air from the opera *La Belle Arsene*, of Montigny, and had scarcely begun when when everyone began to listen enchanted, asking themselves how it was possible to reach such a degree of perfection in the art of singing. After the air from the opera *La Reine Topaze* there was a veritable ecstasy of enthusiasm; the great artist received an ovation such as one's pen is powerless to describe. Mme. Dyna Beumer

also sang Eckert's *Echo Song*. This is a song of such difficulty that only singers of the capacity of Dyna Beumer dare to undertake it and succeed in winning a triumph with it. She was the recipient of a magnificent ovation from the public, which was fairly enslaved by her splendid talents.—*L'Opinion*, Antwerp, April 26, 1897.

**W. H. Sherwood.**—*THE MUSICAL COURIER* is indorsed in its favorable criticisms of the recent performances of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, the pianist, by the *Chicago Evening Post*, *Chicago Daily Chronicle* and *Chicago Tribune*. All the papers speak in the very highest terms of Mr. Sherwood's art.

**Staats' Studio Musicale.**—This was the program of Mr. Staats' matinée musicale, given recently at his Fifth avenue studio:

Valse, op. 40.....	Chopin
Nocturne, D major.....	Chopin
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice.....	Saint-Saëns
Because of Thee.....	Johns
The Lover's Lullaby.....	Leon
Cynthia.....	Black
Oh! That We Two Were Maying.....	Nevin
Could I.....	Tosti
She Alone Charmeth My Sadness.....	Gounod
Since First I Met Thee.....	Rubinstein
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....	Liszt

Mr. Staats' last musicale for the season occurred on Monday afternoon, when the commodious studio was thronged with interested hearers.

**Madame Wienzkowska.**—Madame Wienzkowska played with great success at the Connecticut Music Teachers' Association last week. We append a press notice from a New Haven paper:

There were many in the vast audience to whom the piano recital, which took place at 2 o'clock, was the principal one of the week. The managers were especially fortunate in having secured for this recital Madame Melanie de Wienzkowska. She is a pupil of the renowned Leschetizky. She is one of the best of his pupils and has been selected to teach his method, thus preparing pupils for further study under his own direction. While her technic is superb, yet there is at no time any suspicion of the mechanism which so often mars the playing of even the greatest pianists. Her playing is brilliant and dashing; there is never a slur or a careless note. The chords are clear and clean cut, the runs smooth and easily blended. She plays with an exquisite expression.

She opened the playing with a toccata and fugue by Bach-Tausig, and then played a Chopin group, including the first nocturne, the third mazurka and etude and a polonaise, which was the best of them all. She also played at this time Schumann's *In der Nacht* with splendid effect. The Paderewski number was another one of the gems of the program. In the last group of selections Madame Wienzkowska played two compositions of her brilliant master and closed the program with a magnificent rendition of the *Liszt Rhapsody*.—*New Haven Palladium*.

**Alberto Jonas.**—News reaches us again of Alberto Jonas' success in his numerous concerts in and out of Michigan. This brilliant virtuoso has been steadily increasing his reputation throughout the United States, and must be now acknowledged as one of the very finest and most attractive pianists residing in America. Each one of his concert appearances is a certain and enthusiastic success.

The Alberto Jonas concert at the Lyceum Friday evening was an unusually fine treat, and rendered to a large audience. The general verdict is that the artist is a second Paderewski.—*Pontiac Times*.

Undoubtedly the most distinct impression ever created in this city by a pianist was created by the Spanish pianist Alberto Jonas at the Lyceum Theatre last Friday evening. The hall was filled and was quiet from first to last, so intent was the audience upon the work of the player. His style of playing is intensive, the quietly effective sort. Still he has the fire within him, too, as shown by his rendition of Liszt's *Campanella* and *Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves*. Perhaps the most liked piece of the evening was the *Etude Tremolo* of Gottschalk, which he played as an encore. In this and the scherzo minutet of Stavenhagen he showed his ability to render lighter selections as artistically as more pretentious compositions. In finish and delicacy of touch his equal has not yet been heard here, and it is easy to see why within the last two years this young Spaniard has risen to a prominent position among the pianists of America. His name is making a great reputation for the School of Music at Ann Arbor.—*Pontiac Advertiser*.

Mr. Alberto Jonas gave his first piano recital in this city last Friday evening at the Lyceum Theatre and completely won the large number of people who were fortunate enough to hear him. After each selection he was heartily applauded and was several times forced to an encore. Perhaps the most difficult, brilliant and best appreciated piece rendered was Moszkowski's etude, in which Mr. Jonas communicated a wonderful amount of feeling to his audience. He is a young Spaniard who came to this country but recently, and who is now at the head of the piano department at the university. The theatre was crowded, over 400 people being present, and such an attendance, upon a wet night, proves that Pontiac is not lacking in musical appreciation.—*Pontiac News*.

At the conclusion of the first number the stage was arranged for the piano soloist, Mr. Alberto Jonas. Mr. Jonas is head of the piano department in the Michigan University School of Music. He touches the instrument with a master hand, and into the romantic passages infuses all the warmth of his Spanish nature. At his first sitting he rendered the caprice on airs from Gluck's *Alceste*, by Saint-Saëns; romance, by Xavier Calier, and Chopin's ballade in G minor. Mr. Jonas repeated his success by rendering the capriccio E major, by Scarlatti; Menuetto Sherando, by Stavenhagen, and etude, op. 34, Moszkowski.—*St. Louis Republic*, May 5, 1897.

The concert of the St. Louis Amateur Orchestra at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Tuesday evening was a most gratifying success, both in point of attendance and excellence of program. Mr. Alberto Jonas, of Ann Arbor University, won the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience by his piano solos, being compelled to respond to three encores.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, May 5, 1897.

# THE MUSICAL COURIER.

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